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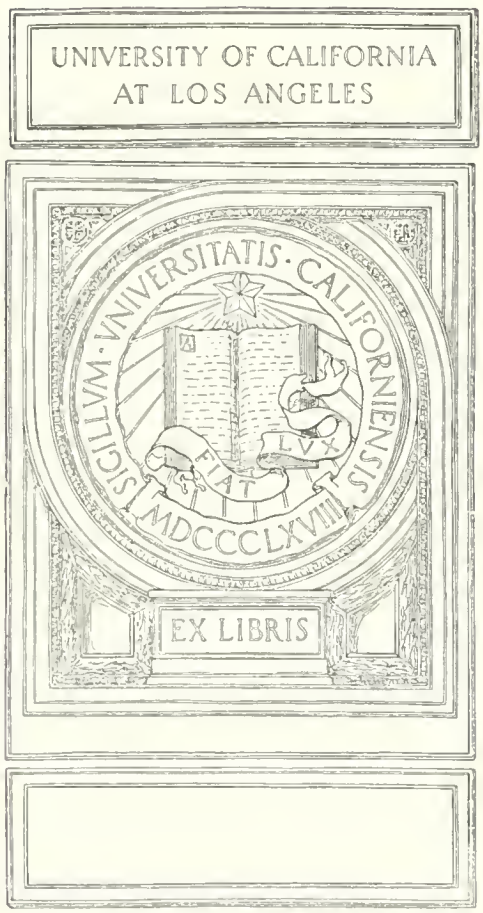

77. ROWLANDSON ILLUSTRATIONS. [WOLCOTT (JOHN).] Works of "Peter Pindar." *With 6 full-page satirical plates by T. Rowlandson, unsigned.* 18 Poetical Epistles in one volume, 4to, half calf, leather label, cracked at hinges. London, 1787–1789

Comprises,—Lyric Odes, for the Year 1785. 1787; Sir Joseph Banks and the Emperor of Morocco. 1788; Peter's Prophecy. 1788; An Apologetic Postscript to Ode upon Ode. 1788; Bozzy and Piozzi. 1788; Peter's Pension. 1788; Instruction to a Celebrated Laureat. 1788; The Lousiad. Canto I [and] Canto II. 1788; Farewell Odes. For the Year 1786. 1788; Brother Peter to Brother Tom. 1788; Subjects for Painters. 1789; A Poetical Epistle to a Falling Minister, also an Imitation of the Twelfth Ode of Horace. 1789; More Lyric Odes to the Royal Academicians. 1789; A Poetical, Supplicating, Modest, and Affecting Epistle to those Literary Colossuses, the Reviewers. 1789; Expostulatory Odes to a Great Duke, and a Little Lord. 1789; Ode upon Ode. 1789; A Poetical and Congratulatory Epistle to James Boswell. 1789.

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Pindar's Works.

no.1. Lyric odes for the year 1785.

no.2. Sir Joseph Banks and the emperor of Morocco.

no.3. Peter's prophecy; or, The President and the poet.

no.4. An apologetic postscript to Ode upon ode.

no.5. Bozzy and Piozzi; or, The British biographers.

no.6. Peter's pension.

no.7. Instructions to a celebrated laureat.

no.8. The Lousiad. Cante I.

no.9. The Lousiad. Canto II.

no.10. Farewel odes. For the year 1786.

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no.16. Expostulatory odes to a great duke, and a little lord.

no.17. Ode upon ode; or, A peep at St. James's; or, New-year's day.

no.18. A poetical and congratulatory epistle to James Boswell, esq., on his Journal of a tour to the Hebrides.

LYRIC ODES,

FOR THE YEAR 1785:

BY

PETER PINDAR Esq.

LYRIC ODES,

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A

DISTANT RELATION

OF THE

POET OF THEBES,

AND

LAUREAT TO THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

——RIDENTEM DICERE VERUM
QUID VETAT?—— Horat.

SEVENTH EDITION.

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LYRIC ODES.

ODE I.

[*The divine* PETER *giveth an account of a conference he held laſt year with* Satire, *who adviſed him to attack ſome of the* R. A.'s, *to tear Mr.* Weſt's *works to pieces, abuſe Mr.* Gainſborough, *fall foul of Mrs.* Coſway's *Sampſon, and give a gentle ſtroke on the back of Mr.* Rigaud.—*The Poet's gentle anſwer to Satire—The Ode of Remonſtrance that* Peter *received on account of his* LYRICS—*Satire's Reply—Peter's reſolution.*]

"NOT, not this year the lyric Peter ſings,—
" The great R. A.'s have wiſh'd my ſong to ceaſe;
" I will not pluck a feather from your wings,—
" So, Sons of Canvas! take your naps in peace."

Such was my laſt year's gracious ſpeech,
Sweet as the King's to Commons and to Peers,
Always with ſenſe and tropes as plum-cake rich;
A luſcious banquet for his people's ears!

" Not write!" cry'd Satire, red as fire with rage,
" This inſtant glorious war with Dulneſs wage;
" Take, take my ſupple-jack,
" Play St. Bartholomew with many a back!
" Flay half the Academic imps alive!
" Smoke, ſmoke the drones of that ſtupendous hive.

" Begin with George's idol, Weſt;—
" And then proceed in order with the reſt:
" This moment knock me down his Maſter Moſes *,
" On Sinai's Mountain, where his noſe is
" Cock'd up ſo pertly plump againſt the Lor d,
" Upon my word,
" With all that eaſe to Him who rules above,
" As if that Heaven and he were *hand and glove*."

" Indeed," quoth I, " the piece hath points of merit,
" Though not poſſeſs'd throughout of equal ſpirit."

" What!" anſwer'd Satire, " not knock Moſes down?
" O ſtupid Peter! what the devil mean ye?
" He looks a poor pert barber of the town,
" With paper ſign-board out,—' Shave for a Penny.'

" Obſerve the piteous Iſraelite once more—
" Wears he the countenance that ſhould *adore?*

* Moſes receiving the Law on Mount Sinai.

" No

" No! 'tis a ſon of lather,—a rank prig;
" Who 'ſtead of fetching the moſt ſacred Law,
" With *ſober* LOOKS, and *reverential* AWE,
" Seems pertly tripping up to fetch a WIG.

" With all her thunder bid the Muſe
" Fall furious on the groupe of Jews,
" Whoſe ſhoulders are adorn'd with *Chriſtian faces*;
" For by each phiz, (I ſpeak without a gibe)
" There's not an Iſraelite in all the tribe,—
" Not that they are encumber'd by the GRACES.

" Strike off the head of Jeremiah *;
" And break the bones of old Iſaiah †;
" Down with the duck-wing'd Angels ‡, that abreaſt
" Stretch from a thing called *cloud*, and by their looks,
" Wear more the viſage of young rooks
" Cawing for victuals from their neſt.

" Deal Gainſborough a laſh, for pride ſo ſtiff,
" Who robs us of ſuch pleaſure for a miff;
" Whoſe pencil, when he chuſes, can be chaſte,
" Give Nature's form, and pleaſe the eye of TASTE.

" Of cuts on Sampſon § don't be ſparing,
" Between two garden-rollers ſtaring,

* A Picture by Mr. Weſt. † Another Picture by Weſt.
‡ In the Apotheoſis, a Picture by Weſt
§ A Picture by Mrs. Coſway.

 " Shown

" Shown by the lovely Dalilah foul play!
" To atoms tear that * Frenchman's traſh,
" Then bountifully deal the laſh
" On *ſuch* as *dar'd* to dub him an R. A."

Thus Satire to the gentle Poet cry'd—
And *thus*, with lamb-like ſweetneſs, I reply'd:—

" Dear Satire! pray conſult my life and eaſe;
" Were I to write whatever you deſire,
" The fat would all be fairly in the fire,—
" R. A.'s ſurround me like a ſwarm of bees,
" Or like a flock of ſmall birds round a fowl
" Of *ſolemn ſpeculation*, call'd an OWL."

Quoth I, " O Satire, I'm a ſimple youth,
" Muſt make my fortune, therefore not ſpeak truth,
" Altho' as ſterling as the holy bible,—
" *Truth* makes it (Mansfield ſays) the more a libel:
" I ſhall not ſleep in peace within my hutch;
" Like Doctor Johnſon†, I have wrote TOO MUCH."

* Rigaud.

† The ſtory goes that Sam, before his *political converſion*, replied to his preſent Majeſty, in the Library at Buckingham Houſe, on being aſked by the Monarch, 'Why he did not write more?'—" Pleaſe your Majeſty, I have " written *too much*." So candid a declaration, of which the ſturdy Moraliſt did not believe one ſyllable, procured him a penſion, and a muzzle.

When

When Mount Veſuvius* pour'd his flames,
And frighten'd all the Naples dames,
What did the Ladies of the city do?
Why, order'd a fat Cardinal to go
With good St. Januarius's head,
And ſhake it at the MOUNTAIN 'midſt his riot,
To try to keep the *Bully* quiet:
The Parſon went, and ſhook the jowl, and ſped;
Snug was the word—the flames at once kept houſe,
The bellowing Mountain was as mute 's a mouſe.

Thus, ſhould Lord Mansfield from his bench agree
To ſhake his lion mane-like wig at *me*,
And bid his grim-look'd Myrmidons aſſail:—
With heads Meduſan, and with hearts of bone;
Who, if they did not *turn* me into *ſtone*,
Might *turn* my limbs, *ſo gentle*, into *jail*.

Read, read this Ode, juſt come to hand,
Giving the Muſe to underſtand
That cruely and ſcandal ſwell her ſong,
And that 'twere better far ſhe held her tongue.

* See Sir William Hamilton's account.

To PETER PINDAR, Esq.

A Thouſand frogs, upon a ſummer's day,
Were ſporting 'midſt the ſunny ray,
In a large pool, reflecting every face; —
They ſhow'd their gold-lac'd cloaths with pride,
In harmleſs ſallies, frequent vied,
And gambol'd through the water with a *grace*.

It happen'd that a band of boys,
Obſervant of their harmleſs joys,
Thoughtleſs, reſolv'd to ſpoil their happy ſport;
One frenzy ſeiz'd both GREAT and SMALL,
On the poor frogs the rogues began to fall,
Meaning to *ſplaſh* them, not to do them *hurt*.

As Milton quaintly ſings, 'the ſtones 'gan pour,'
Indeed an Otaheite ſhow'r!
The conſequence was *dreadful*, let me tell ye;
ONE's eye was beat out of his head;—
This limp'd away, that lay for dead,—
Here mourn'd a broken back, and there a belly.

Amongſt

Amongſt the *ſmitten*, it was found,
Their beauteous Queen receiv'd a wound;
The blow gave ev'ry heart a ſigh,
And drew a tear from ev'ry eye:—
At length King CROAK got up, and thus begun—
" My lads, you think this very pretty FUN!

' Your pebbles round us fly as thick as hops,—
" Have *warmly* complimented all our chops;—
" To *you* I gueſs that theſe are *pleaſant ſtones!*
" And ſo they might be to *us Frogs*,
" You damn'd, young, good-for-nothing dogs,
" But that they are ſo *hard*,—they break our bones."

PETER! thou mark'ſt the meaning of this fable—
So put thy Pegaſus into the ſtable;
Nor wanton thus with cruel pride,
Mad, Jehu-like, o'er harmleſs people ride.

To drop the metaphor,—the Fair*,
Whoſe works thy Muſe forbore to ſpare,
Is bleſt with talents *Envy* muſt aprove;
And didſt thou know her heart, thou'dſt ſay—
" PERDITION catch the IDLE LAY!"
Then ſtrike thy Lyre to INNOCENCE and LOVE.

* Mrs. Coſway.

" Poh!

" Poh! poh!" cry'd Satire, with a ſmile,
" Where is the glorious freedom of our Iſle,
" If not permitted to call names?".
Methought the argument had weight—
" Satire," quoth I, " you're very right"——
So once more forth volcanic Peter flames!

O D E II.

The Poet correcteth the Muſe's warmth, who beginneth with little leſs than calling names—Hinteth at ſome academic Giants—And concludeth with a pair of apt and elegant Similies.

" TAGRAGS and Bobtails of the ſacred Bruſh!"——
For Heaven's ſake, Muſe, be prudent:---Huſh! huſh! huſh!
The Ode with too much violence begins:
The great R. A.'s, ſo jealous of their fame,
Will all declare of *them*, we make a game,
And then, the Lord have mercy on our ſkins!

Think

Think what a formidable Phalanx, Muſe,
Strengthen'd by Meſſieurs Garvay and Rigaud,
and Co.
How *dangerous* ſuch a body to abuſe!

Then there's among the Academic crew,
A MAN*, that made the preſident look blue;
Brandiſh'd his weapon--- with a whirlwind's forces,
Tore by the roots his flouriſhing diſcourſes;
And ſwore his own ſweet Iriſh howl could pour
A half a dozen ſuch, in half an hour.

Be prudent, Muſe!---once more I pray---
In vain I preach! th' advice is thrown away:
Ev'n now you turn your noſe up with a ſneer,
And cry---" Lord! Reynolds hath no cauſe to fear:
When Barry dares the Preſident to fly on,
'Tis like a Mouſe, that, work'd into a rage,
Daring moſt dreadful war to wage,
Nibbles the tail of the Nemæan Lion.

Or like a Louſe, of mettle full,
Nurs'd in ſome Giant's ſkull---
Becauſe Goliath ſcratch'd him as he fed,
Employs with vehemence his angry claws,
And gaping, grinning, formidable jaws,
To *carry off* the GIANT'S HEAD!

* Mr. Barry.

ODE III.

The Poet addreſſeth Sir William Chambers, *a Gentleman of conſequence in the Election of* R. A.'s---*He accuſeth the Knight of a partial and ridiculous diſtribution of the Academic Honours---Threateneth him with Rhime---Adviſeth a reformation.*

ONE minute, gentle Irony, retire——
Behold! I'm graver than a *muſtard pot*;
The Muſe with bile hot as fire,
Could call *fool*, *puppy*, *blockhead*, and what not?
As brother Horace has it—*tumet jecur*:——
Nor in her angry progreſs will I check her.

I'm told, that Satan hath been long at work
To bring th' Academy into diſgrace;
Oh! may that Member's b—ck—de feel his fork,
Who dares to violate the ſacred place!
Who dares the devil join
In ſo nefarious a deſign?
Yet, lo! what dolts the honours claim!
I leave their Works to tell their name.

Th'

Th' Academy is like a microſcope——
For by the magnifying power, are ſeen
Objects, that for *attention* ne'er could hope;
No more, alas! than if they neer had *been*.

So rare a building, and ſo grac'd
With monuments of ancient taſte,
Statues and Buſts, Relievos and Intaglios;
For *ſuch poor things* to watch the treaſure,
Is laughable beyond all meaſure,—
'Tis juſt like Eunuchs put to guard Seraglios.

Think not, Sir William, I'm in jeſt—
By Heaven! I will not let thee reſt:
Yet thou may'ſt bluſter like bull-beef ſo big;
And of thy own importance full,
Exclaim—"Great *cry*, and little *wool!*"
As Satan holla'd, when he ſhav'd the Pig.

Yes, thou ſhalt feel my tomahawk of ſatire,
And find that *ſcalping* is a ſerious matter:
Shock'd at th' abuſe, how rage inflames my veins!
Who can help *ſwearing*, when ſuch wights he ſees
Crept to th' Academy by ways and means,
Like mites and ſkippers in a Cheſhire cheeſe?

What beings will the next year's choice diſcloſe,
The Academic liſt to grace?
Some *ſkeletons of art*, I do ſuppoſe,
That ought to bluſh to ſhow their face.

Sir William! tremble at the Muſe's tongue;
Parnaſſus boaſts a formidable throng!
All people recollect poor Marſyas' fate,
Save ſuch as are dead, drunk, or faſt aſleep:
Apollo tied the culprit to a gate,
And flay'd him as a butcher flays a ſheep:
And why?—Lord! not as hiſtory rehearſes,
Becauſe he ſcorn'd his *piping*,---but his *verſes:*
In vain, like a poor pilloried punk, he bawl'd
And kick'd and writh'd, and ſaid his pray'rs, and ſprawl'd;
'Twas all in vain---the God purſu'd his ſport,
And pull'd his *hide* off,---as you'd pull your *ſhirt!*
Then bid not rage the Muſe's ſoul inflame,
Whoſe thundering voice *damnation* makes or *fame*.

You'll aſk me, perhaps, "Good Maſter Peter, pray
"What right have *you* to ſpeak?"---then pertly ſmile:
I'll tell you, Sir---My pocket help'd to pay
For building that expenſive pile,
A pile that credit to the nation gains,
And does *ſome* honour to your worſhip's brains.

It made a tax on candles and ſhoe-leather,
Of monſtrous uſe in dirty weather:
It made a tax on butcher's ſhops,
So ſpread its influence o'er *poetic chops*;
A moſt alarming tax to ev'ry Poet,
Whoſe poor lank greyhound ribs with ſorrow ſhow it.

Therefore, Sir Knight, pray mend your manners,
And don't chuſe coblers, blackſmiths, tinkers, tanners:
Some people love the converſe of low folks
To gain broad grins for good-for-nothing jokes—
Tho' *thou*, 'midſt dulneſs, may'ſt be pleas'd to *ſhine*,—
REYNOLDS ſhall ne'er ſit cheek-by-jowl with SWINE.

ODE IV.

The Poet again payeth his reſpects to Sir William Chambers ---*Complaineth of his illiberality in his choice of* R. A's--- *Adviſeth him to keep company with* Prudence, *whom he deſcribeth moſt* naturally--- *He threatneth the Knight*--- *And concludeth with a beautiful Simile.*

THE Muſe is in the fidgets—can't ſit ſtill——
She muſt have t'other talk with you, Sir Will.
Since her laſt Ode, with ſorrow hath ſhe heard
You want not men with heav'nly *genius* bleſt,
But wiſh the title of R. A. conferr'd
On ſuch as catch the bugs, and ſweep the ſpiders beſt,
Waſh of the larger ſtatues beſt, the faces,
And clean the dirty linen of the GRACES:
Scour beſt the ſkins of the young marble brats,——
Trap mice, and clear th' Academy from rats.

You look for men whoſe heads are rather *tubbiſh*,
Or, drum-like, better form'd for *ſound* than *ſenſe*;—
Pleas'd with the fine Arabian to diſpenſe,
You want the *big-bon'd drayhorſe* for your *rubbiſh*.

Raiſe

Raiſe not the Muſe's anger, I deſire;
High-born, ſhe's hotter than the lightning's fire,
And proud! (believe the Poet's word)
Proud as the lady of a new-made Lord;
Proud, as in all her gorgeous trappings dreſt,
Fat Lady Mayoreſs at a City feaſt;
Whoſe ſpouſe makes wigs, or ſome ſuch glorious thing,
Shoes, gloves, hats, nightcaps, breeches, for the King!

PRUDENCE, Sir William, is a jewel,—
Is cloaths, and meat, and drink, and fuel!
PRUDENCE! for man the very beſt of *wives*,
Whom BARDS have *ſeldom* met with in their lives;
Which, *certès*, doth account for, in ſome meaſure,
Their grievous want of worldly treaſure,
On which the *greateſt blockheads* make their *brags*;
And ſhoweth why we ſee, inſtead of lace,
About the Poet's back, with little grace,
Thoſe fluttering, *French-like* followers,—call'd RAGS.

PRUDENCE! a ſweet, obliging, curtſying laſs,
Fit through this hypocritic world to *paſs!*
Who kept at firſt a little pedling ſhop,
Swept her own room, twirl'd her own mop,
Waſh'd her own ſmocks, caught her own fleas,
And roſe to fame and fortune by degrees;
Who, when ſhe enter'd other people's houſes,
Till ſpoke to, was as ſilent as a mouſe is;

And

And of opinions, though poſſeſs'd a ſtore,
She left them with her pattens—at the door.

Sir William, you're a *hound!* and hunting FAME;---
Undoubtedly the *woman* is fair game:
But, *Nimrod*, mind—my Muſe is WHIPPER-IN!
So that if ever you diſgrace,
By turning *cur*, your noble race,
The Lord have mercy on your *curſhip*'s ſkin!

O D E V.

The Poet openeth his account of the Exhibitors at the Academy---Praiſeth Reynolds---*Half damneth Mr.* Weſt---*Completely damneth Mr.* Wright *of Derby---mentioneth Mr.* Fuſeli---*Complimenteth Mr.* OPIE.

MUSE, ſing the wonders of the preſent year:
Declare what works of ſterling worth appear.
REYNOLDS, his heads divine, as uſual, gives,
Where Guido's, Rubens', Titian's genius lives!
Works! I'm afraid, like beauty of *rare quality*,
Born ſoon to fade!—too ſubject to mortality!

West moſt judiciouſly my counſel takes,
Paints by the acre—witneſs Parſon Peter *:
For garbs, he very pretty blankets makes,
Deſerving praiſes in the ſweeteſt metre.

The fleſh of Peter's audience is not *good*,——
Too much like ivory, and ſtone, and wood;
Nor of the figures, dare I praiſe th'*expreſſion*,
With *ſome folks* thought a *trifle of tranſgreſſion*.

West, your *Laſt Supper* is a *hungry* piece;---
Your Tyburn Saints will not your fame increaſe:
With looks ſo thieviſh, with ſuch ſkins of copper!
Were they for ſale, as Heaven's my judge,
To give five farthings for them I ſhould grudge,
Nay, ev'n my old tobacco ſtopper.

Candour muſt own, that frequently thy paints
Have play'd the *devil* with the *Saints*:
For *me!* I fancy them like *doves* and *throſtles!*
But *thou*, if we believe *thy* art,
Enough to make us pious Chriſtians *ſtart*,
Haſt very ſcurvy notions of *Apoſtles*.

What of thy † landſcape ſhall I ſay,
Holding the old white ſow, and ſucking litter?
Curs'd be the moment, curs'd the day,
Thou gav'ſt the muſe ſuch reaſon to be bitter!

* Peter preaching, by Weſt.

† A moſt pitiable performance indeed.—It may be fairly called the *Dotage* of the art.

But, Muſe, be ſoft, and *gently*, *gently* ſigh—
" More damned ſtuff was never ſeen by eye."

Yet mind! thy *Landſcape* equals Derby WRIGHT's*,
Whoſe canvas gives us very *diſmal* nights:
O'er *woollen* hills, where *gold* and *ſilver* moons,
Now mount like *Sixpences*, and now *Balloons*;
Where curling wild, in different directions,
Nice *vermicelli* repreſents *reflections!*
In ſhort, where ev'ry thing we ſee appear,
Seems to exclaim—" What buſineſs have we here?"

FUSELI reſumes the bruſh to pleaſe the FEW:
He deems the MILLION, ſenſeleſs, arrant crew——
For *ridicule*;—juſt *fit* to make a *feaſt*——
A Caliban—a great unjudging beaſt,
Whoſe crab-like ſoul to no great heights can climb,
And therefore cannot feel the *true* SUBLIME.

OPIE this year (ſo ſay his forms and faces)
Hath deign'd to pick acquaintance with the GRACES.
But where are all his *old* heads flown?
Pray, Maſter OPIE, leave your tricks,
And let our eyes ſometimes on pictures fix
That REMBRANDT had been *proud* to *own*.

* A Painter of Moon-lights.

ODE

ODE VI.

The Poet addreſſeth Majeſty---Pleadeth the cauſe of poor, ſtarving Poetry---He acknowledgeth in a former Ode the kindneſſes of Fame, yet throweth out a Hint to his Majeſty that his finances may be improved*---He relateth a marvellous ſtory of a Jeſuit---Recommendeth ſomething ſimilar to his Sovereign.*

AN'T pleaſe your Majeſty, I'm everjoy'd
To find your family ſo fond of Painting;
I wiſh her ſiſter POETRY employ'd——
Poor, dear, neglected girl! with hunger fainting.
Your Royal Grandſire, (truſt me, I'm no fibber)
Was vaſtly fond of COLLEY CIBBER.

For ſubjects, how his Majeſty would hunt!
And if a battle grac'd the Rhine, or Weſer,
He'd cry—"Mine Poet ſal mak Ode upon't!"
Then forth there came a flaming Ode to CÆSAR,

Dread

Dread Sire, pray recollect a bit
Some glorious action of your life;
And then your humble Poet's wit,
Sharp as a razor, or a new-ground knife,
Shall mount you on her glorious Balloon Odes,
Like Rome's great CÆSAR, to th' immortal GODS *.

A Naple's Jeſuit, HISTORY declares,
On ſlips of paper ſcribbled prayers,
Which ſhow'd of wiſdom great profundity;
Then ſold them to the country folks,
To give their turkies, hens and ducks,
To bring increaſe of fowl-fecundity:

It anſwer'd---On their turkies, ducks and hens,
The country people all were full of brags——
Whoſe little bums, in barns, and mows, and fens,
Squat down, and laid like conjuration bags.

I wiſh this *ſage* experiment were try'd
Upon the Muſe, my gentle bride;
And ſlips of paper giv'n her, with this *pray'r*——
"Pay to the bearer fifty pounds at ſight."
Her ſweet prolific pow'rs 'twould ſo *delight*,
She'd breed like a *tame rabbit* or a *hare!*

* Diviſum Imperium, cum Jove, Cæſar habet.

ODE

ODE VII.

Peter's account of wonderful Reliques in France, with the devotion paid to them---The ſenſible application to Painters and Painting, by way of Simile.

IN France ſome years ago---ſome twenty three,
At a fam'd Church, where hundreds daily joſtle,
I wiſely paid a Prieſt ſix ſous to ſee
The *thumb* of Thomas the Apoſtle.

Gaping upon Tom's thumb, with *me* in wonder,
The rabble rais'd its eyes—like ducks in thunder;
Becauſe in virtues it was vaſtly rich,
Had cur'd poſſeſs'd of devils, and the itch;
Work'd various wonders on a ſcabby pate——
Made little ſucking children ſtraight,
Though crook'd like rams horns by the rickets;
Made people ſee, though blind as moles,—
And made your ſad, hyſteric ſouls,
As gay as graſhoppers and crickets;
Brought noſes back again to faces,
Long ſtol'n by *Venus* and her *Graces*;
And eyes to fill their parent ſockets,
Of which ſad love had pick'd their pockets:
And had the Prieſt *permitted*, with their kiſſes,
The mob had ſmack'd the holy thumb to pieces.

Though, Reader, 'twas not the Apoſtle's thumb,——
But mum!——
It play'd as well of *miracles* the trick,
Although a *painted* piece of *ſtick!*

For ſix ſous more, behold! to view, was bolted
A *feather* of the Angel Gabriel's wing!
Whether 'twas pluck'd by force, or calmly molted,
No holy legends tell, nor Poets ſing.
But *was* it Gabriel's feather, heav'nly Muſes?
It was *not* Gabriel's feather, but a *Gooſe's!*
But ſtay! from truth we would not wiſh to wander,
For, poſſibly, the owner was a *Gander.*

Painters! you take me right:—The muſe ſuppoſes
You make your *coup-de-maître* daſhes,
Chriſten them eyes, and cheeks, and lips and noſes,
Beards, chins, and whiſkers, and eyelaſhes;
As like, p'rhaps, as a *horſe* is like a *plumb*,
Or foreſaid ſtick, St. Tom th' Apoſtle's thumb.

With purer eyes the Britiſh vulgar ſees;
We are no *Crawthumpers*, no *Devotees*;
So that whene'er your figures are *mere wood*,
Our eyes will never think 'em *fleſh* and *blood.*

ODE

ODE VIII.

The generous Peter *reſcueth the immortal* Raphael *from the obloquy of* Michael Angelo—*The Poet moralizeth---Telleth a ſtory not to the credit of* Michael Angelo, *and nobly defendeth* Raphael's *name againſt his invidious attack---Concludeth with a moſt ſage obſervation.*

HOW difficult in Artiſts to allow
To brother bruſhmen ev'n a grain of merit!
Wiſhing to tear the laurels from their brow,
They ſhew a ſniv'ling, diabolic ſpirit.

So 'tis! however moraliſts may chatter—
What's worſe ſtill---nature will be always nature.
We can't brew Burgundy from four ſmall beer,
Nor make a ſilken purſe of a ſow's ear.

Sweet is the voice of *Praiſe!*---from eve to morn,
From bluſhing morn to darkling eve again,
My Muſe the brows of Merit could adorn,
And, lark-like, ſwell the Panegyric ſtrain.

Praise, like the balm which evening's dewy ſtar
Sheds on the drooping herb and fainting flower
Lifts modeſt, pining Merit from deſpair,
And gives her clouded eye a golden hour.

P—x take me if ever I read the ſtory
Of *Michael Angelo* without much ſwearing:
'Tis ſuch a ſlice cut off from *Michael*'s glory,
He ſurely had been brandying it, or beering:
That is, in plainer Engliſh, he was drunk,
And candour from the man with horror ſhrunk.

Raphael did honour to the Roman ſchool,
Yet Angelo vouchſaf'd to call him *fool*;
When working in the Vatican, would ſtare,
Throw down his bruſh, and ſtamp and ſwear,
If e'er a porter let him in---he'd *ſtone* him,
And if he Raphael caught---moſt ſurely *bone* him.
He ſwore the world was a rank aſs
To pay a compliment to Raphael's *ſtuff*;
For that he knew the fellow well enough,
And that his paltry metal would not *paſs*.

Such was the language of this falſe Italian:
One time he chriſtened Raphael a Pygmalion,
Swore that his madams were compos'd of ſtone;
Swore his expreſſions were like owls ſo tame,
His drawings, like the lameſt cripple, lame;
That as for compoſition, he had none.

Young Artiſts! theſe aſſertions I deny;——
'Twas vile ill manners---not to ſay a *lie:*
RAPHAEL did *real* excellence inherit,
And if you ever chance to paint as well,
I *bona fide* do foretel,
You'll *certainly* be men of *merit.*

ODE IX.

The goſſiping Peter telleth a ſtrange *Story, and* true, *though* ſtrange;---*Seemeth to entertain no very elevated opinions of the wiſdom of Kings---Hinteth at the narrow eſcape of Sir* Joſhua Reynolds---*Mr.* Ramſay's *Riches---A Recommendation of Flattery as a Specific in Fortune-making.*

I'M told, and I believe the ſtory,
That a ſam'd Queen of Northern brutes,
A GENTLEWOMAN of *prodigious* glory,
Whom *ev'ry ſort* of epithet *well ſuits*;
Whoſe huſband *dear* juſt happening to *provoke* her,
Was ſhov'd to Heaven upon a *red-hot poker!*
Sent to a *certain* KING, not King of *France*—
Deſiring by SIR JOSHUA's hand his PHIZ——
What did the Royal Quiz?
Why, *damn'd genteelly*, ſat to Mr. DANCE*!

* The true reaſon that induced His Majeſty to ſit to Mr. DANCE, was *laudable Royal* œconomy. Mr. DANCE charged Fifty Pounds for the Picture—Sir JOSHUA REYNOLDS's price was ſomewhat more than a Hundred—a very great difference in the market price of Paint and Canvas, and, let me ſay, that juſtified the preference given to the man who worked *cheapeſt.*

Then ſent it to the Northern Queen—
As ſweet a bit of *wood* as e'er was ſeen!
And *therefore* moſt *unlike* the PRINCELY HEAD—
He might as well have ſent a PIG OF LEAD.

Down ev'ry throat the piece was cramm'd
As done by REYNOLDS, and deſerv'dly damn'd;
For as to Maſter Dance's art,
It ne'er was worth a ſingle - - - -!
Reader, I BLUSH!— *am delicate this time!*
So let *thy* IMPUDENCE ſupply the RHIME.

Thank God! that Kings cannot our taſte controul,
And make each ſubject's poor, ſubmiſſive ſoul
Admire the TASTE that JUDGEMENT oft cries fie on:
Had *things been ſo*, poor Reynolds we had ſeen,
Painting a BARBER's POLE, — an ALE-HOUSE QUEEN,
The CAT and GRIDIRON, or the old RED LION!
At * Plympton, perhaps, for ſome grave Doctor Slop,
Painting the pots and bottles of the ſhop;
Or in the DRAMA, to get meat to munch,
His bruſh divine had pictur'd ſcenes for PUNCH!
Whilſt WEST was whelping 'midſt his paints,
Moſes and Aaron, and *all ſorts* of Saints!

* Sir Joſhua's native ſpot, in Devonſhire.

Adams and Eves, and Snakes and Apples,
And Dev'ls, for beautifying *certain* CHAPELS:
But Reynolds is no *favourite*, that's the *matter* *
He hath not learnt the noble art—to *flatter* *.

Thrice happy times, when MONARCHS find them *hard things*
To teach us *what* to view with *admiration*;
And like their heads on *halfpence* and *braſs farthings*,
Make their OPINIONS *current* through the nation!

I've heard that RAMSAY † when he died,
Left juſt nine rooms well ſtuff'd with Queens and Kings;
From *whence* all nations might have been ſupplied
That *long'd* for *valuable things*.
Viceroys, Ambaſſadors, and Plenipos
Bought them to join their raree ſhows
In foreign parts,
And ſhow the PROGRESS of the BRITISH ARTS.

Whether they purchas'd by the *pound* or *yard*,
I cannot *tell*, becauſe I never *heard*;
But *this* I *know*, his *ſhop* was like a *fair*,
And dealt moſt *largely* in the ROYAL WARE.

* This Ode was compoſed before Sir Joſhua was dubbed King's Painter. Poſſibly the great Artiſt *dreamt* of my BEAUTIFUL LYRIC, and purſued its advice.

† Late Painter to his Majeſty.

See

See what it is to gain a Monarch's ſmile!—
And haſt thou miſs'd it, Reynolds, all this while?
How ſtupid! prithee, ſeek the COURTIER's SCHOOL
And learn to manufacture OIL of FOOL.

FLATTERY's the turnpike-road to FORTUNE's door---
Truth is a *narrow lane*, all full of quags,
Leading to broken heads, abuſe, and rags,
And workhouſes,---ſad refuge for the poor!---
FLATTERY's a MOUNTEBANK ſo *ſpruce*---gets riches;
TRUTH, a plain SIMON PURE, a QUAKER PREACHER,
A *Moral Mender*, a diſguſting *Teacher*,
That never got a ſixpence by her SPEECHES!

O D E X.

The lofty Peter beginneth with an original *Simile---Diſplayeth a* deep *knowledge of Homer and modern Dutcheſſes---Concludeth with a Prophecy about his Sovereign.*

PAINTERS who figure in the Exhibition,
Are pretty nearly in the ſame condition
With cocks on Shrove-tide, which the ſeaſon gathers;
Flung at by ev'ry lubber, ev'ry brat,
That hath the ſenſe to throw a bat,
To break their bones, and knock about their feathers.

This

This little diff'rence, however, lies,
Between the *Painter* and the *fowl* I find——
The Artiſt for the poſt of danger *tries*——
The Fowl is faſt'ned much againſt his *mind*;
Who, as to his dread ſentence, would annul it——
Sue out his *habeas corpus*, and inſtead
Of being beat with bats about the head,
Make handſome love to a ſmart pullet.

And yet the Painter like a booby groans,
Who courts the very bats that break his bones.
But *who* from ſcandal is exempt?
Who doth not meet, at times, contempt?

Great JOVE, the God of Gods, in *figures* rich,
Oft call'd his boſom Queen a *ſaucy bitch*;
Achilles* called great Agamemnon *hog*,
An impudent, deceitful, dirty *dog!*

Behold our lofty Dutcheſſes pull caps,
And give each other's reputations raps,
As *freely* as the drabs of Drury's ſchool;
And who, pray, knows that GEORGE our gracious King,
(Said by his courtiers to know *every* thing)
May not, by *future times*, be call'd a FOOL!

* Vid. HOMER.

ODE XI.

The Bard ſenſibly reproveth the young Artiſts for their propenſity to abuſe---Moſt wittily compareth them to Horſe leeches, Game cocks, and Curs.

THE mean, the ranc'rous jealouſies that ſwell
In ſome ſad Artiſts' ſouls, I do deſpiſe;
Inſtead of nobly *ſtriving* to *excel*,
You *ſtrive* to pick out one the other's eyes.
To be a PAINTER, was Corregio's glory——
His ſpeech ſhould flame in gold—" SONO PITTORE."

But what, if truth were ſpoke, would be *your* ſpeeches?
This---" We're a ſet of fame-ſucking horſe leeches,
" Without a *bluſh*, the *pooreſt* ſcandal ſpeaking,——
" Like cocks, for ever at each other beaking;
" As if the globe we dwell on were *ſo ſmall*
" There really was not *room enough* for ALL."

Young men!——
I do preſume that *one* of you in *ten*
Hath kept a dog or two, and hath remark'd,
That when you have been comfortably feeding,
The curs, without one atom of court breeding,
With watery jaws, have whin'd, and paw'd, and bark'd;

Show'd

Show'd anxiouſneſs about the mutton bone,
And 'ſtead of *your* mouth, wiſh'd it in their *own*;
And if you gave this bone to one or t'other,
Heav'ns what a ſnarling, quarrelling and pother!
This, perhaps, had often touch'd you to the quick,
And made you teach *good manners* by a *kick*;
And if the tumult was beyond all bearing,
A little bit of *ſweet* emphatic ſwearing,
An eloquence of wondrous uſe in wars,
Amongſt Sea Captains and the brave Jack Tars.

Now tell me honeſtly—pray don't you find
Somewhat in Chriſtians juſt of the ſame kind
That you experienc'd in the curs,
Cauſing your anger and demurs?
As, for example, when your miſtreſs, FAME,
Wiſhing to celebrate a worthy name,
Takes up her trump to give the juſt applauſe,
How have you, puppy-like, paw'd, wiſh'd and whin'd;
And growl'd, and curs'd, and ſwore, and pin'd,
And long'd to tear the trumpet from her jaws!
The dogs deſerv'd *their* kicking to be ſure;
But *you!* O fie, boys! go and ſin no *more*.

ODE XII.

The compaſſionate Peter lamenteth the Death of Mr. HONE, *an* R. A. *Recommendeth him to* Oblivion, *the great Patron of a number of* Geniuſes.

THERE's one R. A. more dead! ſtiff is poor HONE!
His works be with him under the ſame ſtone:
I think the ſacred Art will not bemoan 'em;
But, Muſe!---*De mortuis nil niſi bonum*---
As to his hoſt a *traveller*, with a ſneer,
Said of his DEAD *ſmall-beer*.

Go then, poor HONE! and join a numerous train
Sunk in OBLIVION's wide pacific ocean;
And may its *whale-like* ſtomach feel no motion
To caſt thee, like a JONAH, up again.

ODE

ODE XIII.

The Poet exhibiteth the Inconſtancy of the World, by a moſt elegant *Compariſon of a Flock of Starlings.*

YOUNG Artiſts, it may ſo fall out
That folks ſhall make a grievous rout:
Follow you—praiſe your painting to the ſkies;
When, perhaps a ribband, (fie upon it!)
A feather, or a tawdry bonnet,
Caught, by its *glare*, their *wonder-ſpying* eyes.

Therefore, don't *thence* ſuppoſe that you inherit
Mountains of unexampled merit;
That *always you ſhall* be purſu'd,
And like a *wondrous* Beauty woo'd.

Great is the world's inconſtancy, God knows!——
Fame, like the ocean, *ebbs*, as well as *flows*;
Next year the million pitches on a Ruff,
A Balloon Cap,—a Shawl,—a Muff;——
For *you*, no longer cares a ſingle ruſh,
Following *ſome other brother* of the Bruſh.

To raiſe to nobler flights the Muſe's wing,
A *ſimile*'s a very pretty thing;
To whoſe ſweet aid I'm oft a humble debtor,
T'illuſtrate with more force the thing I mean;——
And if the *Simile* be neat and clean,
Tant mieux—that is—*ſo much the better.*

Therefore, young folks, as there's a great deal in't,
Accept one juſt imported from the mint.

You've ſeen a flock of Starlings, to be ſure,
A hundred thouſand in a *meſs* or more;
Who fortunately having found
A lump of horſe litter upon the ground,
Down drops the chattering cloud upon the dung,
Then Lord, what *doings!* Heavens, what *admiration!*
What *joy*, what *tranſport* 'midſt the ſpeckled nation!
How buſy ev'ry *beak*, and ev'ry *tongue!*
All talking, gabbling, but none liſt'ning,
Juſt like a group of goſſips at a chriſt'ning;——
Let but a *cowdab* ſhow its graſs-green face,
They're *up*, without ſo much as ſaying grace;
And lo! the buſy flock around it pitches!
Juſt as upon the lump before,
They gabble, wonder, and adore!
And equal *brother* MARTYN's * ſpeeches.
Theſe ſtarlings ſhow the world with great propriety,
Mad as March Hares, or Curlews for VARIETY.

* A *much-admired* Speaker in the Houſe of Commons, who *nem. con.* was baptized the *Starling* MARTYN.

ODE XIV.

The Great Peter *deſpiſeth Frenchmen.*

I BEG it as a favour, my young folks,
You will not copy, money-like, the French,
Whoſe pictures, juſtly, are all ſtanding jokes,
Whether they repreſent a man or wench.
If Monſieur paints a man of faſhion,
Making an *obeiſance* well bred,
The gentleman's a *ram-cat* in a paſſion,
His back all crumpled o'er his head:
Or, if he paints a wretch upon the wheel,
And bone breaking's no *trifling thing*, G--d knows!
Amidſt his pains the fellow's ſo *genteel!*
He *feels* with ſuch *decorum* all the blows.
Or if a culprit's going to the *devil*,
Which ſome folks alſo deem a ſerious *evil*,
So *degagé* you ſee the man advance,
His arms, hands, ſhoulders, turn'd-out toes,
Madona-lifted eyes and cock'd up noſe,
Proclaim the pretty puppy in a dance.
I've ſeen a ſleeping VENUS, I declare,
With hands and legs ſtretch'd out with *ſuch* an air!
Her neck and head *ſo* twiſted on one ſhoulder,
With *ſuch* a *heav'nly* ſmile, that each beholder

Would

Would ſwear, (diſdaining DANCING's *vulgar* track)
The Dame was walking minuets on her *Back!*
E'en an old woman yielding up her breath
By means of cholic, ſtone, or gravel;
How ſmirkingly ſhe feels the pangs of death!
With what a *grace* her ſoul prepares to *travel!*

A Frenchman's Angel is an OPERA PUNK;——
His Virgin Marys---milleners half drunk;
Our bleſt Redeemer, a rank *petit maitre*,
In every attitude and feature;
The humble Joſeph, ſo *genteelly* made,
And only fit to *compliment* his wife,——
So *delicate!* as if he ſcarcely knew
Oak from deal board—a gimblet from a ſcrew;
And never made a MOUSE TRAP in his life.

Think not I wantonly attack thoſe people:—
In prejudice that I'm as ſtiff 's a ſteeple;
No!---yet, I own I hate the ſhrugging dogs—
I've liv'd amongſt them, eat their frogs,
And vomited them up, thank God, again;
So that I'm able now to ſay,
I carried nought of *theirs* away,
Which otherwiſe had made the puppies *vain.*

ODE XV.

The conceited Peter turneth an arrant Egotiſt---Mentioneth a number of fine Folks---This minute condemneth Will. Whitehead's *Verſes and the next, exculpateth the Laureat, by clapping the* right ſaddle *on the* right horſe.

NO Giant more rejoiceth in his courſe,
Not Count O'Kelly in a winning horſe;
Not Mrs. Hobart * to preſerve a box,
Not George the Third to triumph o'er Charles Fox:
Not Spain's *wiſe* Monarch to bombard Algiers——
Not Pillories, order'd by the Law's ſtern voice,
Can more rejoice
To hold Kitt Atkinſon's two ears;
Not more rejoiceth patriotic Pitt
By patriotic Grocers to be fed,
Not Mother Windſor † in a fair young Tit,
Nor gaping Deans, to hear a Biſhop's dead:
Not more reform'd John Wilkes to *court* the Crown,
Nor Skinner in his Aldermannic gown,
Nor Common Councilmen on turtle feeding:

* The conteſt between Mrs. Hobart and Lady Saliſbury, with their *Seconds*, about a Box at the Opera, is a SUBJECT for the moſt *ſublime* Epic!

† A Prieſteſs of the Cyprian Goddeſs.

Not more rejoice old envious Maids, ſo ſtale,
To hear of weeping Beauty *a ſad tale*,
And tell the world a reigning Toaſt is *breeding* :——
Than I, the Poet, in a lucky Ode
That catches at a hop the Cynic face ;
Kills by a laugh its grave Bubonic face ;
And tears, in ſpite of him, his jaws abroad.

And are there ſuch grave Dons that read my rhymes ?
All gracious Heav'n forgive their crimes !
Oh ! be their lot to have *wiſe-talking* wives ;
And if in *reading* they delight,
To read, ye Gods ! from morn to night,
Will Whitehead's * Birth-day Sonnets all their lives.

Perhaps, reader, thou'rt a tinker, or a tanner,
And mendeſt kettles in a pretty manner ;
Or tanneſt hides of bulls, and cows, and calves :
But if the ſaucepan, or the kettle,
Originally be bad metal,
Thoul't ſay, " It only can be done by *halves* ; "
Or if by *nature* bad the bullocks' ſkins,
" They'll make vile ſhoes and boots for people's *ſhins*. "

* This Ode was written before a late Laureat reſign'd his *earthly* crown for a *heavenly* one. May Mr. Tom Warton be more ſucceſsful in his Pindaric adulations, and not verify the Latin adage—*Ex nihilo, nihil fit.*

Then

Then wherefore do I thus abuſe
Will Whitehead's *hard-driv'n* Muſe ?
Who merits rather *Pity*'s tend'reſt ſigh :
For what the devil can he do,
When forc'd to praiſe—*the Lord knows who !*
Verſe *muſt* be dull on ſubjects ſo damn'd *dry*.

O D E XVI.

The claſſic Peter adviſeth Painters to cultivate Taſte--Laſheth ſome of the Ignorant---Accuſeth Painters of an affection for vulgarity, whom he horſe-whippeth---Recommendeth a charming ſubject---Telleth the ſecret of his Love, and giveth a die-away *Sonnet of former days---Perſecuteth* Tenier's *Devils, but applaudeth the Execution.*

PAINTERS, improve your education,
That ſurely ſtands in need of reformation.
I've heard that ſome can neither write no read,
Which does no honour to the hand or head.

Many, I know, would rather paint a *bear*,
Or *monkey* playing his quaint tricks,
Than ſome ſweet damſel, whom all hearts revere,
Whoſe charms the eye of admiration fix---
Would rather ſee a *ſtump* with ſtrength expreſt,
Than all the ſnowy fullneſs of her Breaſt,
Or LIP, that Innocence ſo ſweetly moves,
Or SMILE, the fond Elyſium of the Loves.

This

This brings thoſe days to mem'ry when my tongue,
To Cynthia's Beauty pour'd my ſoul in ſong;
When on the margin of the murmuring ſtream,
My fancy frequent form'd the golden dream
Of Cynthia's grace---of Cynthia's ſmiles divine,
And made thoſe ſmiles and peerleſs beauty *mine*.

It brings to mem'ry, too, thoſe diſmal times,
When nought my ſighs avail'd, and nought my rhimes;
When at the ſilent, ſolemn cloſe of day,
My penſive ſteps would court the darkling grove,
To hear in Philomela's lonely lay,
The fainting echoes of my luckleſs love;
Till night's increaſing ſhades around me ſtole,
And mingled with the gloom that wrapp'd my ſoul.

Reader--- Do'ſt chuſe a ſonnet of thoſe days?
Take it---and ſay not I'm a foe to PRAISE.

To CYNTHIA.

O Thou! whoſe love-inſpiring air
Delights, yet gives a thouſand woes;
My day declines in dark deſpair,
And night hath loſt her ſweet repoſe;

Yet

Yet who, alas! like me was bleſt,
To *others* e'er thy charms were known;
When Fancy told my raptur'd breaſt,
That Cynthia ſmil'd on *me* alone?

Nymph of my ſoul! forgive my ſighs:
Forgive the jealous fires I feel;
Nor blame the trembling wretch, who dies
When others to thy beauties kneel.

Lo! theirs is every winning art,
With Fortune's gifts, unknown to *me!*
I only boaſt a ſimple heart,
In love with INNOCENCE and THEE.

Build not, alas! your popularity
On that beaſt's back yclep'd *Vulgarity*;
A beaſt that many a booby takes a pride in,—
A beaſt beneath the noble Peter's riding.

How ſhould the man who loves to be *unchaſte*,
To feed on carrion dread his hound-like paunch,
Judge of an Ortolan's delicious taſte,
Or feel the flavour of a fine fat haunch?
Or, wont with bitter purl to wet his clay,
How ſhould *he* judge of Claret or Tokay?

Teniers's Devils, Witches, Monkeys, Toads,
That make me ſhudder whilſt I pen theſe Odes,
Moſt *truly painted*, to be ſure, you'll find:—
How greater far the excellence, to paint
With heaven-directed eye, the beauteous SAINT,
And mark th' emotions of her angel-mind?
Envy not *ſuch* as have in DIRT ſurpaſt ye;—
'Tis *very*, *very eaſy* to be NASTY!

ODE XVII.

The moralizing Bard expoſeth the unfairneſs of mankind in the article of laughing---*Deſcanteth upon* Wit---*Diſclaimeth pretenſion to it*---*Maketh love to Candour, and* modeſtly *concludeth.*

HOW dearly mortals love to laugh and grin!
Juſt as they love to ſtuff themſelves to *chin*
With other people's meat—good ſaving ſenſe!
Becauſe at other folks' expence;
But turn the laugh on *them*—how chang'd their notes!
" O damn 'em! this is *ſerious*—cut their throats!"

WIT

WIT, ſays an author, that I do not know,
Is like TIME's ſcythe—cuts down both friend and foe;—
Ready each object, tyger-like, to *leap on!*
" Lord! what a butcher this ſame *wit!* thank God!
" (A critic cries) in Maſter Pindar's Ode,
" We ſpy th' effect of no ſuch *dangerous weapon.*"

No, Sir—'tis dove-ey'd CANDOUR's charms
I woo to theſe deſiring arms;
She is my GODDESS---to her ſhrine I bend:
NYMPH of the voice, that beats the morning lark,
Sweet as the dulcet note of either Park *,
Be thou my ſoft companion and my friend.

Thy lovely hand my Pegaſus ſhall guide,
And teach thy *modeſt* pupil how to ride:
Thus ſhall I hurt not any *groupe-compoſers*,
From Sarah Benwell's *bruſh*, to Mary Mozer's †.

* Two brothers of the moſt diſtinguiſhed merit on the Oboe.

† The laſt of thoſe Ladies, an R. A. by means of a *ſublime* picture of a plate of GOOSEBERRIES—the other in *hopes* of Academic honours, through an *equal* degree of merit.

ODE

ODE XVIII.

The judicious Peter *giveth moſt wholeſome Advice to Landſcape Painters.*

WHATE'ER your wiſh, in Landſcape to excel,
London's the very place to mar it;
Believe the *oracles* I tell,
There's very little Landſcape in a *Garret.*
Whate'er the flocks of *Fleas* you keep,
'Tis badly copying *them* for *Goats* and *Sheep*;
And if you'll take the Poet's honeſt word,
A BUG muſt make a miſerable BIRD.

A *Ruſh light* winking in a bottle's neck,
Ill repreſents the glorious ORB of MORN;
Nay, though it were a candle with a *wick*,
'Twould be a *repreſentative forlorn.*

I think, too, that a man would be a fool,
For *trees*, to copy legs of a *joint-ſtool*;
Or ev'n by *them* to repreſent a *ſtump:*
As alſo *broomſticks*,—which though well he rig
Each with an old *fox-colour'd wig*,
Muſt make a very poor *autumnal clump.*

You'll

You'll ſay---Yet *ſuch ones*, oft a perſon ſees
In many an Artiſt's Trees;
And in ſome Paintings, we have all beheld;
Green Bays hath ſurely ſat for a green Field;
Bolſters for Mountains, Hills, and wheaten Mows;
Cats for Ram-goats;---and Curs, for Bulls, and Cows."

All this, my Lads, I freely grant;---
But better things from YOU, I want.
As SHAKESPEARE ſays, (a Bard I much *approve*)
"*Liſt, liſt, Oh! liſt*,"---if thou doſt PAINTING love.

CLAUDE painted in the open air!---
Therefore to Wales at once repair;
Where ſcenes of *true* magnificence you'll find:
Beſides this great advantage---if in debt,
You'll have with creditors no *tête-à-tête*:
So leave the bull-dog Bailiffs all *behind*;
Who, *hunt* you, with what noiſe they may,
Muſt hunt for *needles* in a *ſtack of hay*.

ODE XIX.

The Poet hinteth to Artiſts the value of Time.

THE Man condemned on Tyburn tree to *ſwing*,
Deems ſuch a ſhow, a very *dulliſh* thing;
He'd rather a SPECTATOR be, I ween,
Than the ſad ACTOR in the ſcene.
He blames the LAW's too rigid reſolution:
If with a beef-ſteak ſtomach,---in his prime,
Lord, with what *reverence* he looks on Time!
And, moſt of all---*the hour of execution!*
And as the cart doth to the tree advance,
How *wond'rous willing* to poſtpone the DANCE!

Believe me, Time's of monſtrous uſe;
But, ah! how ſubject to abuſe!
It ſeems that with him, folks were often *cloy'd*;
I do pronounce it, Time's a *public good*,
Juſt like a youthful Beauty---to be *woo'd*,
Made *much* of, and be *properly* enjoy'd.

Time's ſand is wonderfully ſmall:
It ſlips between the fingers in a hurry;
Therefore, on each young Artiſt let me call,
To prize it as an Indian does his *Curry**;
Whether his next rare *Exhibition* be
Amidſt the great R. A.'s,---or on a TREE.

* An univerſal food in the Eaſt Indies.

ODE XX.

The unfortunate Peter *lamenteth the loſs of an important Ode by* Rats---*He prayeth devoutly for the* Rats.

HIATUS maxime deflendus!
I've loſt an ODE of charming praiſe;
From like misfortune, Heav'n defend us!
The ſweeteſt of my Lyric Lays!
Where many a youthful Artiſt ſhone with fame,
Like his own pictures in a fine gilt frame.
Perdition catch the roguiſh rats!
Their trembling limbs ſhould fill the maws of cats,
Were I to be their ſole adviſer:
Vermin! like trunk-makers and paſtry-cooks,
Dealing in legions of delightful books,
Yet with the *learning*, not a whit the *wiſer*.
Thank G—d! the Ode unto MYSELF they *ſpar'd*,
And, lo! the labour of the lucky Bard.

ODE XXI.

To MYSELF.

The exalted Peter *wiſheth to make the gaping world acquainted with the place of his nativity;---but before he can get an anſwer from* himſelf, *he moſt* ſublimely *burſteth forth into an addreſs to Mennygizzy and Mouſehole, two fiſhing towns in Cornwall---the firſt celebrated for Pilchards, the laſt for giving birth to Dolly Pentreath—The Poet praiſeth the Honourable Daines Barrington, and Pilchards---Forgetteth the place of his nativity, and, like his great anceſtor of* Thebes, *leaveth his readers in the* dark.

O THOU! whoſe daring works ſublime
Defy the rudeſt rage of Time,
Say!—for the world is with conjecture dizzy,
Did Mouſehole give thee birth or Mennygizzy?

HAIL Mennygizzy! what a town of note!
Where boats, and men, and ſtinks, and trade are ſtirring;
Where pilchards come in myriads to be caught;
Pilchard! a thouſand times as good 's a herring.

Pilchard!

Pilchard! the idol of the Popiſh nation!
Hail little inſtrument of vaſt ſalvation!
Pilchard, I ween, a moſt ſoul-ſaving fiſh,
On which the Catholics in Lent are *cramm'd*;
Who, had they not, poor ſouls, this lucky diſh,
Would *fleſh* eat, and be conſequently *damn'd*.
Pilchards! whoſe bodies yield the fragrant oil,
And make the London lamps at midnight ſmile;
Which lamps, wide ſpreading ſalutary light,
Beam on the wandering BEAUTIES of the night,
And ſhow each gentle youth their cheek's deep roſes,
And tell him whether they have eyes and noſes.

Hail Mouſehole! birth place of old Doll Pentreath *,
The *laſt* who jabber'd Corniſh—ſo ſays Daines,
Who, bat-like, haunted ruins, lane, and heath,
With Will o' Wiſp, to brighten up his brains.

* A very old woman of Mouſehole, ſuppoſed (*falſely* however) to have been the *laſt* who ſpoke the Corniſh language. The honourable Antiquarian, Daines Barrington, Eſq. journied, ſome years ſince, from London to the Land's-end, to converſe with this wrinkled, yet delicious *morceau*. He entered Mouſehole in a kind of triumph, and peeping into her hut, exclaimed, with all the fire of an enraptur'd Lover, in the language of the famous Greek Philoſoper,—"EUREKA!" The couple kiſſed—Doll ſoon after *gabbled*—Daines liſtened with admiration—committed her ſpeeches to paper, not venturing to truſt his memory with *ſo much treaſure*. The tranſaction was announced to the Society—the Journals were *enriched* with their dialogues—the old Lady's picture was ordered to be taken by the moſt eminent Artiſt, and the honourable Member to be publicly thanked for the DISCOVERY!

O Daines!

Daines! who a thouſand miles, unwearied trots
For bones, braſs-farthings, aſhes and old pots,
To prove that folks of old, like *us*, were made
With heads, eyes, hands, and toes, to drive a trade.

O D E XXII.

Peter *concludeth his Odes---Seemeth hungry—Expoſtulateth with the Reader—And getteth the ſtart of the World, by firſt praiſing his own Works.*

TOM Southern to John Dryden went one day,
To buy a head and tail piece for his Play:——
"Thomas," quoth John, "I've ſold my goods *too cheap*,
"So, if you pleaſe, my price ſhall take a *leap*."

O Reader, look me gravely in the face;——
Speak, is not that with *me* and *thee* the caſe?
For this Years Odes I charge thee half a crown;
So, without grumbling, put thy money down:
For things are deſperately ris'n, good Lord!
Fiſh, fleſh, coals, candles, window lights, and board:
Why ſhould not charming POETRY then riſe?
That comes ſo dev'liſh far too—from the *ſkies!*
And lo! the verſes that adorn *this* page,
Beam, comet like, alas! but *once* an age.

FINIS.

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AND

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THE ARGUMENT.

PETER *the* GREAT *fighteth the Preſident's Battle—proclaimeth ſome of the Preſident's Powers—viz. his perſevering Tooth-and-nail Powers—his Stomach Powers—his Face Powers—his Hammer Powers, triumphing over the Powers of* Morpheus, *and* eke *his courageous Powers.*

Peter *beginneth the Tale—Sir* Joſeph *proceedeth to hunt—but firſt ejaculateth —The Virtuoſo's Prayer — Sir* Joſeph's *Inſect Enthuſiaſm induceth him, contrary to his general Piety, to pray wickedly, by ſelfiſhly wiſhing to gratify his own Deſires at the Expence of the Farmers—Sir* Joſeph *prayeth for* Pharaoh's *Flies — condemneth* Pharaoh's *Taſte — maketh Intereſt for Showers of Flies, inſtead of Quails—prayeth for Monſters, and promiſeth them the Honour of his Name.*

Sir Joſeph, *in a Pointer-like Manner, ambulateth—he eſpieth the Emperor of* Morocco—Peter *conjectureth as to Sir* Joſeph's *Joy on the Occaſion—compareth Sir* Joſeph's *Joy with that experienced by* Archimedes, *Hare-hunters, outrageouſly-virtuous old Maids, the little Duke of* Piccadilly, *a Pimp, Mother* Windſor's Virgins, *and Mother* Windſor herſelf—*Sir* Joſeph's *Purſuit—the Preſident tumbleth, in Imitation of Mr.* Eden *— a beautiful Compariſon between Sir* Joſeph *and* Tamerlane, *a Butterfly, and* Bajazet — *Sir* Joſeph *again tumbleth — Sir* Joſeph's *Hat tumbleth with him—Sir* Joſeph *riſeth and bloweth—he is gazed at by a Countryman—he darteth through a Hedge in Purſuit of the Emperor, and tumbleth into a Lane — he getteth up ſpeedily, and putteth a Queſtion to* Hob—Hob *anſwereth not, but pitieth him—Sir* Joſeph *obtaineth a ſecond*

The ARGUMENT.

View of he Emperor — purſueth his Majeſty into a Garden — overſetteth the Gardener — trampleth on rare flowers — breaketh many Bell Glaſſes — overturneth the Scarecrow — Peter *praiſeth the Scarecrow —* Sir Joſeph *overſetteth a hive of Bees — The Bees ſurprized — they attempt a Revenge, but ſucceed not, on Account of the hard and tough Materials of* Sir Joſeph's *Headpiece — The Gardener, quitting his horizontal Poſition, purſueth* Sir Joſeph *— Sir* Joſeph *purſueth the Emperor, and the Emperor flieth away — The Gardener collareth* Sir Joſeph, *and expoſtulateth — Sir* Joſeph *heedeth not the Gardener's Complaint, being in deep Sorrow for the Loſs of the Emperor — The Gardener quitteth his Gripe in* Sir Joſeph, *and putteth him down for a Lunatic — the Gardener execrateth* Sir Joſeph's *Keeper, and falleth into a Panic — flieth off unceremoniouſly, and leaveth the* Preſident *in the Situation of a celebrated Prophet.*

PROEMIUM

PROEMIUM.

PETRUS LOQUITUR.

SINCE members loſt to manners, growl;
Call poor Sir Joſeph aſs, and owl;
  Nay, oft with coarſer epithets revile;
Though pitying much his pigmy merit,
  Let me diſplay a Chriſtian ſpirit,
And try to lift a lame dog o'er a ſtyle.

Though not, like Erſkine, in the law a giant,
I muſt take up the cudgels for my client.

Know by theſe preſents, then, ye noiſy crew,
Who at his bluſhing honours* look ſo blue,

* *Bluſhing honours*—the author undoubtedly means the epithet *bluſhing* to be underſtood as ſynonymous with *blooming*, and not in a ſatyrical ſenſe: God forbid that the friend of Sir Joſeph ſhould mean *otherwiſe!*

That

That though Sir Joſeph is not deep-diſcerning,
And though, as all the world well knows,
A nutſhell might with perfect eaſe encloſe
Three quarters of his ſenſe, and all his learning;
Whoſe modeſt wiſdom, therefore, never aims
To find the longitude, or burn the Thames;

Yet, as to things he ſets himſelf about,
With tooth and nail, like *Hercules*, ſo ſtout,
He labours for his wiſh, no matter what;——
I can't ſay that Sir Joſeph lions kills;
Hugs giants, or the blood of hydras ſpills;
But then moſt manfully he eats a bat,
Eats toads, or tough, or tender, old, or young,
As in the ſweeteſt ſtrains the Muſe hath ſung: *
Fit with the hugeſt Hottentot to cope,
Who dines on raw fleſh at the Cape of Hope.

* See Peter's Prophecy,

Bleſt with a phiz, he bids the Members tremble!
To deathlike ſilence turns the direſt din;
And where ſo many ſavages aſſemble,
Like hounds they want a proper Whipper-in.

Dare members ſleep*, a ſet of ſnoring Goths,
Whilſt Blagden reads a chapter upon moths?
Down goes the hammer, cloath'd with thunder!
Up ſpring the Snorers, half without their wigs;
Old Graybeards grave, and ſmock-fac'd Prigs,
With ell-wide jaws diſplaying ſigns of wonder.

Lo! perſeverance is the ſoul of action!
And courage proper to oppoſe a faction;
Therefore he ſits with wonderful propriety,
The Monro of a mad Society:
And that he is both brave and perſevering,
Witneſs the following ſtory, well worth hearing.

* Frequently, indeed, are the Members ſent to the land of ſhadows by the Society's ſomniferous papers; aſſiſted in a great meaſure in their voyage by the Doctor's drowſy manner of communicating the contents.

SIR JOSEPH BANKS

AND

THE EMPEROR OF MOROCCO.

A PRESIDENT, in butterflies profound,
Of whom all Inſectmongers ſing the praiſes,
Went on a day to catch this game renown'd,
On vi'lets, dunghills, nettletops, and daiſies!
But firſt (ſo pious is Sir Joſeph's nature)
He thus addreſs'd the butterfly's Creator.

THE

The VIRTUOSO's PRAYER.

O THOU whoſe wiſdom plann'd the ſkies,
And form'd the wings of butterflies,
Attend my humble pray'r!
Like Egypt, as in days of yore,
Let earth with flies be cover'd o'er,
And darken'd all the air.

This, Lord, wou'd be the beſt of news——
Then might thy ſervant pick and chuſe
From ſuch a glorious heap:
Forth to the world I'd boldly ruſh,
Put all Muſæums to the bluſh,
And hold them all dog cheap.

Pharaoh had not one grain of taſte——
The flies on *him* were thrown to waſte,

Nay,

Nay, met with ſtrong objection;
But had thy ſervant, Lord, been there,
I ſhould have made, or much I err,
A wonderful collection!

O Lord! if not my mem'ry fails,
Thou once didſt rain on people quails——
Again the world ſurprize;
And 'ſtead of ſuch a trifling bird,
Rain on thy ſervant Joſeph, Lord,
Show'rs of rare butterflies!

Since monſters are my great delight,
With monſters charm thy ſervant's ſight,
Turn feathers into hair:
Make legs where legs were never ſeen,
And eyes, no bigger than a pin,
As broad as ſaucers ſtare.

The reptiles that are born with claws,
O! let thy pow'r ſupply with paws,
Adorn'd with human nails;
In value more to make them riſe,
Tranſplant from all their heads, their eyes,
And place them in their tails.

And if thou wiſely wouldſt contrive
To make me butterflies alive,
To fly without a head;
To ſkim the hedges and the fields,
Nay, eat the meat thy bounty yields;
Such wonders were indeed!

Blagden ſhould puff them at our Meeting;
Members would preſs around me greeting;
The Journals ſwell with thanks;
And more to magnify their fame,
Thoſe headleſs flies ſhould have a name——
My name —— Sir Joſeph Banks!"

THUS

THUS having finiſh'd, forth Sir Joſeph hies,
Hope in his heart, and eagles in his eyes!
Juſt like a pointer, quart'ring well his ground,
He nimbly trots the field around!
At length, to bleſs his hunting ambulation,
Up roſe a Native of the flutt'ring nation.
Broad ſtar'd Sir Joſeph as if ſtruck by thunder;
(For much, indeed, are eyes enlarg'd by wonder,)
When from a dab of dung, or *ſome ſuch thing*,
An Emp'ror of Morocco rear'd his wing!

Not Archimedes, 'tis my firm belief,
More bleſt, cried "*Eureka*, I've nabb'd the thief;"
Nor hunters, when a hare, to ſhun foul play,
Steals from his ſeat ſo ſly, cry "Stole away;"
Nor ſtale old nymphs, by raging virtue ſway'd,
Roar on a Frail one, "Kill the wicked jade;"
Than roar'd Sir Joſeph on the verdant ſod,
"Morocco's Emp'ror, by the living God!"

Not with more joy, nor rapture-ſpeaking look,
The little gameſome PICCADILLY DUKE
Eyes a nice TIT, freſh launch'd upon the town;
Nor with more pleaſure Cupid's truſty crimp,
By mouths of vulgar people nam'd a pimp,
Stares on his virtuous fee, a crown;

Nor King's-Place nymphs, on Greenhorns in their pow'r;
Who (ſhameleſs raſcals, wanting not a wife,)
Hire love, like hackney coaches, by the hour,
Damning the love ſo true that laſts for life;
Nor wither'd WINDSOR on the ſimple Maid,
From ſcenes of rural innocence betray'd;
Forc'd to diſpoſe of Nature's ſweeteſt charms;
Doom'd for a meal to ſink a beauteous wreck;
To lend to man ſhe loathes, her lip, her neck,
And, weeping, act the wanton in his arms;
Than did the Hero of my ſong,
Survey the Emp'ror as he mov'd along.

Lightly

Not with more glee a hen-peck'd huſband ſpies
Death ſhutting up his wife's two cat-like eyes,
  Accuſtom'd on him oft and fierce to roll;
Juſt like a galley ſlave, poor fellow, treated,
Or thoſe poor Engliſh at Calcutta ſweated;
  Stuff'd in the old Black Hole:

And yet, a neater ſimile to uſe,
Not with more true delight a lover views
  The bluſhing orient leading on the day
That gives a blooming partner to his arms,
In virtues rich, and rich in youthful charms,
  To bid the hours with rapture glide away:

Sad anxious ſwain, who now in bed, now out,
Toſs'd like the ſea with thundering thoughts about;
  Curſing with hearty pray'rs the lingering night;
Now trying hard to ſleep away the time;
Now ſtaring on the dark, like bards for rhyme,
  To catch the ſmalleſt glimpſe of light.

Afraid that Phœbus means foul play,
And, bent to ſpite him, lie a-bed all day:

And, *bonâ fidê*, not of rapture fuller;
Thurlow, the Seal and Royal Conſcience keeper,
Sees his prime fav'rite, Mr. Juſtice Buller,
High thron'd in Chancery, grieve the poor Sir Pepper,
Than did the Preſident ſo keen eſpy
The butterfly!

Lightly with winnowing wing amid the land,
His Mooriſh Majeſty in circles flew!
With ſturdy ſtriding legs and outſtretch'd hand,
The Virtuoſo did his prey purſue.

He ſtrikes—he miſſes—ſtrikes again—he grins,
And ſees in thought the monarch fix'd with pins;
Sees him on paper giving up the ghoſt,
Nail'd like a hawk or martyr to a poſt.

Oft

Oft fell Sir Joſeph on the ſlipp'ry plain,
Like *patriot* EDEN—fell to riſe again;
The Emp'ror ſmiling, ſported on before;
Like Phœbus courſing Daphne was the chace,
But not ſo was the meaning of the race,
Sir Joſeph ran to kill, not kiſs the Moor;

To hold him pris'ner in a glaſs for ſhow,
Like Tamerlane, (redoubtable his rage)
Who kept poor Bajazet, his vanquiſh'd foe,
Juſt like an owl or magpye in a cage.

Again to earth Sir Joſeph fell ſo flat,
Flat as the flatteſt of the flounder race!
Down with Sir Joſeph dropp'd his three-cock'd hat,
Moſt nobly ſharing in his friend's diſgrace.
Again he ſprings, with hope and ardour pale,
And blowing like the fiſh baptiz'd a whale;

Darting

Darting his arms now here, now there, ſo wild,
With all the eager raptures of a child,
Who with broad anxious eye a bauble views,
And, capering legs and hands, the toy purſues.

A Countryman, who, from a lane,
Had mark'd Sir Joſeph, running, tumbling, ſweating,
Stretching his hands and arms, like one inſane,
And with thoſe arms the air around him beating,
To no particular opinion leaning,
Of ſuch manœuvring could not gueſs the meaning.

At length the Preſident, all foam and muck,
Quite out of breath, and out of luck,
Purſued the flying monarch to the place,
Where ſtood this Countryman, with marv'ling face.

Now through the hedge, exactly like a horſe,
Wild plung'd the Preſident with all his force,

His

His brow in ſweat, his ſoul in perturbation ;
Mindleſs of trees, and buſhes, and the brambles,
Head over heels into the lane he ſcrambles,
Where Hob ſtood loſt in wide-mouth'd ſpeculation!

" Speak," roar'd the Preſident, " this inſtant—ſay,
" Haſt ſeen, haſt ſeen, my lad, this way
" The Emp'ror of Morocco paſs?"——
Hob to the inſect-hunter nought replied,
But ſhook his head, and ſympathizing ſigh'd,
" Alas!
" Poor gentleman, I'm ſorry for ye ;
" And pity much your *upper ſtory!*"

Lo! down the lane alert the Emp'ror flew,
And ſtruck once more Sir Joſeph's hawk-like view ;
And now he mounted o'er a garden wall!
In ruſh'd Sir Joſeph at the garden door,
Knock'd down the Gard'ner—what could man do more,
And left him as he choſe to riſe or ſprawl.

O'er peerleſs hyacinths our Hero ruſh'd;
Through tulips and anemonies he puſh'd,
Breaking a hundred necks at ev'ry ſpring:
On bright carnations, bluſhing on their banks,
With deſp'rate hoof he trod, and mow'd down ranks,
Such vaſt ambition urg'd to ſeize the king!

Bell glaſſes, all ſo thick, were tumbled o'er,
And lo! the cries, ſo ſhrill, of many a ſcore,
A ſad and fatal ſtroke proclaim'd;
The Scarecrow all ſo red, was overturn'd;
His vaniſh'd hat, and wig, and head, he mourn'd,
And much, indeed, the man of ſtraw was maim'd!

Juſt Guardian of the ſacred ſpot,
With face ſo fierce, and pointed gun,
Who threat'ned all the birds with ſhot;
To kill of ſparrows ev'ry mother's ſon:

Fierce as thoſe ſcarlet miniſters of fate,
The warlike guardians of St. James's gate!

Yet not content with feats like theſe,
He tumbled o'er a hive of bees;
Out ruſh'd the hoſt, and wonder'd from their ſouls,
What dev'l dar'd daſh their houſe about their polls.

Like Louis *, whoſe fierce heart was ſuch,
As made him like a football kick the Dutch!

But ſoon the ſmall, heroic, injur'd nation
Deſcried the author of their obligation;
And, to repay it, round him ruſh'd the ſwarm;
Prodigious was the buz about his ears!
With all their venom did they puſh their ſpears,
But lo! they work'd him not one grain of harm!

* Louis XIV.

Yet

Yet did no God nor Godling intervene,
By way of ſcreen!

The happy head their pointed ſpears defied,
Strong, like old Homer's ſhields, in tough bull hide,
And braſs well temper'd, to ſupport the ſhock!——
The bees their diſappointed vengeance mourn'd,
And from their fierce attack, fatigu'd, return'd,
Believing they had ſtorm'd a barber's block.

What was thought death and tortures by the clan,
Was only tickling the great Man!
Thus round big Ajax rag'd the Trojan hoſt,
Who might as well, indeed, have drubb'd a poſt.

The Gard'ner now for juſt revenge up ſprung,
O'erwhelm'd with wonderment and dung,

And fiercely in his turn purſu'd the Knight!

From bed to bed, full tilt the champions rac'd,
This chac'd the Knight, the Knight the Emp'ror chac'd,
Who ſcal'd the walls, alas! and vaniſh'd out of ſight;
To find the Empreſs, p'rhaps, and tell her GRACE
The merry hiſt'ry of the chace.

At length the Gard'ner, ſwell'd with rage and dolour,
O'ertaking, graſps Sir Joſeph by the collar,
And bleſt with fav'rite oaths, abundance ſhow'rs;——
" Villain," he cried, " beyond example!
" Juſt like a cart-horſe on my beds to trample,
" More than your ſoul is worth, to kill my flow'rs!
" See how your two vile hoofs have made a wreck——
" Look, raſcal, at each Beauty's broken neck!"——

Mindleſs of humbled flow'rs, ſo freely kill'd,
Although ſuperior to his ſoul declar'd,
And vegetable blood profuſely ſpill'd,
Superior, too, to all reward;

Mindleſs of all the Gard'ner's plaintive ſtrains,
The Emp'ror's form monopoliz'd his brains.

At length he ſpoke, in ſad deſpairing tones,
" Gone! by the God that made me!—D-mn his bones!
" O Lord! no diſappointment mine ſurpaſſes;——
" Poh! what are paltry flowers and broken glaſſes,
" A tumbled Scarecrow, bees, the idle whim?——
" Zounds! what a ſet of miſcreants to *him!*——

" Gone is my ſoul's deſire, for ever gone!"——
" Who's gone?" the Gard'ner ſtraight replied——
" The Emp'ror, Sir," with tears, Sir Joſeph, cried——
" The Emp'ror of Morocco——thought my own!
" To unknown fields behold the Monarch fly!——
" Zounds! not to catch him, what an aſs was I!"

His eyes the Gard'ner, full of horror, ſtretch'd,
And then a groan, a monſtrous groan, he fetch'd,

Contemplating

Contemplating around his ruin'd wares;
And now he let Sir Joſeph's collar go;
And now he bray'd aloud with bittereſt woe,
" Mad, madder than the maddeſt of March hares!

" A p-x confound the fellow's Bedlam rigs!
" Oh! he hath done the work of fifty pigs!
" The Devil take his Keeper, a damn'd gooſe,
" For letting his wild Beaſt get looſe!"
But now the Gard'ner, terrified, began
To think himſelf too near a man
In ſo Peg-Nicholſon a ſituation;
And happy from a madman to eſcape,
He left him without bow, or nod, or ſcrape,
Like JEREMIAH midſt his Lamentation.

Such is the tale——if readers ſigh for more,
Sir Joſeph's wallet holdeth many a ſcore.

THE END.

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A Scavenger and King's the same to *me*.

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M.DCC.LXXXVIII.

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A SUBLIME and poetical Exordium, in which the Bard applaudeth himſelf, condemneth his Sovereign, and condeſcendeth to inſtruct Sir Joſeph Banks, *F. R. S.* — *Anecdote of* Julius Cæſar *and a Conjuror* — Peter *dwelleth with much ſolemnity on the gloomy Month of November, and compareth Sir* Joſeph Banks *to* Jupiter *and Mr.* Squib — *Aſketh ſhrewd queſtions* — *Sir* Joſeph *comprehendeth their ſage Meaning, and flieth into a Paſſion, and boaſteth how he revengeth himſelf on the Fun the World enjoyeth at his Expence* — *Sir* Joſeph *animadverteth wiſely on a Fall from the Preſidency to the State of a* ſimple *Fellow, obliquely and nobly hinting at a few* Traits *of his own Character* — Peter *replieth with good Advice, exhibiting at the ſame Time acute Knowledge of the ſexual Syſtem in botanical Affairs* — *Sir* Joſeph *refuſeth* Peter's *Counſel* — Peter *mentioneth Men of Science, whom Sir* Joſeph *ſcorneth* — *Sir* Joſeph *letteth the Cat out of the Bag, and ſheweth Principles inimical to the Cauſe of true Philoſophy, by wiſhing to make* great *Men Fellows, inſtead of* wiſe *men* — Peter *moraliſeth with profundity, and flappeth the Bugs of Fortune for daring, on Account of their Mammon, to place themſelves on a Level with Genius* — *Sir* Joſeph *maketh more Diſcovery of his Diſpoſition, by abuſing Painting, Poetry, and Muſic, and wiſheth to tread in the Steps of his Sovereign* — Peter *illuſtrateth the Preſident's Mode of catching at an Argument, by a beautiful Spider* Simile — *Sir* Joſeph *boaſteth of his Tea and Toaſt Weapons* — Peter *animadverteth with his uſual Wiſdom on the miraculous Powers of Meat, when applied to a hungry Stomach* — *Sir* Joſeph *findeth out a new Road to the Heart* — *Boaſteth of royal Favour* — Peter *ſmileth at it, and frightneth Sir* Joſeph — *Sir* Joſeph *enquireth the World's Opinion of himſelf* — Peter

Peter *giveth it without Ceremony* — *Sir* Joſeph *curſeth* — Peter *prayeth him to be quiet, proceedeth, and telleth terrible Things*—*Sir* Joſeph *ſwareth* —*Praiſeth himſelf* — Peter *anſwereth* — *Sir* Joſeph *praiſeth himſelf again for his being able to lead great Folks by the Noſe, and braggeth of royal Whiſpers*—Peter *gueſſeth at the royal whiſpers, and expreſſeth Pleaſure thereat* — *Again boaſteth the Preſident of what he can do* — Peter *ſolemnly ſmileth in a ſuperb* Simile *taken from wild Beaſts*—*Sir* Joſeph *vaunteth on his great Acquaintance with Vegetables and Monkies*—Peter *acquieſceth in his Monkey Wiſdom, but denieth its Importance, and turneth Butterfly and Egg Knowledges over to idle old Maids* — Peter *acknowledgeth the Merits of Indian, Booby, and Noddy killing*; *Lizard, Bat, Scurvygraſs, and Lady-ſmock hunting, yet differeth with Sir* Joſeph *as to the Idea of its Importance* — *The Preſident again boaſteth* — Peter *ſolemnly replieth, and telleth ſtrange Matters of Sir* William Hamilton—*Sir* Joſeph *breaketh out violently, and with an Air of Defiance, on the Subject of Mr.* Herſchel —Peter *acquieſceth, in ſome Meaſure, on the Merits of Mr.* Herſchel, *and propheſieth more Diſcoveries by this Aſtronomer than ſtruck the Imagination of Sir* Joſeph—Peter *propheſieth of the future Grandeur of* Cheltenham, *by means of Mills to ſupply the great* Flux *of People with Paper*— Peter *giveth more Glory to Mr.* Herſchel's Glaſs, *than to Mr.* Herſchel's Head—*Sir* Joſeph *groweth abuſive*—Peter *properly replieth*—*Sir* Joſeph *again triumpheth*—Peter *cutteth him down for his Laud on his Grace of* Marlborough's *Spy-glaſs Diſcoveries, and* John Hunter's *Sows and Partridges*—*Sir* Joſeph *plumeth himſelf on Dr.* Blagden—Peter *praiſeth Dr.* Blagden—*Sir* Joſeph *praiſeth Sir* Benjamin Thompſon, *Lord* Mulgrave, *and the unaſſuming Quaker Dr.* Lettſome; *moreover praiſeth the Doctor's Hobby Horſe,* Mangel Worſal, *alias* Wurtzel—*Sir* Joſeph *enquireth the Merits of Mr.* Aubert, *the Silkman*—Peter *ſmileth, and anſwereth wittily*—

wittily—*Sir* Joſeph *enquireth about Mr.* Daines Barrington—Peter *anſwereth in like Manner*—*Sir* Joſeph's *Ire boileth over*—Peter *laugheth*—*Peter cometh to the Point, and telleth the Preſident in plain Terms that he muſt depend on the* many, *more than* one, *meaning our moſt gracious King*—*Sir* Joſeph *exclaimeth with his uſual Vulgarity, and taxeth the revolting Members with Ingratitude, and flieth to Meat and Drink for his future Supporters*—Peter *praiſeth Meat and Drink, yet inſiſteth on the Truth of an intended Rebellion*—*Sir* Joſeph, *in a Strain of Deſpondency, looketh to the Lord for Support*—Peter *giveth him no Hopes from that Quarter*—*Sir* Joſeph, *in a Tyger-like Manner, breaketh out into Rage and Boaſting*—Peter *acknowledgeth his Merits, but informeth the Preſident of their Inſufficiency*—*Sir* Joſeph *voweth to play the Devil*—Peter *exalteth Sir* Joſeph's *intended Manœuvre by a Compariſon of a Miracle frequently worked in Popiſh Countries on Rats and Graſhoppers*—Peter *ſtill harpeth on the old String of* ſomething more—*Sir* Joſeph *adduceth more Inſtances of Merit, ſuch as eating Matters that would make a* Hottentot *vomit*—Peter *acknowledgeth Sir* Joſeph's *uncommon Stomach-Powers and Triumphs over Reptiles; but with Obſtinacy inſiſteth upon it that ſomething more muſt be atchieved*—*The Preſident upon this, moſt wickedly, yet moſt heroically, declareth, that he will then ſwallow an Alligator*—Peter *diſſuadeth Sir* Joſeph, *like a Friend, from his bold Intention, and recommendeth a Meal of a milder Quality.*

PETER'S

PETER'S PROPHECY;

OR,

THE PRESIDENT AND POET.

THE BARD who fill'd with Friendſhip's pureſt fire,
Tun'd to a mighty King the moral lyre;
With all the magic of the Muſe's art,
Smil'd at his foibles and enlarg'd * his heart——

* Verily the LYRIC BARD hath cauſe of triumph—by means of a few *beats*, the cloſe fiſt of *Royal Economy* hath been a little unclenched. By God's grace, and the Poet's good health, *greater* things are likely to be accompliſhed, ſuch is the power of *ſong!*

Ungrateful Prince! like moſt of modern times,
Who never thank'd the Poet for his rhymes:
The BARD with wiſdom's voice ſublimely ſtrong,
Who ſcar'd the maids of honour with his ſong,
Turn'd courtiers pale, and turn'd to ſilent wonder
Ambaſſadors, at TRUTH's deep tone of thunder;
Who in *their* country, (ſuch a timid thing!)
Was never known to *whiſper* to a king:
The BARD who dar'd undaunted thus to tow'r,
And boldly oracles to princes pour,
Stoops from the zenith of his eagle flight
To give inſtruction to a *ſimple* Knight.

To CÆSAR, who th' advice with ſcorn repaid,
"Beware the *Ides of March*," a Conj'ror ſaid.
More rev'renc'd let a *greater* Conj'ror ſay,
"Beware, Sir JOSEPH BANKS, *St. Andrew's Day*."
Near is the gloomy month, and gloomy hour,
When of your plumage ſtripp'd, and fav'rite pow'r,

You

You quit that mace and pompous chair of ſtate,
And ceaſe Lord Paramount of Moth debate,
That awe-inſpiring hammer'd ſift to rear,
Like ſcepter'd JOVE, and SQUIB the AUCTIONEER!

SIR JOSEPH.

Well! what's *November*'s * gloomy month or hour?
The day which raviſhes, reſtores my pow'r.

PETER.

Perchance Ambition may be doom'd to mourn!
Perchance your honours may no more return!
Think what a hoſt of enemies you make!
What feeling mind would be a BULL at ſtake?
Pinch'd by this mongrel, by that maſtiff torn:
Who'd make a feaſt to treat the public ſcorn?

---

* On the thirtieth of November the Preſident is annually elected.

Who'd be a BEAR that graſps his club with pride
With which his *Dancing Maſter* drubs his hide?
None, dear Sir JOSEPH, but the arrant'ſt fool
Turns butt to catch the ſhafts of ridicule.

SIR JOSEPH.

Your meaning, friend, I eaſily divine!

PETER.

Yes, quit for life the chair——reſign, reſign.

SIR JOSEPH.

No! with contempt the grinning world I ſee,
And always laugh at *thoſe* who laugh at *me*.

PETER.

To ſteal a point then, may I never thrive
But you muſt be the *merrieſt* man alive.

SIR JOSEPH.

Good!——but, my friend, 'twould be a black November,
To loſe the chair, and ſneak a vulgar member;

Sit

Sit on a bench *munchance* without my hat*,
Sunk from a Lion to a tame Tom Cat:
Juſt like a Schoolboy trembling o'er his book,
Afraid to move, or ſpeak, or think, or look,
When Mr. Preſident, with maſtiff air,
Vouchſafes to grumble "Silence" from the chair.

PETER.

All this is mortifying to be ſure,
And more than fleſh and blood can well endure!
Then to your turnip fields in peace retire:
Return like CINCINNATUS, country ſquire:
Go with your wiſdom, and amaze the Boors
With appletree, and ſhrub, and flow'r amours;
And tell them all, with wide-mouth'd wonder big,
How gnats † can make a cuckold of a fig.

---

* The Preſident always wears his hat.

† See the Natural Hiſtory of the Fig.

Form fly clubs, ſhell clubs, weed clubs, if you pleaſe,
And proudly reign the PRESIDENT of *theſe:*
Go, and with periwinkle wiſdom charm;
With loves of lobſters, oyſters, crabs, alarm;
And tell them how like *ours*, the females woo'd,
By kiſſing, people all the realms of mud:
Thus, tho' proud LONDON dares refuſe you fame,
The Towns of LINCOLNSHIRE ſhall raiſe your name,
Knock down the bear, and bull, and calf, and king,
And bid SIR JOSEPH on their ſignpoſts ſwing.

SIR JOSEPH.

No! ſince I've fairly mounted Fortune's maſt,
Till Fate ſhall chop my hands off, I'll hold faſt.

PETER.

And yet, Sir Joſeph, fame reports you ſtole
To Fortune's topmaſt through the *lubberhole**.

---

* A part of the ſhip well-known to ſeamen.

Think

Think of the men, whom Science ſo reveres!
HORSLEY, and WILSON, MASKELYNE, MASERES,
LANDEN, and HORNSBY, ATWOOD, GLENIE, HUTTON,——

SIR JOSEPH.

Blockheads! for whom I do not care a button!
Fools, who to *mathematics* would confine us,
And *bother* all our ears with *plus* and *minus*.

PETER.

No more they ſearch the philoſophic mine,
To bid the journals with their labours ſhine,
And yield a glorious ſplendor to the page,
Such as when NEWTON, HALLEY grac'd the age!
Retir'd, thoſe members now behold with ſighs
The dome, like Egypt, ſwarm with frogs and flies;
And *you*, the PHARAOH too without remorſe,
The ſtubborn parent of the reptile curſe;

See Wiſdom yield to Folly's rude control;
Jove's eagle murder'd by a mouſing owl *.

SIR JOSEPH.

Poh! poh! my friend, I've ſtargazers enough;
I now look round for diff'rent kind of ſtuff:
Beſides—*untitled* members are mere ſwine;
I wiſh for *princes* on my liſt to ſhine;
I'll have a company of ſtars and ſtrings;
I'll have a proud ſociety of *kings!*
I'll have no miſerable ſqueal tomtit,
Whilſt Fortune offers pheaſants to my ſpit!
For me, the Dev'l may take a nameleſs fry——
No ſprats, no ſprats, whilſt whales can feaſt my eye.

PETER.

Thus on a ſtall, amidſt a country fair,
Old Women ſhow of gingerbread their ware!

---

* Vide Shakeſpeare.

King

King DAVID and Queen BETHSHEBA behold,
Strut from their dough majeſtic, grac'd with gold!
King SOLOMON ſo great in all his glory,
The Queen of SHEBA too, renown'd in ſtory!
The Grannies theſe diſplay with doting eyes;
Delighted ſee them all the Louts ſurpriſe;
Whilſt no poor bak'd Plebeian, great or ſmall,
Dares ſhow his ſneaking noſe upon the ſtall!

Sir Joſeph, do not fancy, that by fate
Great wiſdom goes with titles and eſtate!
I grant that pride and inſolence appear
Where purblind FORTUNE thouſands gives a year.
Too many of Fortune's inſects have I ſeen,
Proud of ſome little name, with ſcornful mien,
High o'er the head of modeſt Genius riſe,
Pert, foppiſh, whiffling, flutt'ring butterflies!
Weak imps! on whom, their planets all ſo kind,
In pity to their poverty of mind,

Around them treaſure bountifully ſhed,
Convinc'd the fools would want a bit of bread.

SIR JOSEPH.

Since truth muſt out, then know, my biting friend,
Philoſophers my ſoul with horror rend;
Whene'er their mouths are open'd, I am mum——
Plague take 'em, ſhould a *Preſident* be dumb?
I loathe the arts—the univerſe may know it——
I hate a painter, and I hate a poet——
To theſe two ears, a bear MARCHESI growls,
MARA and BILLINGTON a brace of owls.
To circles of pure ignorance conduct me;
I hate the company that can *inſtruct* me;
I wiſh to imitate my King, ſo *nice*,
Great Prince, who ne'er was known to take advice!
Who keeps no company (delightful plan!)
That dares be wiſer than himſelf, good man!

PETER.

PETER.

In troth, Sir Joſeph, I have often ſeen ye
Look in debate a *little* like a ninny,
Struggling to graſp the ſenſe with mouth, hands, eyes,
And with the philoſophic Speaker riſe;
Juſt like a ſpider bruſh'd by SUSAN's broom,
That tries to claw its thread, and mount the room,
Poor ſprawling reptile, but with humbled air
Condemn'd to ſneak away behind a chair.

SIR JOSEPH.

Still to the point—a rout let *fellows* make;
My pow'r is too well fix'd for *ſuch* to ſhake;
My ſure artill'ry hath o'ercome a *hoſt*.

PETER.

I own the great, paſt pow'rs of tea and toaſt!

Ven'ſon's

Ven'ſon's a CÆSAR in the fierceſt fray:
Turtle an ALEXANDER in its way:
And then, in quarrels of a ſlighter nature,
Mutton's a moſt ſucceſsful Mediator!
So much ſuperior is the ſtomach's ſmart
To all the vaunted horrors of the heart;
E'en LOVE, who often triumphs in his grief,
Hath ceas'd to feed on ſighs to feed on beef.

SIR JOSEPH.

Yes, yes, my friend, my tea and butter'd rolls
Have found an eaſy paſs to people's ſouls:
My well-tim'd dinners *(certain folks* revere)
Have left this eaſy boſom nought to fear.
The turnpike road to people's hearts I find,
Lies through their guts, or I miſtake mankind;
Beſides, whilſt thus I boaſt my Sov'reign's ſmile,
Let raggamuffins rage, and rogues revile.

PETER.

PETER.

Alas! Sir Joſeph! grant the KING you pleaſe,
Which ev'ry Courtier's eye with envy ſees;
A glorious thing too, no man can deny it;
Though no man ever got a ſixpence by it;
Yet of our lucky iſland, *certain* KINGS,
Far from *all*-mighty, are not *mighty* things;
And though with many a wren you make him bleſt,
And many a tomtit's egg and tomtit's neſt;
And many a monkey ſtuff'd to make him grin,
And many a flea and beetle on a pin;
And promiſe (to cajole the royal mind)
To make his butcher member, and his hind;
It is not *he*, with Polyphemus ſtare,
And ſtern command, perpetuates the Chair!
I know that diſaffection taints the throng,
And know the world is laviſh in its tongue.

SIR JOSEPH.

Ah! tell me fairly without more delay,
What 'tis the blackguard world hath dar'd to ſay;
Perhaps a pretty devil I'm pourtray'd;
The world's free bruſh deals damnably in ſhade.

PETER.

Thus, then, "How dares that man his carcaſe ſquat,
"Bold in the ſacred chair where Newton ſat;
"Whoſe eye could NATURE's darkeſt veil pervade,
"And, ſun-like, view the ſolitary MAID;
"Purſue the Wand'rer through each ſecret maze,
"And on her labours dart a noontide blaze?
"When to the chair BANKS forc'd his bold aſcent,
"He crawl'd a *bug* upon the *monument*."

SIR JOSEPH.

Curſe them!——

PETER.

Have patience, dear Sir Joſeph, pray!
I have not mention'd half the people ſay:——

Thus

Thus then again, " He beats the bears, ſo rude,
" With bulldog aſpect, and with brains of mud:
" His words, like ſtones for pavements, make us ſtart;
" Rude, roughly rumbling, tumbling from the cart;
" Who for importance all his lungs employs,
" And thinks that words, like drums, were made for noiſe:
" A fellow ſo unqualified to ſhine!
" Who never to the Journals gave a line;
" But into SWEDEN caſt a fox-like look,
" And caught Gooſe DRYANDER to write his book *.
" Such is the *mania* for the claps of Fame,
" So ſought by many a Squire and gentle Dame,
" Reſembling Beggars that on alms grow fat;
" Who, if too weak *themſelves* to make a brat,
" *Buy* children up to melt the trav'ler's eye,
" And from his pocket call the charity.

---

* A moſt pompous Birth in the botanical way is to make its appearance ſoon; Sir Joſeph the reputed father, though Jonas Dryander, the Swede, his ſecretary, begets it.

" Though

" Through *him* each trifle-hunter that can bring
" A grub, a weed, a moth, a beetle's wing,
" Shall to a FELLOW's dignity ſucceed;
" Witneſs Lord CHATHAM and his *piſs-a-bed* !*
" How had he pow'rs to muſter up the face
" To aſk a PRESIDENT's important place?
" How with a matchleſs inſolence to dare
" Abuſe and joſtle PRINGLE† from the chair?

---

* *Vulgarly* called *Dandelion.* Something of this kind, (a moſt wonderful ſpecies!) was preſented by the eldeſt born of the great PITT, for which he was created F. R. S.

† About the year 1779, conductors were ordered to be placed near all our magazines to ſecure them from the effects of lightning. A queſtion then aroſe, *which* would beſt ſucceed, *blunt* or *pointed* conductors. Sir John Pringle, with the ſenſible part of the Society, were of opinion, as, indeed, was Dr. Franklin, that points were preferable — Sir Joſeph Banks and his party roared loudly for the blunts. — The diſpute ran ſo high, that His Majeſty took a part in it; and being rather *partial* to *blunt conductors*, thought to put an end to the matter by giving his own peremptory deciſion, and announcing to the world the ſuperiority of NOBS. To confirm his *great* and *wiſe* opinion, NOBS were actually fixed on iron rods at the end of Buckingham Houſe. This, however, was not

" A moth-hunter, a crab-catcher, a bat,
" That owes its ſole exiſtence to a gnat!
" A hunter of the meaneſt reptile breed,
" A f--l that croſſes oceans for a weed!

" Once tow'ring SCIENCE made Crane Court * her home,
" And heav'n-born WISDOM patroniz'd the dome;
" With awful aſpect at the portal ſhone,
" And to her manſion woo'd the wiſe alone;

---

not all; on the birth-day, His Majeſty deſired Sir John to give it to the world as the opinion of the Royal Society, that Dr. Franklin was *wrong*. The Preſident replied, like a man, that it was not in his power to reverſe the order of Nature. The Sovereign could not eaſily ſee that, and therefore repeated his commands.—Teized by the King from time to time to oppoſe the decided opinion of the rebellious Franklin, and the laws of Nature; and conſtantly barked at by Sir Joſeph and his moth-hunting phalanx; he reſigned the chair and returned to Scotland.—The honour was inſtantaneouſly ſnapped at and caught by the preſent poſſeſſor, ſuch as he is!

* The Royal Society's rooms are removed from Crane Court to Somerſet Place.

" Now at the door ſee moon-eyed FOLLY grin,
" Inviting birds-neſt hunters to come in:
" Idiots who ſpecks on eggs devoutly ken,
" And furbiſh up a folio on a wren."
You ſee the world, Sir Joſeph, ſcorns to flatter——

SIR JOSEPH.

By G-d! I think it hath not minc'd the matter.
Yet, by the Pow'R who made me, PETER, know,
I'm honour'd, ſtar'd at, whereſoe'er I go!
Soon as a room I enter, lo, all ranks
Get up to compliment Sir JOSEPH BANKS!——

PETER.

And then ſit down again, I do ſuppoſe;
And then around the room a whiſper goes,
" Lord, that's Sir JOSEPH BANKS!—how grand his look!
" Who ſail'd all round the world with CAPTAIN COOK!"

SIR JOSEPH.

Zounds! what the devil's fame if this be not?

PETER.

Sir Joſeph, prithee don't be ſuch a ſot——

Thoſe

Thoſe wonderful admirers, man, were dozens
Of freſh imported, ſtaring country Couſins;
To London come, the waxwork to devour,
And ſee their brother beaſts within the Tow'r:
True fame is praiſe by men of *wiſdom* giv'n,
Whoſe ſouls diſplay ſome workmanſhip of Heav'n;
Not by the wooden million——Nature's chips,
Whoſe twilight ſouls are ever in eclipſe;
Puppies! who, though on idiotiſm's dark brink,
Becauſe they've *heads*, dare fancy they can *think*.

SIR JOSEPH.

What though unletter'd *, I can lead the herd,
And laugh at half the members to their beard.
Frequent to Court I go, and midſt the ring,
I catch moſt gracious whiſpers from the KING——

---

* In ſpite of our objection to Sir Joſeph as a Preſident, we muſt allow his candour in acknowledging himſelf *unlettered*, as he really was refuſed his degree at CAMBRIDGE, though every intereſt was implored to make him paſs muſter.

PETER.

PETER.

And well (I think) I hear each precious ſpeech,
In ſentiment ſublime, and language rich;
" What's new, Sir JOSEPH? what, what's new found out?
" What's the ſociety, what, what about?
" Any more monſters, lizard, monkey, rat,
" Egg, weed, mouſe, butterfly, pig, what, what, what?
" Toad, ſpider, graſshopper, Sir JOSEPH BANKS?
" Any more thanks, more thanks, more thanks, more thanks?
" You ſtill eat raw fleſh, beetle, viper, bat,
" Toad, tadpole, frog, Sir Joſeph, what, what, what?"

Such is the language of the firſt of Kings,
That many a ſighing heart with envy ſtings!
And much I'm pleas'd to fancy that I hear
Such wiſe and gracious whiſpers greet your ear:
Yet if the greater part of members growl,
Though owls themſelves, and curſe *you* for an owl;
And bent the great Sir JOSEPH BANKS to humble,
Behold the GIANT PRESIDENT muſt tumble.

SIR

SIR JOSEPH.

Zounds! Sir, the GREAT-ONES to my whiſtle come;
I have 'em ev'ry one beneath my thumb.
ELECTORS, MARGRAVES, PRINCES, grace my liſt,
And ſhall a few poor ragged rogues reſiſt,
Becauſe (a flock of aſtronomic gulls,)
The cobweb mathematics cloud their ſculls?
The GREAT, when beckon'd to, my cauſe ſhall aid,
And happy think themſelves with *thanks* o'erpaid:
Theſe ſhall ariſe, and with a ſingle frown,
Beat the bold front of oppoſition down.

PETER.

Thus by a word, the SHOWMAN at the Tow'r
Exerts on brother ſavages his pow'r;
Bids NERO, CÆSAR, POMPEY, ſpread their paws,
And ſhow the dangers of their gaping jaws!

SIR JOSEPH.

By heav'ns! I've merit, ſay what e'er you pleaſe!
Can name the vegetable tribes with eaſe——
What monkey walks the woods or climbs a tree
Whoſe genealogy's unknown to *me?*

PETER.

I grant you, Sir, in monkey knowledge great;
Yet ſay, ſhould monkeys give you NEWTON's ſeat?
Such merit ſcarcely is enough to dub
A man a member of a country club.

With novel ſpecks on eggs to feaſt the eye,
Or gaudy colours of a butterfly,
Or new-found fibre of ſome graſſy blade,
Well ſuits the idle hours of ſome old maid,
(Whoſe ſighs each lover's vaniſh'd ſighs deplore)
To murder time when Cupids kill no more;

Not

Not men, who, lab'ring with a Titan mind,
Should ſcale the ſkies to benefit mankind.
I grant you full of anecdote, my friend——
Bons mots, and wond'rous ſtories without end;
Yet if a tale can claim, or jeſt ſo rare,
Ten thouſand goſſips might demand the chair.

To ſhoot at boobies*, noddies, with ſuch luck,
And pepper a poor Indian like a duck;
To hunt for days a lizard or a gnat,
And run a dozen miles to catch a bat;
To plunge in marſhes, and to ſcale the rocks,
Sublime, for ſcurvygraſs and lady-ſmocks†,

---

* "Great and manifold were Sir Joſeph's triumphs over theſe defenceleſs animals," ſays Dr. Hawkſworth's moſt miſerable account; which might more properly be chriſtened "The hiſtory of Sir Joſeph "Banks," ſo much, indeed, is Sir Joſeph the *hero* of the tale.

† See Hawkſworth's account of Captain Cook's Voyage.

Are

Are matters of proud triumph, to be ſure,
And ſuch as FAME's fair volume ſhould ſecure:
Yet to my mind, it is not ſuch a feat,
As gives a man a claim to NEWTON's ſeat.

SIR JOSEPH.

Yet are there men of genius who ſupport me!
Proud of my friendſhip, ſee Sir WILLIAM court me!

PETER.

Great in the eating knowledge all allow;
Who ſent you once the *Sumen* of a ſow*;
Far richer food than pigs that loſe their breath,
Whipp'd, like poor ſoldiers on parades, to death.

---

* Sir W. HAMILTON, who ſent Sir Joſeph from Italy this precious preſent—The mode of making it properly is, by tying the teats of a ſow, ſoon after ſhe hath littered, continuing the ligature till the poor creature is nearly exhauſted with torture, and then cutting her throat. The effects of the milk diffuſed through this belly part are ſo delicious, as to be thought to make ample atonement for the barbarity.

Sir

Sir WILLIAM, hand and glove with NAPLES KING!
Who made with rare antiques the nation ring;
Who when VESUVIUS foam'd with melted matter,
March'd up and clapp'd his noſe into the *crater*,
Juſt with the ſame *ſang froid* that JOAN the cook
Caſts on her dumplings in the crock a look.

But more the world reports (I hope untrue)
That half SIR WILLIAM's Mugs and Gods are *new*;
Himſelf the Baker of th' Etrurian ware,
That made our Britiſh Antiquarians ſtare;
Nay, that he means ere long to croſs the main,
And at his Naples oven ſweat again;
And by his late ſucceſſes render'd bolder,
To bake *new* mugs, and gods ſome ages *older*!

SIR JOSEPH.

God bleſs us! what to Herſchel dare you ſay,
The aſtronomic genius of the day,

Who ſoon will find more wonders in the ſkies,
And with more *Georgium Siduſes* ſurpriſe?

PETER.

More Ætnas in the Moon——*more* cinder loads!
Perhaps mail coaches on her turnpike roads,
By ſome great LUNAR PALMER taught to fly,
To gain the gracious glances of the eye
Of ſome penurious Prince of high degree,
And charm the monarch with a *poſtage free*;
Such as to CHELT'NAM * waters urg'd their way,
Where CLOACINA holds her *eaſy* ſway;
Where paper mills ſhall load with wealth the town,
And ev'ry ſhop ſhall deal in *whitiſh-brown*;
Where for the coach the KING was wont to watch,
Loaded with fiſh, fowl, bacon, and diſpatch*;

Eggs

---

* Mr. PALMER very *generouſly* offered His SOVEREIGN a mail coach to carry letters and diſpatches to and from Cheltenham—the offer was *too great* to be refuſed—a ſplendid carriage was built for the occaſion: His moſt

Eggs and ſmall beer, potatoes, too, a ſtore,
That coſt in CHEL'TNAM market twopence more;
Converting thus a coach of matchleſs art,
With two rare geldings, to a *Sutler's cart.*——
But, voluble Sir Joſeph—not ſo faſt——
The fame of HERSCHEL is a dying blaſt:
When on the moon he firſt began to peep,
The wond'ring world pronounc'd the Gazer deep:
But wiſer now th' *un*-wond'ring world, alas!
Gives all poor HERSCHEL's glory to his *glaſs*;
Convinc'd his boaſted aſtronomic ſtrength,
Lies in his *tube*'s *, not *head*'s prodigious length.

---

moſt œconomic Majeſty, however, wiſely knowing that ſomething more than a few letters might be contained in Mr. Palmer's vehicle, converted it, as the Poet hath obſerved, into a cart, and ſaved many a ſixpence.

* We would not detract from Mr. HERSCHEL's *real* merit.—By a true German cart-horſe labour, he made a little improvement on Dr. MUDGE's method of conſtructing mirrors; ſuch are this gentleman's pretenſions to a niche in the temple of FAME.—As for his mathematical abilities, they can ſcarcely be called the *ſhadows* of Science.

SIR JOSEPH.

What, niggard, not on HERSCHEL fame beſtow,
So curious a diſcov'rer? ——

PETER.

No! man, no!
Give it to MUDGE*, whoſe head contains more
Than (truſt me) ever lodg'd in HERSCHEL's Houſe.

SIR JOSEPH.

Lo, at my call the noble MARLB'ROUGH's vote,
Whoſe obſervations much our fame promote.

PETER.

Who from his Blenheim chimnies wonders ſpies—
The *daily advertiſer* of the ſkies:

---

* Dr. MUDGE of Plymouth.

Who

Who equals his great Anceſtor in head;
A Hero * who could neither write nor read:
Thus equal form'd, to all the world's ſurpriſe;
As one *ſwept* earth, the other *ſweeps* the ſkies.

SIR JOSEPH.

HUNTER † with fiſh intrigues our Houſe regales——

PETER.

The tender hiſtory of cooing whales ‡!——

---

* The famous Duke of Marlborough was reported to have been a very illiterate man; which ſhows that a headpiece for the arts and ſciences, and a headpiece for facing cannon balls, are wiſely formed of different materials.

† John Hunter actually received the Society's gold medal for three papers, viz. on ſowgelding; on the wolf, jackall, and dog; *proving inconteſtably*, what the world knew before, that the aforeſaid animals were *bonâ fide* of the ſame ſpecies: and on the loves of whales.

‡ See Article 30, 1780, in the Philoſophical Tranſactions, where Mr. John Hunter gives a wonderful account of a partridge with three legs, that by age changed from a *female* to a *male*.

SIR JOSEPH.

Great in the noble art of gelding ſows!——

PETER.

And giving to the boar a barren ſpouſe!
Who proves, what many unbelievers ſhocks,
That age converts hen partridges to cocks!
And why not, ſince it is denied by no man
That age hath made JOHN HUNTER an OLD WOMAN?

Believe me, full as well might papiſts bring
Quills from a SERAPH's tail, or CHERUB's wing;
Saint DUNSTAN's crab ſtick, which the SAINT, uncivil,
Broke on the back of our great foe, the DEVIL;
SAINT ANDREW's toe, SAINT AGATHA's old ſmock,
And ſtones that rattled round SAINT STEPHEN's block;
SAINT JOSEPH's ſighs ſo deep, preſerv'd in bottles,
Amounting, legends ſay, to many pottles;

Caught

Caught as the SAINT, with all his might and main,
Was cleaving billets for his fire in twain;
Or bones* from Catacombs to form new ſaints,
To cure, like all quack medecines, all complaints!
Such might the journals of the houſe record,
As well as HUNTER's wondrous *cock-hen bird.*

SIR JOSEPH.

Like BLAGDEN who can write and deeply think?

PETER.

Who write like *him* on iron moulds and ink †?—
See ſhirts and ſhifts by iron moulds that rot,
By BLAGDEN's wiſdom loſe each yellow ſpot!

---

* In 1672, four hundred ſaints were recruited. Such was the extraordinary harveſt of baptized and canonized bones from the Catacombs at Rome. *Vid.* Religious Rites and Ceremonies.

† *Vid.* Article 39, 1787, of the Philoſ. Tranſ.

For

For this ſhall laundry virgins lift their voice;
Napkins and damaſk tablecloths rejoice;
Robins and caps, and ſheets, and pillow caſes,
Loſe their ſad ſtains, and ſmile with lily faces.
Lo! to improve of man the ſoaring mind,
For ſacred ſcience, to his ſkin unkind,
Did Doctor Blagden in an oven* bake,
Brown as burnt coffee or a barley cake,
Whilſt down his noſe projecting, ſweat in rills
Unſav'ry flow'd like hartſhorn ſtreams from ſtills.

SIR JOSEPH.

Great Duckweed THOMPSON †, all my ſoul reveres!
And MULGRAVE charms me with his arctic bears.
My eyes with ſhells, lo! limpet DAVIES greets!
And Doctor LETTSOME with his rare horſe beets!

---

* The Doctor's body in the hot oven, with his noſe projecting from the hole for air, would be no bad ſubject for the graver.

† Sir Benjamin, a ſecond Linnæus.

Beets,

Beets, that with ſhame our parſnips ſhall o'erwhelm,
And fairly drive potatoes from the realm!
Beets! in whoſe juſt applauſes we are hoarſe all;
Such are the wondrous pow'rs of *Mangel Worſal**.

PETER.

Beets that ſhall keep gaunt FAMINE to his Eaſt,
And make him on Gentoos, as uſual, feaſt;
Whilſt ev'ry lucky BRITON that one meets,
Shall ſtrut a FALSTAFF, ſuch the pow'r of Beets!
Beets, that muſt bring the Quaker wealth and fame,
And give his cheek the virgin glow of ſhame;
Who ne'er, meek man, was known a face to puſh,
Nor hear his own applauſe without a bluſh!
Beets, that ſhall form an *epoch* in our times,
And thus by PETER prais'd, embalm his rhymes!

---

* The more pompous name of the Beet.

SIR JOSEPH.

Then, what of AUBERT * think you, that great man,
Whoſe broad eye deems creation ſcarce a ſpan?

PETER.

Who weekly with his watch is ſeen to run,
The little pupil of a Greenwich ſun,
To learn the motions of old Time, and mock
The *fatal* errors of each London clock.
Thus LUBIN from his ſolitary Down,
Leads *little* LUBIN to a neighb'ring town:
The lad with ecſtaſy ſurveys the ſcene,
Then home returning, with triumphant mien,

---

* A Silk Merchant, and F. R. S. who every Sunday, wet or dry, cloudy or ſunſhine, calm or windy, viſits Greenwich, to catch the ſun on the meridian;—ſuch is this gentleman's rage for the art, that he now has at LOAMPIT-HILL, near Greenwich, two thouſand pounds worth of aſtronomical inſtruments.

Corrects

Corrects his mother's, ſiſter's converſations,
And wonders at his ignorant relations.
AUBERT who meriteth indeed applauſe!
Full of high-ſounding phraſes, and wiſe *ſaws*;
Who from his cradle learn'd the ſtars to liſp,
And to a meteor* turn'd a will-o-wiſp!

SIR JOSEPH.

Pray, then, what think ye of our famous DAINES?

PETER.

Think of a man deny'd by Nature brains!
Whoſe traſh ſo oft the royal leaves diſgraces:
Who knows not jordans brown, from Roman vaſes!

---

* One fortunate evening, as he was returning from his beloved obſervatory, a Jack-a-lantern ſprung up and played ſome tricks before the philoſophical ſilkman, whoſe optics being apt to magnify objects, converted it into an amazing meteor, with which the royal journals ſoon after *blazed*.

About old pots his head for ever puzling,
And boring earth, like pigs for troufles * muzling;
Who likewiſe from old urns to crotchets leaps,
Delights in muſic, and at concerts ſleeps †.

SIR JOSEPH.

Zounds! 'tis in vain, I ſee, to utter praiſe!——

PETER.

Then mention ſome one who deſerves my lays.

SIR JOSEPH.

Know then, I've ſent to diſtant parts to find
Beings the moſt uncommon of their kind:

---

* There are pigs kept expreſsly for hunting Troufles in ſome parts of England.

† Such are the powers of ſomnolency over Mr. DAINES BARRINGTON, —at ſeveral of the Hanover-Square concerts hath the LYRIC PETER ſeen the ANTIQUARIAN in *ſeeming* muſical ſpeculation, but verily employed in a moſt comfortable nap.

The

The greateſt monſters of the land and water——

PETER.

The beautiful deformities of nature!
Birds without heads, and tails, and wings, and legs,
Tremendous Cyclop pigs, and ſpeckleſs eggs,
Snails from Japan, and waſps, and Indian jays,
Command attention, and excite our praiſe:
Chopſticks and backſcrapers are curious things;
Scalps, and tabaccopipes, and Indian ſtrings,
Such, as to charm the wond'ring Cits we ſee,
Where DON SALTERO* gives his Sunday's tea;
Great DON SALTERO, name of high renown,
Who treats, too, with immortal rolls the town!

Rare are the buttons of a Roman's breeches,
In antiquarian eyes ſurpaſſing riches:

---

* At Chelſea.

Rare is each crack'd, black, rotten, earthen diſh,
That held of ancient Rome the fleſh and fiſh:
Rare are the taliſmans that drove the Devil,
And rare the bottles that contain'd old ſnivel.
Owls' heads, and ſnoring frogs, preſerv'd in ſpirits,
Moſt certainly are not without their merits;
Yet theſe to gain, and give to public view,
Lo! PARKINSON knows full as well as you;
As did Sir ASHTON fam'd, whoſe mental pow'r
Juſt reach'd to tell us by the clock the hour.

SIR JOSEPH.

Poh! p-x, don't laugh—ſuch things are rich and ſcarce——
Be ſomething ſacred—let not all be farce.

PETER.

Sir Joſeph, I *muſt* laugh when things like theſe
Beyond ſublimities have pow'r to pleaſe:
To croud with ſuch-like *littleneſs* your walls,
Is putting Maſter PUNCH into St. PAUL's.

Yet,

Yet, to the point——the place on which you dote
Hath been for ever carried by the vote——
Know then, your *paraſites* begin to bellow,
And call you openly a ſhallow fellow:
In vain to fav'ring Majeſty you fly,
'Tis on the *many* that you muſt rely:
E'en *blockheads* bluſh, ſo much are they aſham'd——

SIR JOSEPH.

They and their modeſt bluſhes may be d——n'd.
Ungrateful ſcoundrels! eat my rolls and butter,
And daring thus their inſolences mutter!
Swallow my turtle and my beef by pounds,
And tear my ven'ſon like a pack of hounds;
Yet have the impudence, the brazen face,
To ſay I am not fitted for the place!
In God's name let my wine in torrents flow!
E'en be my houſe a *tavern* in SOHO!
Of daily ven'ſon let me try the force,
And keep an open houſe for man and horſe.

Oh!

Oh! let me hold by any means the chair!——
To keep *that* honour *every* thing I dare!

PETER.

I own that nothing like good cheer ſucceeds——
A man's a *God* whoſe hogſhead freely bleeds;
Champaigne can conſecrate the damned'ſt evil:
A hungry Paraſite adores a *Devil*;
In radiant virtues his poor hoſt arrays,
And ſmooths him with the goſſimer of praiſe;
Stuff'd to the throat till repetition tires,
And GLUTTONY's huge greaſy wiſh expires;
Apoſtate then, the knave denies his church,
And leaves his Saint, with laughter, in the lurch.

In ſhort, your Gormandizers and your Drinkers
Quit their old faith, and turn out rank Freethinkers.
Dead is the novelty of fine fat haunches,
And truth no longer ſacrific'd to paunches:

Aſham'd

Aſham'd, at length, the ſad, repentant SINNERS
All bluſh to barter flatt'ry for good dinners:
No charms ſurround the knocker of your door,
That beam'd with honour, but now beams no more!

SIR JOSEPH.

Betray'd by thoſe on whom my all depends! ——

PETER.

Betray'd, like CÆSAR, by his boſom friends!

SIR JOSEPH.

Though man, ungrateful man, his aid deny;
The POW'R whoſe wiſdom rules yon lofty ſky,
May grant his gracious and protecting pow'r,
And aid my efforts in the trying hour!

PETER.

Left by your earthly friends, I fear your pray'rs,
Moſt *pious* PRESIDENT, won't mend affairs:

The Pow'r you mention, with all-ſeeing eyes,
Well knows your little rev'rence for his ſkies *.
Thus may your pray'rs be vain, however hearty;—
Beſides, HEAV'N oftneſt joins the ſtrongeſt party.

SIR JOSEPH.

'Sblood! have I practis'd ev'ry art in vain?
Undaunted fac'd the dangers of the main? ——

PETER.

And fac'd QUEEN OBOREA in the boat,
And loſt your ſhoes and ſtockings, and your coat;
A circumſtance that much the tale enriches,
But providentially preſerv'd your breeches!
For unknown weeds, dar'd unknown paths explore,
And frighten'd Cannibals from ſhore to ſhore;
On each new iſland clapp'd King George's ſeal,
A ſharp impreſſion too of *hardeſt ſteel*;
Whilſt Witneſs Piſtol and his Brother Gun
Look'd with a *pointed* approbation on.

---

* The Poet here moſt facetiouſly and beautifully alludes to the ſeceſſion of the aſtronomical geniuſes from the Society.

A decent

A decent method of appropriation,
And adding glory to the Britiſh nation!
True, you have try'd to be as great as HE,
The vent'rous TROJAN, ſport of wind and ſea,
Who left old Troy, his pariſh, far from home,
To find a lodging for imperial Rome; ——
Yet are thoſe feats what vulgars term *a bore:*
Stale ſtuff—the Members look for ſomething more.
I grant you naked with your ſervants pranc'd,
To ſhow how folks at Otaheité danc'd;
And much the ſmiling audience you amus'd,
Though DECENCY, indeed, the dance abus'd:
SHE, bluſhing damſel, turn'd her head aſide,
And wiſh'd a whip to ev'ry hopping hide.
Grant that you ſent, to charm the public eye,
Egyptian ſtones *, that form'd for hogs a ſtye;

---

* Sir Joſeph ſent ſome *curious* Egyptian ſtones to the Britiſh Muſeum; ſuch was his zeal for the honour of Hieroglyphics; but as that building poſſeſſes already as much of the *antique* as it can *well authenticate*, they were returned in a cart upon his hands.

With

With ſeeming hieroglyphics on their faces,
That prov'd unfortunately pigs'-feet traces:
Yet lo! like bullocks in a fair, they roar,
Or vacate bid you, or do ſomething more.

SIR JOSEPH.

'Sdeath, then, I'll ſpit in ev'ry blockhead's face;
Kick them, and purge the dwelling from diſgrace.

PETER.

Thus when a hoſt of graſhoppers and rats,
By men undaunted, unabaſh'd by cats,
In hopping, and in running legions pours,
Affrights the Papiſts, and their graſs devours;
Lo, arm'd with pray'rs to thunder in their ears,
A BISHOP boldy meets the buccaneers;
Sprinkles his holy water on the ſod,
And drives, and damns them in the name of God *!

You

* This is actually done in Roman Catholic countries by order of the church. In ſome places two attorneys are employed in the affair of the graſhoppers;

You purge the tainted dwelling from diſgrace,
By boldly ſpitting in each Member's face!
Where, *ſweet* Sir Joſeph, will you find the ſpittle,
Since what would float the ALBION * were too little?

With ſolemn, ſentimental ſtep, ſo ſlow,
I ſee you through the ſtreets of London go,
With poring, ſtudious, ſtaring, earth-nail'd eye,
As heedleſs of the mob that buſtles by;
This *was* a ſcheme of wiſdom, let me ſay,
But lo, this trap for fame hath had its day;
And let me tell you, what I've urg'd before,
The reſtleſs Members look for ſomething more.

---

graſhoppers; one for the graſhoppers, the other for the people: but it is the fate of the graſhoppers to have the worſt of it, as they are always *anathematized*, and ordered to be excommunicated if they do not quit the place within a certain number of days.

* One of our firſt rates.

SIR JOSEPH.

Zounds! ha'nt I ſwallow'd raw fleſh like a hound?
On vileſt reptiles rung the changes round?
Eat ev'ry filthy inſect you can mention;
Tarts made of graſhoppers, my own invention?
Frogs; tadpoles by the ſpoonfull, long-tail'd imps;
And munch'd cockchaffers juſt like prawns or ſhrimps?

PETER.

In troth, I've ſeen you many a reptile eat,
And heard you call the dirty diſh a treat;
Oft have I ſeen you meals on monkeys make;
Nay, Hercules ſurpaſs—*devour* your SNAKE;
And make as little of a toad or viper,
As pelicans of mack'rel or a piper;
And wriggling round your mouth its little claws,
Have heard a bat cry "Murder!" in your jaws:

Yet,

Yet, hear, Sir Joſeph, what I've ſaid before,
The bluſhing Members look for ſomething more.

SIR JOSEPH.

Hell ſeize the Pack!——unconſcionable dogs!——
Snakes, ſpiders, beetles, chaffers, tadpoles, frogs,
All ſwallow'd to diſplay what *man* can *do*,
And muſt the villains ſtill have ſomething new?——
Tell, then, each pretty PRESIDENT CREATOR,
G—d d-mn him, that I'll eat an ALLIGATOR!

PETER.

Sir Joſeph, pray don't eat an Alligator——
Go ſwallow ſomewhat of a *ſofter* nature;
Feaſt on the arts and ſciences, and learn
Sublimity from trifle to diſcern:
With ſhells, and flies, and daiſies, cover'd o'er,
Let pert QUEEN FIDDLEFADDLE rule no more:

Thus

Thus ſhall PHILOSOPHY her ſuffrage yield,
Sir Joſeph wear his hat *, and hammer wield;
No more ſhall WISDOM on the Journals ſtare,
Nor NEWTON's † image bluſh behind the CHAIR.

---

* The Preſident has the ineſtimable and ſole privilege of ſitting covered at the Royal Society's meeting.—The hammer forms a part of the *regalia*, to command ſilence, and rouſe the Members from their happy ſlumbers, whilſt their Secretary, Dr. Blagden, proclaims *rare news* from the moth, bat, butterfly, and ſpider countries.

† The picture of this great man is immediately behind the chair of the PRESIDENT.

FINIS.

AN

APOLOGETIC POSTSCRIPT

TO

ODE UPON ODE.

By PETER PINDAR, Esq.

Principibus placuiſſe viris non ultima laus eſt.

HORACE.

The BARD whoſe Verſe can charm the BEST OF KINGS,
Performeth *moſt extraordinary* Things!

A NEW EDITION, WITH CONSIDERABLE ADDITIONS.

LONDON:

Printed for G. KEARSLEY, at JOHNSON'S HEAD, No. 46, FLEET STREET.

M.DCC.LXXXVIII.

AN

APOLOGETIC POSTSCRIPT

TO

ODE UPON ODE.

READER, I ſolemnly proteſt
I thought that I had work'd up all my rhyme!
What ſtupid demon hath my brain poſſeſs'd?
I prithee pardon me this time:

Afford thy patience through more Ode;
'Tis not a vaſt extent of road:
Together let us gallop then along:
Moſt nimbly ſhall old Pegaſus, my hack, ſtir,
To drop the image — prithee hear more ſong,
Some '*more laſt words of Mr. Baxter.*'

A wond'rous fav'rite with the tuneful throng,
Sublimely great are PETER's pow'rs of ſong:
His nerve of ſatire, too, ſo very tough,
Strong without weakneſs, without ſoftneſs rough.

What HORACE ſaid of ſtreams in eaſy lay
The marv'ling World of PETER's tongue may ſay;
His tongue, ſo copious in a flux of metre,
"LABITUR ET LABETUR!"

ODE.

THE ARGUMENT.

PETER nobly acknowledgeth error, ſuſpecteth an interfering Devil, and ſupplicateth his Reader — He boaſteth, wittily parodieth, and moſt learnedly quoteth a Latin Poet — He ſheweth much affection for Kings, illuſtrating it by a beautiful ſimile — PETER *again waxeth witty — Reſolution declared for rhyme in conſequence of encouragement from our two* UNIVERSITIES *—* PETER *wickedly accuſed of King-roaſting; refuteth the malevolent charge by a moſt apt illuſtration —* PETER *criticiſeth the blunders of the ſtars —* PETER *replieth to the charges brought againſt him by the World — He diſplayeth great Bible knowledge, and maketh a ſhrewd obſervation on* KING DAVID, URIAH, *and the Sheep, ſuch as no Commentator ever made before —* PETER *challengeth Courtiers to equal his intrepidity, and proveth his ſuperiority of courage by giving a delectable tale of* Dumplings *—* PETER *anſwereth the unbelief of a vociferous World — Declareth* totis viribus *love for* KINGS *—* PETER *peepeth into Futurity, and telleth the fortune of the* PRINCE OF WALES *— He deſcanteth on the high province of ancient Poets, and diſplayeth claſſical erudition —* PETER *holdeth conference with a Quaker —* PETER, *as uſual, turneth rank* Egotiſt *— He telleth ſtrange news relating to* MAJESTY *and* PEPPER ARDEN *—* PETER *apologiſeth for impudence by a tale of a French* KING *—* PETER, *imitating* OVID, *who was tranſported for his impudent Ballads, talketh to his* ODE *— Suggeſteth a royal anſwer to Ode and Odefactors — Happily ſelecteth a ſtory of King* CANUTE, *illuſtrating the danger of ſtopping the mouths of Poets with halters, &c., inſtead of meat —* PETER *concludeth with a wiſe obſervation.*

O D E.

WORLD! ſtop thy mouth — I am reſolv'd to rhyme—
I cannot throw away a vein ſublime:
If I may take the liberty to brag,
I cannot, like the fellow in the Bible,
Venting upon his maſter a rank libel,
Conceal my talent in a *rag*.
Kings muſt continue ſtill to be my theme ——
Eternally of Kings I dream:

As beggars ev'ry night, we muſt ſuppoſe,
Dream of their vermin, in their beds;
Becauſe, as ev'ry body knows,
Such *things* are always *running* in their heads.

Beſides — were I to write of *common* folks,
No ſoul would buy my rhymes ſo ſtrange, and jokes:
Then what becomes of mutton, beef, and pork ——
How would my maſticating muſcles work?

Indeed, I dare not ſay they would be idle,
But, like my Pegaſus's chops, ſo ſtout,
Who plays and wantons with his bridle,
And nobly flings the foam about;

So mine would work—"On what?" my reader cries,
With a ſtretch'd pair of unbelieving eyes——
Heav'n help thy moſt unpenetrating wit!
On a *hard* morſel—HUNGER's iron bit.

By all the rhyming goddeſſes and gods
I will—I *muſt*, perſiſt in Odes——
And not a pow'r on earth ſhall hinder——
I hear both * Univerſities exclaim,
"PETER, it is a glorious road to fame;
"*Eugè Poeta magne*—well ſaid, PINDAR!"

* The violence of the Univerſities on this occaſion may probably ariſe from the contempt thrown on them by His Majeſty's ſending the Royal children to Gottengen for education; but have not Their Majeſties amply made it up to Oxford by a viſit to that celebrated ſeminary—and is not Cambridge to receive the ſame honour?

Yet

Yet ſome approach with apoſtolic face,
And cry, " O PETER, what a want of grace
" Thus in thy rhyme to roaſt a King!"
I roaſt a King! by heav'ns 'tis not a fact ——
I ſcorn ſuch wicked and diſloyal act ——
Who dares aſſert it, ſays a ſland'rous thing.

Hear what I have to ſay of Kings ——
If, unſublime, they deal in childiſh things,
And yield not, of reform, a ray of hope;
Each mighty Monarch ſtraight appears to *me*
A roaſter of *himſelf* — *Felo de ſe* ——
I only act as Cook, and *diſh him up*.

Reader! another ſimile as rare ——
My verſes form a ſort of bill of fare,
Informing gueſts what kind of fleſh and fiſh
Is to be found within each diſh;
That eating people may not be miſtaken,
And take, for ortolan, a lump of bacon.

Whenever

Whenever I have heard of Kings
Who place in goſſipings, and news, their pride,
And knowing family concerns — mean things!
Very judicioufly, indeed, I've cry'd,
" I wonder
" How their blind ſtars could make ſo groſs a blunder!"

" Inſtead of ſitting on a throne
" In purple rich — of ſtate ſo full,
" They ſhould have had an apron on,
" And, ſeated on a three-legg'd ſtool,
" Commanded of dead hair, the ſprigs
" To do their duty upon wigs.

" By ſuch miſtakes, is Nature often foil'd:
" Such improprieties ſhould never ſpring ——
" Thus a fine chattering *barber* may be ſpoil'd,
" To make a moſt indiff'rent *King*."

" Sir,

" Sir, Sir, (I hear the world exclaim)
" At too high game you impudently aim ——
" How dare you, with your jokes and gibes,
" Tread, like a horſe, on kingly kibes?"

Folks, who can't ſee their errors, can't *reform*:
No plainer axiom ever came from man;
And 'tis a Chriſtian's duty, in a ſtorm,
To ſave his ſinking neighbour, if he can:
Thus *I* to Kings my Ode of Wiſdom pen,
Becauſe your Kings have ſouls like *common men*.

The Bible warrants me to ſpeak the truth ——
Nor mealy-mouth'd my tongue in ſilence keep:
Did not good NATHAN tell that buckiſh youth,
DAVID the KING, that he ſtole ſheep?

Stole poor URIAH's little fav'rite lamb —
An ewe it chanc'd to be, and not a ram ——
For had it been a ram, the royal glutton
Had never meddled with URIAH's mutton.

What *modern* Courtier, pray, hath got the face
To ſay to Majeſty, " O King!
" At *ſuch* a time, in *ſuch* a place,
" You did a very fooliſh thing?"
What Courtier, not a foe to his own glory,
Would publiſh of his King this ſimple ſtory? ——

The

The APPLE DUMPLINGS and a KING.

ONCE on a time, a Monarch, tir'd with hooping,
Whipping and ſpurring,
Happy in worrying
A poor, defenceleſs, harmleſs buck;
(The horſe and rider wet as muck,)
From his high conſequence and wiſdom ſtooping,
Enter'd, through curioſity, a cot,
Where ſat a poor old woman and her pot.

The wrinkled, blear-ey'd, good, old granny,
In this ſame cot, illum'd by many a cranny,
Had finiſh'd apple dumplings for her pot:
In tempting row the naked dumplings lay,
When, lo! the Monarch, in his uſual way,
Like lightning ſpoke, "What's this? what's this? what? what?"

Then

Then taking up a dumpling in his hand,
His eyes with admiration did expand ——
And oft did Majeſty the dumpling grapple:
" 'Tis monſtrous, monſtrous hard indeed," he cry'd:
" What makes it, pray, ſo hard?" — The Dame reply'd,
Low curtſying, " Pleaſe Your Majeſty, the apple."

" Very aſtoniſhing indeed! — ſtrange thing!"
(Turning the dumpling round, rejoin'd the King.)
" 'Tis moſt extraordinary then, all this is ——
" It beats Pinetti's conjuring all to pieces ——
" Strange I ſhould never of a dumpling dream ——
" But, Goody, tell me where, where, where's the ſeam?"

" Sir, there's no ſeam (quoth ſhe); I never knew
" That folks did apple dumplings *few*."——
" No! (cry'd the ſtaring Monarch with a grin)
" How, how the devil got the apple in?"

On

On which the Dame the curious ſcheme reveal'd
By which the apple lay ſo ſly conceal'd,
Which made the Solomon of Britain ſtart;
Who to the Palace with full ſpeed repair'd,
And Queen, and Princeſſes ſo beauteous, ſcar'd,
All with the wonders of the Dumpling art!

There did he labour one whole week, to ſhow
The wiſdom of an APPLE-DUMPLING MAKER;
And lo! ſo deep was Majeſty in dough,
The Palace ſeem'd the lodging of a BAKER.

READER, thou likeſt not my tale—look'ſt *blue* ——
Thou art a Courtier — roareſt "Lies, Lies, Lies!"
Do, for a moment, ſtop thy cries ——
I tell thee, roaring infidel, 'tis *true*.

Why ſhould it not be true? — The *greateſt men*
May aſk a fooliſh queſtion now and then ——
This is the language of all ages:
Folly lays many a trap — we can't eſcape it:
Nemo (ſays ſome one) *omnibus horis ſapit:*
Then why not Kings, like *me* and *other* ſages?

Far from deſpiſing Kings, I like the breed,
Provided *King-like* they behave:
Kings are an inſtrument we need,
Juſt as we razors want — to ſhave;

To

To keep the State's face ſmooth — give it an air ——
Like my Lord North's, ſo jolly, round, and fair.

My ſenſe of Kings though freely I impart ——
I hate not royalty, Heav'n knows my heart.

Princes and Princeſſes I like, ſo loyal ——
Great GEORGE's children are my great delight;
The ſweet Auguſta, and ſweet Princeſs Royal,
Obtain my love by day, and pray'rs by night.

Yes! I like Kings — and oft look back with pride
Upon the Edwards, Harrys of our iſle ——
Great ſouls! in virtue as in valour try'd,
Whoſe actions bid the cheek of Britons ſmile.

Muſe! let us alſo *forward* look,
And take a peep into Fate's book.

Behold!

Behold! the ſceptre young AUGUSTUS ſways;
I hear the mingled praiſe of millions riſe;
I ſee uprais'd to Heav'n their ardent eyes;
That for their Monarch aſk a length of days.

Bright in the *brighteſt* annals of renown,
Behold fair Fame his youthful temples crown
With laurels of unfading bloom;
Behold DOMINION ſwell beneath his care,
And GENIUS, riſing from a dark deſpair,
His long-extinguiſh'd fires relume.

Such are the Kings that ſuit my taſte, I own ——
Not *thoſe* where all the *littleneſſes* join ——
Whoſe ſouls ſhould ſtart to find their lot a *throne*,
And bluſh to ſhow their noſes on a coin.

Reader, for fear of wicked applications,
I now allude to Kings of *foreign nations*.

Poets

Poets (ſo unimpeach'd tradition ſays)
The ſole hiſtorians were of ancient days,
Who help'd their heroes Fame's high hill to clamber;
Penning their glorious acts in language ſtrong,
And thus preſerving, by immortal ſong,
Their names amidſt their tuneful amber.

What am *I* doing? Lord! the very ſame——
Preſerving many a deed deſerving Fame,
Which that old lean, devouring ſhark call'd Time
Would, without ceremony, eat;
In my opinion, far too rich a treat——
I therefore merit ſtatues for my rhyme.

"All this is laudable, (a Quaker cries)
"But let grave Wiſdom, Friend, thy verſes rule;
"Put out thine IRONY's two ſquinting eyes——
"Deſpiſe thy grinning monkey, RIDICULE."

What! ſlight my ſportive monkey, RIDICULE,
Who acts like birch on boys at ſchool,
Neglecting leſſons — truant, perhaps, whole weeks!
My RIDICULE, with humour fraught, and wit,
Is that ſatiric friend, a gouty fit,
Which bites men into health and roſy cheeks:

A moral mercury that cleanſeth ſouls
Of ills that with them play the devil ——
Like mercury that much the pow'r controls
Of preſents gain'd from ladies *over civil.*

Reader, I'll brag a little, if you pleaſe;
The ancients did ſo, therefore why not *I?*
Lo! for my good advice I aſk no fees,
Whilſt other Doctors let their patients die;

That is, ſuch patients as can't pay for cure ——
A very ſelfiſh, wicked thing, I'm ſure.

Now

Now though I'm ſoul phyſician to the King,
I never begg'd of him the ſmalleſt thing
For all the threſhing of my virtuous brains;
Nay, were I my poor pocket's ſtate t'impart,
So well I know my royal patient's heart,
He would not give me two-pence for my pains.

But hark! folks ſay the King is very mad ——
The news, if true, indeed, were very ſad,
And far too ſerious an affair to mock it ——
Yet how can this agree with what I've heard,
That ſo much by him are my rhymes rever'd ——
He goes a hunting with them in his pocket:

And when *thrown out* — which often is the caſe,
(In bacon hunting, or of bucks the race)
My verſe ſo much His Majeſty bewitches,
That out he pulls my honour'd Odes,
And reads them on the turnpike roads ——
Now under trees and hedges —— now in ditches.

Hark!

Hark! with aſtoniſhment, a ſound I hear,
That ſtrikes tremendous on my ear;
It ſays, Great Arden, commonly call'd Pepper,
Of mighty George's thunderbolts the keeper,
Juſt like of Jupiter the famous eagle,
Is order'd out to hunt me like a beagle.

But, eagle Pepper, give my love
Unto thy lofty maſter, Mr. JOVE,
And aſk how it can ſquare with his religion,
To bid thee, without mercy, fall on,
With thy ſhort ſturdy beak, and iron talon,
A pretty, little, harmleſs, cooing pigeon?

By heav'ns, I diſbelieve the fact ——
A Monarch cannot ſo unwiſely act!

Suppoſe that Kings, ſo rich, are always *mumping*,
Praying and preſſing Miniſters for money;
Bidding them on our hive (poor bees!) be thumping,
Trying to ſhake out all our honey;

A thing

A thing that oft hath happen'd in our iſle! —

Pray, ſhan't we be allow'd to ſmile?

To cut a joke, or epigram contrive,

By way of ſolace for our plunder'd hive?

A King of France, (I've loſt the Monarch's name)

Who avaricious got himſelf bad fame,

By moſt unmannerly and thieviſh plunges

Into his ſubjects purſes,

A *deep manœuvre* that obtain'd their curſes,

Becauſe it treated gentlefolks like *ſpunges*.

To ſhow how much they reliſh'd not ſuch ſqueezing,

Such goods and chattel-ſeizing,

They publiſh'd libels to diſplay their hate,

To comfort, in ſome ſort, their ſouls,

For ſuch a number of large holes

Eat by this Royal Rat in each eſtate.

The PREMIER op'd his gullet like a ſhark,
To hear ſuch ſatires on the Grand Monarque,
And roar'd —— "Meſſieurs, you ſoon ſhall feel
"My criticiſm upon your ballads,
"Not to your taſte ſo ſweet as frogs and ſallads,
"A ſtricture critical yclep'd BASTILE."

But firſt he told the tidings to the King,
Then ſwore *par Dieu* that he would quickly bring
Unto the grinding ſtone their noſes down ——
No, not a ſoul of 'em ſhould ever thrive;
He'd flay them, like St. BARTLEMEW, alive ——
Villains! for daring to inſult the Crown.

The Monarch heard Monſieur le PREMIER out,
And, ſmiling on his loyalty ſo ſtout,
Replied, "Monſieur le PREMIER, you are wrong ——
"Don't of the pleaſure let them be debarr'd ——
"You know how we have ſerv'd 'em—faith! 'tis hard
"They ſhould not for their money have a *ſong*."

OVID.

Ovid, ſweet ſtory-teller of old times,
Unluckily tranſported for his rhymes,
Addreſs'd his book before he bade it walk;
Therefore my Worſhip, and my Ode,
In imitation of ſuch claſſic mode,
May, like two Indian nations, have a *Talk*.

" Dear Ode! whoſe verſe the true ſublime affords,
" Go, viſit Kings, Queens, Paraſites, and Lords;
" And if thy modeſt beauties they adore,
" Inform them, they ſhall ſpeedily have more."

But poſſibly a mighty King may ſay,
" Ode! Ode!—What? What? I hate your rhyme haranguing;
" I'd rather hear a jackaſs bray:
" I never knew a poet worth the hanging.

" I hate, abhor them —— but I'll clip their wings;
" I'll teach the ſaucy knaves to laugh at Kings:

" Yes,

" Yes, yes, the rhyming rogues, their ſongs ſhall rue,

" A ragged, bold-fac'd, ballad-ſinging crew.

" Yes, yes, the poets ſhall my pow'r confeſs;

" I'll maul that ſpawning devil call'd the Preſs."

If furious thus exclaim a King of glory,

Tell him, O gentle Muſe, this pithy ſtory:

KING

KING CANUTE AND HIS NOBLES;

A TALE:

CANUTE was by his nobles taught to fancy,
That by a kind of royal necromancy,
He had the pow'r Old Ocean to control ——
Down ruſh'd the Royal Dane upon the ſtrand,
And iſſued, like a Solomon, command ——
Poor ſoul!

"Go back, ye waves, you bluſt'ring rogues," quoth he,
"Touch not your Lord and Maſter, SEA,
"For by my pow'r almighty, if you do" ——
Then ſtaring vengeance —— out he held a ſtick,
Vowing to drive Old Ocean to Old Nick,
Should he ev'n wet the latchet of his ſhoe.

The Sea retir'd —— the Monarch fierce ruſh'd on,
And look'd as if he'd drive him from the land ——
But SEA not caring to be put upon,
Made for a moment a bold ſtand:

Not only make a *ſtand* did Mr. OCEAN,
But to his honeſt waves he made a motion,
And bid them give the King a hearty trimming:
The orders ſeem'd a deal the waves to tickle,
For ſoon they put His Majeſty in pickle;
And ſat his Royalties, like geeſe, a ſwimming.

All hands aloft, with one tremendous roar,
Soon did they make him wiſh himſelf on ſhore;
His head and ears moſt handſomely they dous'd ——
Juſt like a porpus, with one general ſhout,
The waves ſo tumbled the poor King about ——
No Anabaptiſt e'er was half ſo ſous'd.

At

At length to land he crawl'd, a half-drown'd thing,
Indeed more like a crab than like a King,
And found his Courtiers making rueful faces:
But what ſaid Canute to the Lords and Gentry,
Who hail'd him from the water, on his entry,
All trembling for their lives or places?

"My Lords and Gentlemen, by your advice,
"I've had with Mr. SEA a pretty buſtle;
"My treatment from my foe not over nice,
"Juſt made a jeſt for ev'ry ſhrimp and muſcle:

"A pretty trick for one of my dominion!——
"My Lords, I thank you for your great opinion.

"You'll tell me, p'rhaps, I've only loſt *one* game,
"And bid me try another — for the rubber——
"Permit me to inform you all, with ſhame,
"That you're a ſet of knaves, and I'm a lubber."

Such

Such is the ſtory, my dear Ode,
Which thou wilt bear —— a ſacred load!

Yet, much I fear, 'twill be of no great uſe:
Kings are in general obſtinate as mules;
Thoſe who ſurround them, moſtly rogues and fools,
And therefore can no benefit produce.

Yet ſtories, ſentences, and golden rules,
Undoubtedly were made for rogues and fools;
But this unluckily the ſimple fact is;
Thoſe rogues and fools do nothing but *admire*,
And all ſo dev'liſh modeſt, don't deſire
The glory of reducing them to *practice*.

THE END.

BOZZY AND PIOZZI:

A

TOWN ECLOGUE.

[Price THREE SHILLINGS.]

ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL.

THE ARGUMENT.

ON *the death of* DOCTOR JOHNSON, *a number of people, ambitious of being diſtinguiſhed from the* mute *part of their ſpecies, ſet about relating and printing ſtories and bons mots of that celebrated moraliſt. Amongſt the moſt* zealous, *though not the moſt* enlightened, *appeared Mr.* BOSWELL *and* MADAME PIOZZI, *the* HERO *and* HEROINE *of our* ECLOGUE. *They are ſuppoſed to have in contemplation the* life *of* JOHNSON; *and to* prove *their biographical abilities, appeal to* SIR JOHN HAWKINS *for his deciſion on their reſpective merits, by quotations from their printed anecdotes of the* DOCTOR. SIR JOHN *hears them with* uncommon *patience, and determines very* properly *on the pretenſions of the contending parties.*

BOZZY AND PIOZZI:

OR, THE

BRITISH BIOGRAPHERS.

A

TOWN ECLOGUE.

By PETER PINDAR, Esquire.

——————— Arcades ambo,
Et cantare pares, et respondere, parati!

VIRGIL.

NINTH EDITION.

LONDON:

Printed for G. KEARSLEY, at JOHNSON'S HEAD, No. 46, FLEET STREET.

M.DCC.LXXXVIII.

BOZZY AND PIOZZI,

A

TOWN ECLOGUE.

WHEN JOHNSON fought (as Shakeſpear ſays) *that bourn*,
From whence, alas! no travellers return;
In *humbler* Engliſh, when the Doctor died,
APOLLO whimper'd, and the MUSES cried;
PARNASSUS mop'd for days, in buſineſs ſlack,
And like a *hearſe*, the hill was hung with *black*;
MINERVA, ſighing for her *fav'rite* ſon,
Pronounc'd, with lengthen'd face, the world *undone*;
Her OWL, too, hooted in ſo loud a ſtile,
That people might have heard the BIRD *a mile*;

JOVE wip'd his eyes ſo red, and told his WIFE,
He ne'er made JOHNSON's *equal* in his life;
And that 'twould be a *long*, *long time*, if *ever*,
His art could form a fellow *half ſo clever*;
VENUS, of all the little Loves the DAM,
With all the GRACES, ſobb'd for BROTHER SAM:
Such were the heav'nly howlings for his death,
As if DAME NATURE had *reſign'd* her *breath*.
Nor leſs ſonorous was the grief, I ween,
Amidſt the natives of our *earthly* ſcene:
From beggars, to the GREAT who hold the helm,
One *Johnſo-mania* rag'd through all the realm!

" *Who* (cried the world) can match his proſe or rhyme?
" O'er wits of modern days he tow'rs *ſublime!*
" An OAK, wide ſpreading o'er the *ſhrubs* below,
" That round his roots, with puny foliage, blow;
" A PYRAMID, amidſt ſome barren waſte,
" That frowns o'er *huts*, the ſport of ev'ry blaſt;

" A mighty

" A mighty ATLAS, whoſe aſpiring head
" O'er diſtant regions caſts an awful ſhade.
" By KINGS and beggars, lo! his tales are told,
" And ev'ry ſentence glows a *grain of gold!*
" *Bleſt!* who his philoſopic phiz can *take*,
" *Catch* ev'n his *weakneſſes*—his NODDLE's *ſhake*,
" The lengthen'd lip of ſcorn, the forehead's ſcowl,
" The low'ring eye's contempt, and bear-like growl.
" In vain, the CRITICS aim their toothleſs rage!
" Mere *ſprats*, that venture war with WHALES to wage:
" Unmov'd he ſtands, and feels their force *no more*
" Than ſome huge rock amidſt the *wat'ry roar*,
" That calmly bears the tumults of the DEEP,
" And howling TEMPESTS, that as well may *ſleep*."

Strong, 'midſt the RAMBLER's *cronies*, was the rage
To fill with SAM's *bons mots* and tales the page:
Mere flies, that buzz'd around his ſetting ray,
And bore a *ſplendor*, on their wings, away:

Thus round his ORB the pigmy PLANETS run,
And catch their little luſtre from the SUN.

At length, ruſh'd forth two CANDIDATES for fame;
A SCOTCHMAN *one*, and one a LONDON DAME;
That, by th' *emphatic* JOHNSON, chriſt'ned BOZZY;
This, by the BISHOP's licenſe, DAME PIOZZI;
Whoſe *widow'd* name, by topers lov'd, was THRALE,
Bright in the annals of *election ale*;
A name, by *marriage*, that gave up the *ghoſt!*
In *poor* PEDOCCHIO*,—no!—PIOZZI, loſt!
Each ſeiz'd with ardour wild, the gray gooſe quill;
Each ſat to work the *intellectual mill*;
That *pecks* of *bran* ſo coarſe, began to pour,
To *one poor* ſolitary grain of *flour*.

Forth ruſh'd to light, their books—but *who* ſhould ſay,
WHICH bore the palm of anecdote away?

* The author was nearly committing a blunder—fortunate indeed was his recollection; as *Pedocchio* ſignifies, in the Italian language, that moſt contemptible of animals, a LOUSE.

This

This, to decide, the RIVAL WITS agreed
Before SIR JOHN their tales and jokes to read,
And let the KNIGHT's opinion in the ſtrife,
Declare the prop'reſt pen to write SAM's LIFE:
SIR JOHN, renown'd for muſical * palavers;
The PRINCE, the KING, the EMPEROR of *Quavers!*
Sharp in ſolfeggi, as the ſharpeſt needle;
Great in the noble art of tweedle-tweedle;
Of MUSIC's Collge form'd to be a FELLOW,
Fit for MUS: D. or MAESTRO DI CAPELLA:
Whoſe VOLUME, though it here and there offends,
Boaſts *German merit*—makes by *bulk* amends.
High plac'd the venerable QUARTO ſits,
Superior frowning o'er *octavo wits*
And *duodecimos*, ignoble ſcum!
Poor proſtitutes to ev'ry vulgar thumb!
Whilſt undefil'd by literary rage,
HE bears a *ſpotleſs* leaf from age to age.

* Vid. his Hiſtory of Muſic.

Like *ſchool-boys*, lo! before a two-arm'd chair
That held the KNIGHT wife judging, ſtood the PAIR:
Or like two *ponies* on the ſporting ground,
Prepar'd to gallop when the DRUM ſhould ſound,
The COUPLE rang'd——for vict'ry, both as keen,
As for a tott'ring biſhopric, a DEAN,
Or patriot BURKE, for giving glorious baſtings
To that *intolerable fellow* HASTINGS.
Thus with their ſongs contended VIRGIL'S SWAINS,
And made the valleys vocal with their ſtrains,
Before ſome gray-beard SAGE whoſe judgement ripe,
Gave goats for prizes to the *prettieſt* pipe.

" *Alternately* in anecdotes go on;
" But *firſt*, begin *you*, MADAM," cried SIR JOHN:
The thankful DAME low curtſied to the CHAIR,
And thus, for vict'ry panting, read the FAIR:

MADAME

MADAME PIOZZI*.

SAM JOHNSON was of MICHAEL JOHNSON born;
Whoſe ſhop of books did LITCHFIELD town adorn:
Wrong-headed, ſtubborn as a *halter'd* RAM;
In ſhort, the *model* of our HERO SAM:
Inclin'd to *madneſs too*——for when his ſhop
Fell down, for want of caſh to buy a prop,
For fear the thieves might ſteal the *vaniſh'd* ſtore,
He duly went each night and *lock'd the door!*

BOZZY†.

Whilſt JOHNSON was in Edinburgh, my WIFE,
To pleaſe his palate, ſtudied for her life:
With ev'ry rarity ſhe fill'd her houſe,
And gave the DOCTOR, for his dinner, *grouſe.*

MADAME PIOZZI‡.

Dear DOCTOR JOHNSON was in ſize an OX;
And from his UNCLE ANDREW learn'd to *box:*

* Vide Piozzi's Anecdotes, P. 3. † Bozzy's Tour, p. 38.
‡ Piozzi's Anecdotes, p. 5.

A MAN.

A MAN to wreſtlers and to bruiſers dear,
Who kept the ring in SMITHFIELD a *whole* year.
The Doctor had an Uncle too, ador'd
By *jumping gentry*, call'd CORNELIUS FORD;
Who jump'd in *boots*, which JUMPERS never chuſe,
Far as a famous JUMPER jump'd in *ſhoes*.

BOZZY*.

At ſupper, roſe a dialogue on witches,
When CROSBIE ſaid, there could not be ſuch b-tch-s;
And that 'twas *blaſphemy* to think *ſuch* HAGS
Could ſtir up ſtorms, and on their *broomſtick* NAGS
Gallop along the air with wondrous pace,
And boldly fly in GOD ALMIGHTY's face:
But JOHNSON anſwer'd him, "There *might be* witches;
"*Nought* prov'd the non exiſtence of the b-tch-s."

MADAME PIOZZI†.

When THRALE, as nimble as a boy at ſchool,
Leap'd, though fatigu'd with hunting, o'er a *ſtool*;

* P. 39. † P. 6.

The

The DOCTOR, proud the fame grand feat to *do*,
His pow'rs exerted, and jump'd over too;
And though he might a broken back bewail,
He ſcorn'd to be *eclips'd* by Mr. THRALE.

BOZZY*.

At ULINISH, our friend, to paſs the time,
Regal'd us with his knowledges *ſublime*;
Show'd that all ſorts of learning fill'd his NOB,
And that in *butc'hry* he could *bear a bob*.
He *ſagely* told us of the diff'rent feat
Employ'd to kill the animals we eat:
" An ox," ſays he, " in country and in town,
" Is by the butchers conſtantly *knock'd down*;
" As for that leſſer animal, a calf,
" The knock is really not ſo ſtrong *by half*;
" The beaſt is only *ſtunn'd*; but, as for goats,
" And ſheep, and lambs, the butchers *cut their throats*.

* Page 300.

" Thoſe fellows only want to keep them *quiet*,
" Not chuſing that the brutes ſhould breed a *riot*."

MADAME PIOZZI*.

When JOHNSON was a child, and ſwallow'd pap,
'Twas in his mother's old maid CATH'RINE's lap;
There, whilſt he ſat, he took in wond'rous learning;
For much his bowels were for knowledge *yearning*;
There heard the ſtory which we BRITONS brag on,
The ſtory of ST. GEORGE and *eke* the DRAGON.

BOZZY†.

When FOOTE his leg, by ſome misfortune, broke,
Says *I* to JOHNSON, all by way of joke,
" SAM, Sir, in PARAGRAPH, will ſoon be clever,
" And take off PETER better now than ever."
On which, ſays JOHNSON, without *heſitation*,
" GEORGE‡ will rejoice at Foote's *depeditation*."

* Page 15.

† Page 141.

‡ George Faulkner, the printer at Dublin, taken off by Foote, under the character of PETER PARAGRAPH.

On

On which, ſays *I*, *a penetrating elf!*

" Doctor, I'm ſure you *coin'd* that word *yourſelf*."

On which he *laugh'd*, and ſaid, I had *divin'd it*,

For, *bonâ fidé*, he had *really coin'd it*.

" And yet, of all the words I've *coin'd*, (ſays he)

" My Dictionary, Sir, contains but *three*."

MADAME PIOZZI.

The DOCTOR ſaid, " in literary matters,

" A Frenchman goes not *deep*—he only *ſmatters*:'

Then aſk'd, what could be hop'd for from the dogs;

Fellows that liv'd eternally on *frogs*.

BOZZY*.

In grave proceſſion to St. Leonard's College,

Well ſtuff'd with every ſort of uſeful knowledge,

We *ſtately* walk'd, as ſoon as ſupper ended:

The LANDLORD and the WAITER both attended:

The LANDLORD, ſkill'd a piece of greaſe to handle,

* Page 55.

Before

Before us march'd, and held a tallow candle;
A lantern, (ſome fam'd Scotſman its creator)
With *equal grace* was carried by the WAITER:
Next morning, from our beds we took a leap,
And found ourſelves much better for our ſleep.

MADAME PIOZZI*.

In Lincolnſhire, a lady ſhow'd our friend
A grotto, that ſhe wiſh'd him to *commend*;
Quoth ſhe, "How *cool* in ſummer this abode!"——
"Yes, Madam, (anſwer'd Johnſon) for a *toad*."

BOZZY†.

Between old Scalpa's rugged iſle and Raſay's,
The wind was vaſtly boiſt'rous in our faces:
'Twas *glorious* JOHNSON's figure to ſet ſight on——
High in the boat, he look'd a noble TRITON!
But lo! to damp our pleaſure Fate concurs,
For Joe, the blockhead, loſt his maſter's ſpurs:

* Page 203. † Page 185.

This

This for the RAMBLER's temper was a *rubber*,
Who wonder'd Joſeph could be ſuch a lubber.

MADAME PIOZZI*.

I aſk'd him if he knock'd TOM OSBORN† down;
As ſuch a tale was current through the town——
Says I, "Do tell me, DOCTOR, what befell."—
"Why, deareſt lady, there is nought to *tell:*
"I ponder'd on the *prop'reſt* mode to *treat* him——
"The *dog* was *impudent*, and ſo I *beat him!*
"TOM, like a fool, *proclaim'd* his fancied wrongs;
"*Others* that I *belabour'd*, held their tongues."

Did any one, that he was *happy*, cry—
JOHNSON would tell him *plumply*, 'twas a lie:
A LADY‡ told him ſhe was *really ſo*;
On which he ſternly anſwer'd, "MADAM, *no!*
"Sickly you are, and ugly—fooliſh, poor;
"And therefore can't be *happy*, I am ſure.

* P. 232. † Bookſeller. ‡ P. 285.

" 'Twould make a fellow hang himſelf, whoſe ear
" Were, from *ſuch creatures*, forc'd ſuch ſtuff to hear."

BOZZY*.

Lo! when we landed on the Iſle of MULL,
The *megrims* got into the DOCTOR's ſcull:
With ſuch bad humours he began to fill,
I thought he would not go to ICOLMKILL:
But lo! thoſe megrims (wonderful to utter!)
Were baniſh'd all by tea and bread and butter!

MADAME PIOZZI.

Quoth I to Johnſon—Doctor, tell me true,
Who was the *beſt* man that you ever knew?
He anſwer'd me at once, GEORGE PSALMANAZAR;
Keen in the Engliſh language as a razor.
Such was the *ſtrange*, the *ſtrangeſt* of replies,
That rais'd the whites of both my wond'ring eyes;
As this *ſame* GEORGE, in impoſition ſtrong,
Beat the firſt *lyars* that e'er wagg'd a tongue.

* P. 386.

BOZZY*.

I wonder'd yeſterday, that one JOHN HAY,
Who ſerv'd as *Ciceroné* on the way,
Should fly a man of war—a ſpot ſo bleſt——
A fool! nine months, too, after he was preſt.
Quoth JOHNSON, "No man, Sir, would be a *ſailor*,
"With ſenſe to ſcrape acquaintance with a *jailor*.

MADAME PIOZZI†.

I ſaid, I lik'd not *gooſe*, and mention'd *why*:—
One ſmells it roaſting on the ſpit, quoth I:——
"*You*, Madam," cried the DOCTOR, with a frown,
"Are always gorging—ſtuffing ſomething *down*:
"MADAM, 'tis very nat'ral to ſuppoſe,
"If in the pantry you will poke your noſe,
"Your maw with ev'ry ſort of victuals ſwelling,
"That you *muſt* want the bliſs of *dinner ſmelling*."

* Page 151. † Page 103.

As

BOZZY.

As at ARGYLE's grand houſe my hat I took,
To ſeek my alehouſe, thus began the Duke:
"Pray, Mr. Boſwell, won't you have ſome tea?"
To this I made my bow, and did agree——
Then to the drawing room we both retreated,
Where *Lady* BETTY HAMILTON was ſeated
Cloſe by the DUTCHESS, who, in deep diſcourſe,
Took no more notice of me than a *horſe*.
Next day, *myſelf* and Doctor JOHNSON took
Our hats, to go and wait upon the Duke.—
Next to himſelf the DUKE did JOHNSON place,
But I, thank God, ſat *ſecond* to his GRACE.
The place was due moſt ſurely to my merits——
And faith, I was in very pretty ſpirits:
I plainly ſaw (my penetration ſuch is)
I was not yet in favour with the DUTCHESS.
Thought I, I am not diſconcerted yet—
Before we part, I'll give her GRACE a *ſweat*—

Then

Then looks of intrepidity I put on,
And aſk'd her, if ſhe'd have a plate of mutton.
This was a glorious deed muſt be confeſs'd!
I knew I was the *Duke*'s, and not *her* gueſt!
Knowing—as I'm a man of tip-top breeding,
That *great folks* drink no healths whilſt they are feeding,
I took my glaſs, and looking at her GRACE,
I ſtar'd her like a *devil* in the face;
And in *reſpectful* terms, as was my duty,
Said I, my LADY DUTCHESS, I ſalute ye:
Moſt audible, indeed, was my ſalute,
For which ſome folks will ſay I was a brute;
But faith, it daſh'd her, as I knew it wou'd;
But then I knew that I was fleſh and blood.

MADAME PIOZZI*.

Once at our houſe, amidſt our ATTIC feaſts,
We likened our acquaintances to *beaſts*:

* Page 204.

As for example——ſome to calves and hogs,
And ſome to bears, and monkeys, cats and dogs;
We ſaid, (which charm'd the Doctor much, no doubt)
His mind, was like, of Elephants, the *ſnout*,
That could pick pins up, yet poſſeſs'd the vigour
For trimming well the jacket of a Tyger.

B O Z Z Y*.

Auguſt the fifteenth, Sunday, Mr. Scott
Did breakfaſt with us—when upon the ſpot;
To *him*, and unto Doctor Johnson, lo!
Sir William Forbes, ſo clever, did I ſhow;
A man that doth not after roguery hanker;
A charming Chriſtian, though by trade a *Banker*;
Made too, of good companionable ſtuff,
And this, I think, is ſaying *full enough*;
And yet it is but juſtice to record,
That when he had the meaſles—'pon my word,

* Page 15.

The

The people ſeemed in ſuch a dreadful fright,
His houſe was all ſurrounded day and night,
As if they apprehended ſome great evil,
A general conflagration, or the devil.
And when he better'd——oh! 'twas grand to ſee 'em
Like mad folks dance, and hear 'em ſing *Te Deum*.

MADAME PIOZZI*.

Quoth JOHNSON "Who d'ye think my *life* will write?"—
"GOLDSMITH, ſaid I——quoth he, "The dog's vile ſpite,
"Beſides the fellow's monſtrous love of *lying*,
"Would doubtleſs make the book not worth the *buying*.

BOZZY†.

That worthy gentleman, good Mr. Scott,
Said, 'twas our SOCRATES's luckleſs lot
To have the WAITER a ſad naſty blade,
To make, poor gentleman, his *lemonade*;

* Page 31, † Page 13.

Which

Which WAITER, much againſt the DOCTOR's wiſh,
Put with his *paws* the ſugar in the diſh:
The DOCTOR vex'd at ſuch a filthy fellow,
Began, with great propriety, to bellow;
Then up he took the diſh, and nobly flung
The liquor out of window on the dung.
And DOCTOR SCOTT declar'd, that, by his frown,
He thought he would have knock'd the fellow down.

MADAME PIOZZI*.

Dear DOCTOR JOHNSON left off drinks fermented;
With quarts of chocolate and cream contented;
Yet often down his throat's prodigious gutter,
Poor man! he pour'd a flood of melted butter!

BOZZY.

With glee, the DOCTOR did my girl behold;
Her name VERONICA, juſt four months old;

* Page 102.

This

This name VERONICA, a name though quaint,
Belong'd originally to a Saint;
But to my old Great Grandam it was giv'n;
As fine a woman as e'er went to Heav'n;
And what muſt add to her importance *much*,
This lady's genealogy was *Dutch*.
The man who did eſpouſe this dame divine,
Was ALEXANDER, Earl of Kincardine;
Who pour'd along my body like a fluice,
The noble, noble, noble blood of BRUCE!
And who that own'd this blood could well refuſe
To make the world acquainted with the *news?*
But to return unto my charming child:——
About our Doctor JOHNSON ſhe was *wild*;
And when he left off ſpeaking, ſhe would flutter,
Squawl for him to begin again, and ſputter!
And to be *near* him a ſtrong wiſh expreſs'd,
Which proves he was not ſuch a horrid beaſt.
Her fondneſs for the Doctor pleas'd me greatly;
On which I loud exclaim'd, in language ſtately,

Nay, if I recollect aright, I *ſwore*,
I'd to her fortune add *five hundred more!*

MADAME PIOZZI*.

One day, as we were all in talking loſt,
My mother's fav'rite ſpaniel ſtole the toaſt;
On which, immediately, I ſcream'd "Fie on her,—
"Fie, BELLE," ſaid I, "you us'd to be on honour."——
"Yes," JOHNSON cried; "but, Madam, pray be told,
"The reaſon for the vice is—BELLE grows *old*."
But JOHNSON never could the dog abide,
Becauſe my mother waſh'd and comb'd his hide.
The truth on't is—BELLE was not too well bred,
Who always would *inſiſt* on being fed;
And very often too, the ſaucy SLUT
Inſiſted upon having the *firſt cut*.

BOZZY.

Laſt night much care for JOHNSON's cold was us'd,
Who, hitherto, without his nightcap *ſnooz'd*;

* Page 256.

That

That nought might treat ſo *wonderful* a man ill,
Sweet Miſs M'Leod did make a cap of flannel;
And after putting it about his head,
She gave him brandy as he went to bed.

MADAME PIOZZI*.

One night we parted at the Doctor's door,
When thus I ſaid, as I had ſaid before,
" Don't forget Dicky, Doctor;—mind poor Dick."
On which he turn'd round on his heel ſo quick,
" Madam," quoth he, " and when I've ſerv'd *that* elf,
" I gueſs I then may go and *hang* myſelf."

BOZZY†.

At night, well ſoak'd with rain, and wond'rous weary,
We got as wet as ſhags to Inverary;
We ſupp'd moſt *royally*——were vaſtly friſky,
When Johnson ordered up a gill of wiſky;
Taking the glaſs, ſays I, " Here's Mrs. Thrale."——
" Drink her in *whiſky* not," ſaid he, " but *ale*."

* Page 204 † Page 483.

MADAME

MADAME PIOZZI*.

The Doctor had a cat, and chriſten'd Hodge,
That at his houſe in Fleet Street us'd to lodge——
This Hodge grew old, and ſick, andus'd to wiſh
That all his dinners might be form'd of *fiſh*;
To pleaſe poor Hodge, the Doctor, all ſo kind,
Went out, and bought him *oyſters to his mind*;
This every day he did—nor aſk'd black FRANK †,
Who deem'd himſelf of much too high a rank,
With *vulgar fiſh-fags* to be forc'd to chat,
And purchaſe oyſters for a *mangy* cat.

SIR JOHN.

For God's ſake ſtay each anecdotic ſcrap;
Let me draw breath, and take a trifling nap;
With one half hour's reflecting ſlumber bleſt,
And Heav'n's aſſiſtance, I may *bear* the *reſt*.

Aſide]—What have I done, inform me, gracious Lord!
That thus my ears with nonſenſe ſhould be bor'd?

* Page 102. † Dr. Johnſon's ſervant.

Oh!

Oh! if I do not in the trial die,
The Devil and all his brimſtone I defy;
No puniſhment in other worlds I fear,
My crimes will all be expiated *here*.
Ah! ten times happier was my lot of yore,
When, rais'd to *conſequence* that all adore,
I ſat, each ſeſſion, king-like, in the chair,
Aw'd ev'ry rank, and made the million ſtare:
Lord paramount o'er ev'ry Juſtice riding;
In cauſes, with a Turkiſh ſway, deciding!
Yes, like a noble Baſhaw, of *three tails*,
I ſpread a *fear* and *trembling* through the jails!
Bleſt, have I brow-beaten each thief and ſtrumpet,
And *blaſted* on them, like the laſt day's trumpet.
I know no paltry weakneſs of the ſoul—
No ſniv'ling pity dares my deeds control—
Aſham'd, the *weakneſs* of my King I hear;
Who, childiſh, drops on ev'ry *death* * a tear.

* Such is the report concerning his *moſt tender-hearted* MAJESTY, when he ſuffers the law to take its courſe on criminals. How unlike the Great FREDERIC of Pruſſia, who *delights* in a *hanging*.

Return *, return again, thou glorious hour,
That to my graſp once gav'ſt my idol, pow'r;
When at my feet the humble knaves would fall;
The *thund'ring Jupiter* of HICKS's HALL.

The *Knight*, thus finiſhing his ſpeech ſo *fair*,
Sleep pull'd him gently backwards in his chair;
Op'd wide the mouth that oft on jail-birds *ſwore*,
Then rais'd his naſal ORGAN to a roar,
That actually ſurpaſs'd in *tone* and *grace*,
The grumbled ditties of his fav'rite *baſe* †.

* Sir John wiſhes in vain—His hour of inſolence returns no more!

† The violoncello, on which the Knight is a performer.

ECLOGUE.

PART II.

NOW from his ſleep the KNIGHT, affrighted, ſprung,
Whilſt on his ear the words of JOHNSON rung;
For lo! in dreams, the ſurly *Rambler* roſe,
And wildly ſtaring, ſeem'd a *man of woes*.
" Wake, HAWKINS," (growl'd the Doctor, with a frown)
" And knock *that* fellow and *that* woman down—
" Bid them with JOHNSON's life proceed no further—
" Enough already they have dealt in murther—
" Say, to their tales that little truth belongs—
" If *fame* they mean me—bid them *hold their tongues*.

" In vain at glory gudgeon BOSWELL ſnaps—
" His *mind*, a *paper kite*—compos'd of *ſcraps*;
" Juſt o'er the tops of *chimneys* form'd to fly;
" Not with a *wing ſublime* to *mount* the *ſky*.

" Say

" Say to the dog, his head's a downright *drum*,
" Unequal to the Hiſt'ry of TOM THUMB:
" Nay—tell, of *anecdote*, that thirſty *leech*,
" He is not equal to a *Tyburn Speech* *.

" For that PIOZZI's wife, SIR JOHN, exhort her,
" To *draw* her *immortality* from *porter*;
" Give up her *anecdotical* inditing,
" And ſtudy *houſewifery* inſtead of *writing*:
" Bid her a poor *biography* ſuſpend;
" Nor crucify, through vanity, a friend.——
" I know no buſineſs women have with *learning*;
" I ſcorn, I hate the mole-ey'd *half diſcerning*;
" Their wit but ſerves a huſband's heart to *rack*;
" And make eternal horſewhips for his back.

" Tell PETER PINDAR, ſhould you chance to meet him,
" I like his genius——ſhould be glad to greet him——

* Compoſed for the unfortunate *brave* of Newgate, by different hiſtorians.

" Yet

" Yet let him know, *crown'd heads* are ſacred things,
" And bid him rev'rence more the *beſt of kings* * ;
" Still on his *pegaſus* continue *jogging*,
" And give that BOSWELL's back another flogging."

Such was the dream that wak'd the ſleeping Knight,
And op'd again his eyes upon the light——
Who, mindleſs of old JOHNSON and his frown,
And ſtern commands to *knock the couple down*,
Reſolv'd to *keep the peace*——and, in a *tone*
Not much unlike a maſtiff o'er a bone,
He *grumbled*, that, enabled by the nap,
He now could meet *more biographic* ſcrap ;

* This is a *ſtrange* and almoſt *incredible* ſpeech from *Johnſon*'s mouth, as not many years ago, when the *age* of a *certain* GREAT PERSONAGE became the ſubject of debate, the Doctor broke in upon the converſation with the following queſtion : — " Of what importance to the preſent " company is his *age?*—Of what importance would it have been to the " world if he had never *exiſted?*" If we may judge likewiſe from the *following ſpeech*, he deemed the *preſent poſſeſſor* of a *certain* THRONE as much an *uſurper* as KING WILLIAM, whom, according to Mr. BOSWELL's account, he *beſcoundrels*. The ſtory is this — An acquaintance of JOHNSON's aſked him if he could not *ſing*. He replied, " I know " but *one* ſong ; and *that* is, ' The KING ſhall enjoy his *own* again."

Then nodding with a *magiſtratial air*,
To farther anecdote he call'd the *fair*.

MADAME PIOZZI*.

Dear Doctor JOHNSON lov'd a leg of pork,
And hearty on it wou'd his grinders work:
He lik'd to eat it ſo much *over-done*,
That *one* might *ſhake* the fleſh from off the bone.
A veal pye too, with ſugar cramm'd and plums,
Was wond'rous grateful to the Doctor's gums.
Though us'd from morn to night on fruit to *ſtuff*,
He vow'd his belly never had *enough*.

BOZZY†.

One Thurſday morn did Doctor JOHNSON wake,
And call out "Lanky, Lanky," by *miſtake*——
But recollecting—"Bozzy, Bozzy," cried——
For in *contractions* JOHNSON took a *pride!*

* Page 8. † Page 384.

MADAME

MADAME PIOZZI*.

Whene'er our friend would read in bed by night,
Poor Mr. THRALE and I were in a *fright* ;
For blinking on his book too near the flame,
Lo ! to the fore-top of his wig it came !
Burnt all the hairs away, both *great* and *ſmall*,
Down to the very *net-work*, named the *caul*.

BOZZY†.

At Corrachatachin's, in *hoggiſm* ſunk,
I got with punch, alas ! confounded *drunk :*
Much was I vex'd that I could not be quiet,
But, like a ſtupid blockhead, breed a riot——
I ſcarcely knew how 'twas I reel'd to bed——
Next morn I wak'd with dreadful pains of head,
And terrors too, that of my peace did *rob me*——
For *much* I fear'd the *Moraliſt* would *mob me*.
But as I lay along a heavy log,
The Doctor, ent'ring, call'd me *drunken dog*.

* Page 237. † Page 317.

Then

Then up roſe I with apoſtolic air,
And read in Dame M'KINNON's book of pray'r,
In hopes for ſuch a ſin to be forgiv'n,——
And make, if *poſſible*, my peace with heav'n.
'Twas *ſtrange* that in *that* volume of divinity,
I op'd the Twentieth Sunday after Trinity,
And read theſe words—' Pray be not drunk with wine,
' Since drunkenneſs doth make a man a *ſwine*.'
" Alas!" ſays I, " the ſinner that I am!"
And having made my ſpeech, I took a *dram*.

MADAME PIOZZI*.

One day, with ſpirits low, and ſorrow fill'd,
I told him that I had a *couſin kill'd*:
" My dear," quoth he, " for heav'n's ſake hold your *canting*;
" *Were all your couſins kill'd*, they'd not be *wanting*;
" Though *Death* on each of them ſhould ſet his *mark*;
" Though ev'ry one were ſpitted like a lark;

* Page 63.

" Roaſted

" Roaſted, and giv'n that dog there for a meal,
" The *loſs* of them the world would never feel——
" Truſt me, dear Madam, all your *dear relations*
" Are *nits*——are *nothings* in the eye of *nations*."

Again*, ſays I, one day,——" I do believe,
" A good acquaintance that I have will *grieve*
" To hear her *friend* hath loſt a *large eſtate*."—
" Yes," anſwer'd he, " lament *as much* her *fate*,
" As did your *horſe* (I freely will allow)
" To hear of the *miſcarriage* of your *cow*."

BOZZY†.

At Enoch, at M'Queen's, we went to bed ;
A colour'd handkerchief wrapp'd JOHNSON's head ;
He ſaid, " God bleſs us *both*—good night ;"——and then,
I, like a *pariſh clerk*, pronounc'd *Amen !*
My good companion *ſoon* by ſleep was ſeiz'd——
But I, by lice and fleas was ſadly teiz'd ;

* Page 189. † Page 103.

Methought a ſpider with *terrific* claws,
Was ſtriding from the wainſcot to my jaws;
But ſlumber ſoon did ev'ry ſenſe entrap,
And ſo I ſunk into the *ſweeteſt nap*.

MADAME PIOZZI*.

Trav'ling in Wales, at dinner-time we *got on*
Where, at Leweny, lives Sir ROBERT COTTON.
At table, our great *Moraliſt* to pleaſe,——
Says I, "Dear Doctor, arn't thoſe charming peas?"
Quoth he, to *contradict*, and *run his rig*,
"Madam, they poſſibly might pleaſe a *pig*."

BOZZY†.

Of *thatching*, well the Doctor knew the art;
And with his *threſhing wiſdom* made us ſtart:
Deſcrib'd the greateſt ſecrets of the Mint,
And made folks fancy that he had been *in't*.

* Page 70. † Page 324.

Of

Of hops and malt 'tis wond'rous what he knew;
And well as any *brewer* he could *brew*.

MADAME PIOZZI*.

In *ghoſts* the Doctor ſtrongly did believe,
And pinn'd his faith on may a lyar's ſleeve——
He ſaid to Doctor LAWRENCE, "*Sure* I am,
"I heard my poor dear mother call out 'SAM.'
"I'm ſure," ſaid he, "that I can truſt my ears;
"And yet, my mother had been dead for years."

BOZZY†.

When *young*, ('twas rather ſilly I allow)
Much was I pleas'd to imitate a cow.
One time, at Drury Lane, with Doctor BLAIR,
My imitations made the playhouſe *ſtare!*
So very charming was I in my *roar*,
That both the galleries *clapp'd*, and cried "*Encore*."
Bleſt by the general plaudit and the laugh——
I try'd to be a *jackaſs* and a *calf*;

* Page 192. † Page 499.

But

But who, alas! in *all things* can be *great?*
In ſhort, I met a *terrible* defeat;
So vile I bray'd and bellow'd, I was *hiſs'd*——
Yet all who *knew* me, *wonder'd* that I *miſs'd*.
BLAIR whiſper'd me, "You've loſt your *credit now*;
"Stick, BOSWELL, for the future, to the Cow."

MADAME PIOZZI*.

Th' affair of *Blacks* when JOHNSON would diſcuſs,
He always thought they had not *ſouls* like *us*;
And yet, whene'er his family would fight,
He always ſaid black FRANK† was in the *right*.

BOZZY‡.

I muſt confeſs that I enjoy'd a pleaſure
In bearing to the North ſo great a treaſure——
Thinks I, I'm like a *Bulldog* or a *Hound*,
Who, when a lump of liver he hath found,

* Page 212.
† The Doctor's man ſervant.
‡ Page 259.

Runs

Runs to ſome corner, to avoid a riot,
To gobble down his piece of meat in quiet:
I thought this good as all JOE MILLAR's jokes;
And ſo I up, and told it to the folks.——

MADAME PIOZZI*.

Some of our friends wiſh'd JOHNSON would compoſe
The *Lives* of authors who had ſhone in proſe;
As for his *pow'r*, no mortal man could doubt it—
Sir RICHARD MUSGRAVE, he was *warm* about it;
Got up, and ſooth'd, intreated, begg'd and pray'd,
Poor man! as if he had implor'd for *bread*.——
"Sir RICHARD," cried the Doctor, with a frown,
"Since you're *got up*, I pray you, Sir, *ſit down*."

BOZZY.

Of Doctor JOHNSON, having giv'n a ſketch,
Permit me, Reader, of *myſelf*, to preach——
The world will certainly receive with glee,
The ſlighteſt bit of hiſtory of *me*.

* Page 295.

Think of a *gentleman* of ancient blood!
Prouder of *title* than of being *good*——
A *gentleman* juſt thirty-three years old;
Married four years, and as a Tyger bold;
Whoſe bowels yearn'd *Great Britain*'s foes to tame,
And from the cannon's mouth to ſwallow flame;
To get his limbs by broad ſwords carv'd in wars,
Like ſome old bedſtead, and to *boaſt* his ſcars;
And, proud immortal actions to atchieve,
See his hide bor'd by bullets like a ſieve.
But lo! his father, a *well-judging* Judge,
Forbade his *ſon* from Edinburgh to budge——
Reſolv'd the French ſhould not his b—ſide claw;
So bound his *ſon* apprentice to the law.
This gentleman had been in foreign parts,
And, like ULYSSES, learnt a world of arts:
Much wiſdom his vaſt travels having brought him,
He was not *half* the fool the people *thought* him——
Of prudence, *this ſame gentleman* was *ſuch*,
He rather had *too little* than *too much*.

Bright

Bright was *this gentleman*'s imagination,
Well calculated for the *higheſt* ſtation:
Indeed ſo *lively*, give the dev'l his due,
He ten times more would utter than was *true*;
Which forc'd him frequently, againſt his will,
Poor man! to ſwallow many a bitter pill——
One bitter pill among the reſt he took,
Which was to cut ſome *ſcandal* from his book.—
By Doctor JOHNSON he is well portray'd:—
Quoth SAM, "Of BOZZY it may well be ſaid,
That through the moſt *inhoſpitable* ſcene,
One never can be troubl'd with the ſpleen,
Nor ev'n the greateſt difficulties *chafe at*,
Whilſt *ſuch an animal* is near to *laugh at*.

MADAME PIOZZI*.

For *me*, in Latin, Doctor JOHNSON wrote
Two lines upon SIR JOSEPH BANKS's goat;

* Page 72.

A *goat!*

A *goat!* that round the world ſo *curious* went——
A *goat!* that now eats graſs that grows in Kent!

BOZZY*.

To Lord MONBODDO a few lines I wrote,
And by the ſervant, Joſeph, ſent this note——

" Thus far, my Lord, from Edinburgh, my home,
" With Mr. SAMUEL JOHNSON, I am come——
" This night, by us, muſt *certainly* be ſeen,
" The very handſome town of ABERDEEN.
" For *thoughts* of JOHNSON, you'll be not applied to——
" I know your Lordſhip likes him *leſs* than *I do.*
" So near we are—to part, I can't tell how,
" Without ſo much as making him a *bow:*
" Beſides, the *Rambler* ſays, to ſee MONBODD,
" He'd go *at leaſt two miles* out of his *road.*

* Page 207.

" Which

" Which ſhows that he *admires* (whoever *rails)*
" The pen which proves that men are born with *tails* ;
" Hoping that as to health your Lordſhip does well,
" I am your ſervant at command,
" JAMES BOSWELL."

MADAME PIOZZI*.

On Mr. THRALE's old *hunter* JOHNSON rode,
Who with prodigious pride the beaſt beſtrode ;
And as on BRIGHTON DOWNS he *daſh'd away*,
Much was he pleas'd to hear a ſportſman ſay,
That at a *chace* he was as *tight a hand*
As e'er a ſporting *lubber* in the land.

BOZZY†.

One morning JOHNSON, on the Iſle of MULL,
Was of his politics exceſſive full :——
Quoth he, " That PULTENEY was a *rogue* 'tis plain—
" Beſides, the fellow was a *Whig in grain*."

* Page 207. † Page 424.

Then to his *principles* he gave a banging,
And ſwore no *Whig* was ever worth a *hanging*.
" 'Tis wonderful," ſays he, " and makes one ſtare,
" To think the *livery* choſe JOHN WILKES *Lord May'r*;
" A dog, of whom the world could nurſe no hopes——
" *Prompt* to *debauch* their girls, and *rob* their ſhops."

MADAME PIOZZI.

Sir, I believe that anecdote a lie;
But grant that JOHNSON ſaid it—*by the by*,
As WILKES unhappily your *friendſhip* ſhar'd,
The dirty anecdote might well be *ſpar'd*.

BOZZY.

Madam, I ſtick to truth as much as *you*,
And damme if the ſtory be not *true*.
What you have ſaid of JOHNSON and the *larks*,
As much the *Rambler* for a *ſavage* marks.

'Twas

'Twas ſcandalous, ev'n *Candour* muſt allow,
To give the hiſt'ry of the *horſe* and *cow:*
What but an *enemy* to JOHNSON's fame,
Dar'd his vile prank at LITCHFIELD *playhouſe name?*
Where, without ceremony, he though fit
To fling the *man* and *chair* into the *pit*——
Who would have regiſter'd a ſpeech ſo odd
On the dead *Stay-maker* * and Doctor DODD?

MADAME PIOZZI.

SAM JOHNSON's *threſhing* knowledge and his *thatching*,
May be your own *inimitable hatching*——
Pray of his wiſdom can't you tell *more* news?
Could not he *make a ſhirt*, and *cobble ſhoes*,
Knit ſtockings, or, ingenious, take up *ſtitches*——
Draw teeth, dreſs wigs, or make a *pair of breeches?*
You prate too of his knowledge of the MINT,
As if the *Rambler* really had been in't——

* Piozzi's Anecdotes, P. 51, firſt edition.

Who.

Who knows, but you will tell us, (truth forſaking)
That each *bad ſhilling* is of JOHNSON's *making*;
His, each *vile ſixpence* that the world hath cheated——
And *his*, the *art* that ev'ry guinea *ſweated*.
About his *brewing knowledge* you will prate too,
Who ſcarcely knew a *hop* from a *potatoe*——
And though of beer he joy'd in hearty ſwigs,
I'd pit againſt his taſte my huſband's *pigs*.

BOZZY.

How could your folly tell, ſo void of truth,
That miſerable ſtory of the youth,
Who, in your book, of Doctor JOHNSON begs
Moſt ſeriouſly to know if *cats laid eggs!*

MADAME PIOZZI.

Who told of Mrs. Montague the lie——
So palpable a falſehood?—Bozzy, *fy!*

BOZZY.

Who, mad'ning with an anecdotic itch,
Declar'd that JOHNSON call'd his mother *b-tch?*

MADAME PIOZZI.

Who, from M'Donald's rage to ſave his ſnout,
Cut twenty lines of defamation out?

BOZZY.

Who would have ſaid a word about SAM's *wig*;
Or told the ſtory of the *peas* and *pig?*
Who would have told a tale ſo very flat,
Of FRANK the Black, and HODGE the mangy *cat?*

MADAME PIOZZI.

Good me! you're grown at once confounded *tender*——
Of Doctor JOHNSON's fame a *fierce* defender:
I'm ſure you've mention'd many a pretty ſtory
Not much redounding to the Doctor's glory.

Now for a *ſaint* upon us you would palm him——
Firſt *murder* the poor man, and then *embalm him!*

BOZZY.

Why truly, Madam, JOHNSON cannot *boaſt*—
By your acquaintance, he hath *rather loſt*.
His character ſo ſhockingly you handle——
You've ſunk your *comet* to a *farthing candle*.
Your vanities contriv'd the ſage to hitch in,
And brib'd him with your cellar and your kitchen;
But luckleſs JOHNSON play'd a loſing game——
Though *beef* and *beer* he won—he loſt his *fame*.

MADAME PIOZZI.

One quarter of your book had JOHNSON read,
Fiſt-criticiſm had rattl'd round your head.
Yet let my ſatire not *too far* purſue——
It boaſts *ſome merit*, give the Dev'l his due.
Where *Grocers* and where *Paſtry-cooks* reſide,
Thy book, with triumph, may indulge its pride;

Preach

Preach to the *patty-pans* ſententious ſtuff——
And hug that idol of the noſe, call'd *ſnuff:*
With all its ſtories *cloves* and *ginger* pleaſe,
And pour its *wonders* to a pound of *cheeſe!*

B O Z Z Y.

Madam, your irony is *wondrous fine!*
Senſe in each thought, and *wit* in ev'ry line;
Yet, *Madam*, when the *leaves* of my poor book,
Viſit the *Grocer*, or the *Paſtry-cook*,
Yours, to enjoy of Fame the *juſt* reward,
May aid the *trunk-maker* of Paul's Church Yard;
In the *ſame alehouſes* together us'd,
By the *ſame* fingers they may be *amus'd*——
The greaſy *ſnuffers yours*, perchance, may *wipe*,
Whilſt *mine*, high honour'd, lights a *toper*'s pipe.
The praiſe of COURTENAY * my book's fame ſecures——
Now, who the devil, Madam, praiſes *yours?*

MADAME

* The lively *rattle* of the Houſe of Commons—indeed its MOMUS; who ſeems to have been ſelected by his conſtituents more for the purpoſes of

MADAME PIOZZI.

Thouſands, you blockhead—no one now can doubt it;
For not a ſoul in London is *without it*.
The folks were ready CADELL to devour,
Who ſold the firſt edition in an hour——
So!—COURTENAY's praiſes ſave you!—ah! that Squire
Deals, let me tell you, more in ſmoke than fire.

BOZZY.

Zounds! he has prais'd me in the *ſweeteſt* line—

MADAME PIOZZI.

Ay! aye! the *verſe* and *ſubject equal* ſhine.
Few are the mouths that COURTENAY's wit rehearſe—
Mere cork in politics, and *lead* in verſe.

BOZZY.

Well, *Ma'am*! ſince all that JOHNSON *ſaid* or *wrote*,
You hold ſo *ſacred*—how have you *forgot*

of *laughing* at the misfortunes of his country, than *healing the wounds*. He is the author of a poem lately publiſhed, that endeavours, *totis viribus*, to *prove* that Doctor JOHNSON was a *brute* as well as a *moraliſt*!

To

To grant the wonder-hunting world a reading
Of SAM's Epiſtle, juſt before your *wedding*:
Beginning thus, (in ſtrains not form'd to flatter
" MADAM,
" *If that moſt ignominious matter*
" *Be not concluded*"——
Farther ſhall I ſay?
No——we ſhall have it from *yourſelf* ſome day,
To juſtify your paſſion for the *Youth*,
With all the charms of eloquence and truth.

MADAME PIOZZI.

What was my marriage, Sir, to *you* or *him*?
He tell me what to do!—a pretty whim!
He, to *propriety*, (the beaſt) *reſort!*
As well might *elephants preſide* at *court*.
Lord! let the world to *damn* my match *agree*;
Good God! JAMES BOSWELL, what's *that world* to *me*?

The folks who paid reſpects to *Mrs. Thrale*,
Fed on her pork, poor ſouls! and ſwill'd her ale,
May *ſicken* at *Piozzi*, nine in ten——
Turn up the noſe of ſcorn—good God! what then?
For *me*, the Dev'l may fetch their ſouls ſo *great*;
They keep their homes, and *I*, thank God, my meat.
When they, poor owls! ſhall beat their cage, a jail—
I, unconfin'd ſhall ſpread my peacock tail;
Free as the birds of air, enjoy my eaſe,
Chuſe my own food, and ſee what climes I pleaſe.
I ſuffer only — if I'm in the wrong:
So, now, you prating puppy, hold your tongue.

SIR JOHN.

For ſhame! for ſhame! for Heav'n's ſake *both* be quiet—
Not BILLINGSGATE exhibits ſuch a riot;
Behold, for Scandal, you have made a feaſt,
And turn'd your idol, JOHNSON, to a beaſt:
'Tis plain that tales of ghoſts are arrant lies,
Or inſtantaneouſly would JOHNSON's riſe;

Make

Make you both eat your paragraphs ſo evil;
And for your treatment of him, *play the devil.*
Juſt like two Mohawks on the man you fall;
No murd'rer is worſe ſerv'd at SURGEON'S HALL.
Inſtead of adding *ſplendor* to his name,
Your books are downright gibbets to his fame.
Of thoſe, your anecdotes—may I be curſt,
If I can tell you, *which* of them is *worſt.*
You never with poſterity can thrive——
'Tis by the Rambler's death alone you *live*;
Like wrens (that in ſome volume I have read)
Hatch'd by ſtrange fortune in a horſe's head.
Poor Sam was rather fainting in his glory,
But now his fame lies foully dead before ye:
Thus to ſome dying man, (a frequent caſe)
Two doctors come and give the *coup de grace.*
Zounds! Madam, mind the duties of a wife,
And dream no more of Doctor JOHNSON'S life;
A happy knowledge in a pye or pudding
Will more delight your friends than all your ſtudying;

One

One cut from ven'ſon to the heart can ſpeak
Stronger than ten quotations from the Greek;
One fat Sir Loin poſſeſſes more ſublime
Than all the airy caſtles built by rhyme.
One nipperkin of *ſtingo* with a toaſt
Beats all the ſtreams the Muſes Fount can boaſt;
Bleſt, in one pint of porter, lo! my belly can
Find raptures not in all the floods of Helicon.
Enough thoſe anecdotes your pow'rs have ſhown;
Sam's Life, dear Ma'am, will only *damn your own.*

For thee, James Boswell, may the hand of Fate
Arreſt thy gooſe-quill and confine thy prate;
Thy egotiſms the world *diſguſted* hears——
Then load with vanities no more our ears,
Like ſome lone puppy, yelping all night long,
That tires the very echoes with his tongue.
Yet, ſhould it lie beyond the pow'rs of Fate
To ſtop thy pen, and ſtill thy darling prate;

To live in ſolitude oh! be thy luck,
A chattering magpie on the Iſle of MUCK.

Thus ſpoke the Judge; then leaping from the chair,
He left, in conſternation loſt, the fair:
Black FRANK* he ſought on anecdote to cram,
And vomit firſt † a life of ſurly SAM.
Shock'd at the little manners of the Knight,
The rivals marv'ling mark'd his ſudden flight,
Then to their pens and paper ruſh'd the twain
To kill the mangled Rambler o'er again.

* Doctor JOHNSON's Negro ſervant.

† The KNIGHT's volume is reported to be in great forwardneſs, and likely to *diſtance* his formidable competitors.

N. B. The Quotations from Mr. Boſwell, are made from the Second Edition of his Journal. — Thoſe from Mrs. Piozzi, from the Firſt Edition of her Anecdotes.

THE END.

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Peter talketh of Courtiers and court matters—of what the World wickedly ſayeth of him—Peter cannot convince the world—mentioneth the deſpondence of the Newſpapers, Magazines and Reviews—alſo the famine in poetry—Peter exculpateth Majeſty—*Peter refuſeth modeſtly—hinteth at Royal miſfortunes,* Diamonds, Nabobs, *and an action of* Trover—*Peter propheſieth mournfully—giveth the Hiſtory of* Nebuchadnezzar's *graſs diet—Peter affordeth good reaſons for refuſing a Penſion—relateth an anecdote of a dead* Archbiſhop—*formeth a ſcheme for univerſal Happineſs, by diſcovering* Sin *and* Shame *to be a pair of* Impoſtors, *and for making mournful* Sunday *merry———Peter outdoeth old Poets in* egotiſm———*condemneth Miſtreſs* Damer, *the great* ſhe-ſtatuary, *for* attempting *our moſt ſublime* Sovereign—*Peter, like many* authors, *exhibiteth prodigious acquaintance with ancient Literature, by mentioning the names of* Jupiter, Phidias, Praxiteles, Virgil, *and* Auguſtus Cæſar—*Peter puffeth again—Peter produceth a Tale about* Majeſty, *Mr.* Robinſon, Alderman Skinner, *and choaked* Sheep—*alſo a Tale of* Majeſty *and Parſon* Young, *whoſe neck was unfortunately unhinged at a hunt.*

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Peter quoteth the Wind *and Mr.* Eden—*exhibiteth more ſymptoms of Penſion-love—concludeth in a foam againſt* knighthood.

PETER's

PENSION.

DREAD SIR, the rams horns that blew down
The walls of JERICHO's old town,
Made a moſt monſtrous uproar, all agree ——
But lo! a louder noiſe around us rages,
About two moſt important perſonages;
No leſs, my Royal LIEGE, than *You* and *Me!*

In ſhort, not greater the PHILISTINES made
When DALILAH, a little artful jade,
(Indeed a very pretty girl)
Snipp'd off her lover, Mr. SAMPSON's, curl,
Who well repaid the clamours of the bears,
By pulling down the houſe about their ears.

Prodigious is the ſhake around!
Still LONDON keeps (thank God) her ground;
Yet, how th' EXCHANGE and COFFEE HOUSES ring!
Nothing is heard but PETER and the KING:
The handſome bar-maids ſtare, as mute as fiſhes;
And ſallow waiters, fright'ned, drop their diſhes!

At firſt 'twas thought the triumph of the Jews
On ſome great vict'ry in the boxing way:
The news, the very anti-chriſtian news,
Of ISRAEL'S HERO* having won the day;
And HUMPHRIES, a true Chriſtian boxer, beat:
Enough to give all CHRISTENDOM a ſweat.

Again, 'twas thought great news of the Grand Turk,
Who on his hands hath got ſome ſerious work;
'Twas fancied he had loſt the day;
That ev'ry Muſſulman was kill'd in battle,
A fate moſt proper for ſuch heathen cattle,
Who do not pray to God our way.

* Mendoza.

But

But lo! unto the lofty ſkies,
  Of ſound this wonderful aſcenſion,
Doth verily, my Liege, from this ariſe;
  That you have giv'n the gentle Bard a penſion!

Great is the ſhout indeed, Sir, all abroad,
  That you have order'd me this handſome thing;
On which, with lifted eyes, I've ſaid, "Good God!
  "Though great my merits, yet how great the King!"

And yet, believe me, Sir, I lately heard,
That all your doors were doubly lock'd and barr'd
  Againſt the POET for his tuneful art;
And that the tall, ſtiff, ſtately red machines,
Your Grenadiers, the guards of Kings and Queens,
  Were order'd all to ſtab me to the heart:

That if to Houſe of BUCKINGHAM I came,
  Commands were giv'n to Miſtreſs BRIGG,
A comely, ſtout, two-handed dame,
  To box my ears and pull my wig,
The Cooks to ſpit me —— curry me, the Grooms,
And *Kitchen Queens* to baſte me with their brooms.

You're

You're told that in my ways I'm very evil!
So ugly! fit to travel for a ſhow,
And that I look all grimly where I go!
Juſt like a devil!
With horns, and tail, and hoofs that make folks ſtart;
And in my breaſt a millſtone for a heart!

This cometh from a certain Painter, SIRE;
Bid ſtory-mouſing NICOLAY inquire:
Your Page, your Mercury, with cunning eyes;
Who jumping at each ſound, ſo eager opes
His pretty wither'd pair of *Chineſe* chops,
Like a Dutch dog that leaps at butterflies.
He, SIRE, will look me o'er, and will not fail
To ſwear that I've no horns, nor hoofs, nor tail.

Lord! Lord! theſe ſayings grieve me and ſurpriſe!
Dread Sir, don't ſee with other people's eyes ——
No dev'l am I with horns, and tail, and hoofs ——
As for the likeneſs of my heart to ſtone ——
No, Sir —— it's full as tender as your own ——
Accept, my Liege, ſome ſimple love-ſick proofs.

To

To an UNFORTUNATE BEAUTY.

SAY lovely Maid with downcaſt eye,
And cheek with ſilent ſorrow pale;
What gives thy heart the lengthned ſigh,
That heaving tells a mournful tale?

Thy tears which thus each other chace,
Beſpeak a breaſt o'erwhelm'd with woe:
Thy ſighs a ſtorm that wrecks thy peace,
Which ſouls like thine ſhould never know.

Oh! tell me, doth ſome favour'd YOUTH
Too often bleſt, thy beauties ſlight?
And leave thoſe thrones of love and truth,
That lip, and boſom of delight?

What though to other nymphs he flies,
And feigns the fond, impaſſion'd tear;
Breathes all the eloquence of ſighs,
That treach'rous won thy artleſs ear?

Let not thoſe Nymphs thy anguiſh move,
For whom his heart may ſeem to pine ——
That heart ſhall ne'er be bleſt by LOVE,
Whoſe guilt can force a pang from *thine*.

For CYNTHIA.

AH! tell me no more, my dear girl, with a ſigh,
That a coldneſs will creep o'er my heart;
That a ſullen indiff'rence will dwell on my eye,
When thy beauty begins to depart.

Shall thy graces, O Cynthia, that gladden my day,
And brighten the gloom of the night,
Till life be extinguiſh'd, from memory ſtray,
Which it ought to review with delight?

Upbraiding, ſhall GRATITUDE ſay with a tear,
" That no longer I think of thoſe charms
" Which gave to my boſom ſuch rapture ſincere,
" And faded at length in my arms?"

Why yes! it may happen, thou Damſel divine: ——
To be honeſt — I freely declare,
That e'en *now* to thy *converſe* ſo much I incline,
I've *already forgot* thou art *fair*.

To

To LAURA.

HOW happy was my morn of love
When firſt thy beauty won my heart!
How guiltleſs of a wiſh to rove!
I deem'd it more than death to part!

Whene'er from *thee* I chanc'd to ſtray,
How fancy dwelt upon thy mien,
That ſpread with flowr's my diſtant way,
And ſhow'r'd delight on every ſcene!

But FORTUNE, envious of my joys,
Hath robb'd a lover of thy charms ——
From me thy ſweeteſt ſmile decoys,
And gives thee to *another's* arms.

Yet, though *my* tears are doom'd to flow,
May tears be never LAURA's lot!
Let LOVE protect *thy* heart from woe;
His wound to *mine* ſhall be forgot.

HYMN to MODESTY.

O! MODESTY, thou ſhy and bluſhful maid,
Don't of a ſimple Shepherd be afraid;
Wert thou *my* lamb——with ſweeteſt graſs I'd treat thee—
I am no WOLF ſo ſavage that ſhould eat thee:
Then haſte with me, O Nymph, to dwell,
And give a Goddeſs to my cell.

Thy fragrant breaſt, like Alpine ſnows ſo white,
Where all the neſtling Loves delight to lie;
Thine eyes, that ſhed the milder light
Of NIGHT's pale Wand'rer o'er her cloudleſs ſkie,
O Nymph, my panting, wiſhing boſom warm,
And beam around me, what a world of charm!
Then haſte with me, O Nymph, to dwell,
And give a Goddeſs to my cell.

Thy flaxen ringlets, that luxuriant ſpread,
And hide thy boſom with an envious ſhade;

Thy

Thy poliſh'd cheek ſo dimpled, where the roſe
In all the bloom of ripening ſummer blows:
Thy luſcious lips that heav'nly dreams inſpire,
By Beauty form'd, and loaded with Deſire;
With ſorrow, and with wonder, *lo!* I ſee
(What melting treaſures!) thrown away on *thee.*
Then haſte with me, O Nymph, to dwell,
And give a Goddeſs to my cell.

Thou knoweſt not that boſom's fair deſign;
And as for thoſe two pouting lips divine,
Thou think'ſt them form'd alone for ſimple chat ——
To bill ſo happy with thy fav'rite dove,
And playful force, with ſweetly fondling love,
Their kiſſes on a lapdog or a cat.
Then haſte with me, meek maid, to dwell,
And give a Goddeſs to my cell.

Such thoughts thy ſweet ſimplicity produces!
But I can point out far ſublimer uſes;

Uſes the very beſt of men eſteem ——
Of which thine innocence did never dream:
Then haſte with me, meek maid, to dwell,
And give a Goddeſs to my cell.

Oh! fly from IMPUDENCE, the brazen rogue,
Whoſe flippant tongue hath got the Iriſh brogue:
Whoſe hands would pluck thee like the faireſt flow'r,
Thy cheeks, eyes, forehead, lips and neck, devour:
Shun, ſhun that Caliban, and with me dwell:
Then come and give a Goddeſs to my cell.

The world, O ſimple maid, is full of art,
Would turn thee pale, and fill with dread thy heart,
Didſt thou perceive but half the ſnares
The DEV'L for charms like thine prepares!
Then haſte, O Nymph, with me to dwell,
And give a Goddeſs to my cell.

From morn to eve my kiſs of ſpeechleſs love,
Thy eyes' mild beam and bluſhes ſhall improve;

And

And lo! from our ſo innocent embrace,
Young MODESTIES ſhall ſpring, a numerous race!
The bluſhing girls in ev'ry thing like *Thee*,
The baſhful boys prodigiouſly like *Me!*
Then haſte with me, O Nymph, to dwell,
And give a Goddeſs to my cell.

IS not this pretty, Sir? can aught be ſweeter?
Inſtead of that vile appellation, Devil,
So blackguard, ſo unfriendly, and uncivil,
Shou'd not I be baptiz'd the *gentle* PETER?

Great is the buz about the Court,
As at th' Exchange, where Jews, Turks, Chriſtians meet,
Or Smithfield Fair, where beaſts of ev'ry ſort,
Pigs, Sheep, Men, Bullocks, all ſo friendly greet.

Buſy

Buſy indeed is many a ſly court leech!
Afraid to truſt each other with a ſpeech ——
In hems, and hahs, and half words, hinting:
Some whiſp'ring, liſt'ning, tip-toe walking, ſquinting;
For lo, ſo warily each courtier ſpeaks,
They ſeem to talk with halters round their necks.

Some praiſe the King for nobleneſs of ſpirit,
For ever ſtudying how to find out merit;
Whilſt from its box their heart doth ſlily peep,
And aſk the tongue, with marv'ling eyes,
How it can dare to tell a heap
Of ſuch unconſcionable, bare-fac'd lies.

"How are the mighty fall'n!" the people cry ——
Meaning ME ——
"Another hog of EPICURUS' ſtye;
"This vile apoſtate bends to *Baal* the knee;
"Lo, for a little meat and guzzle
"This ſneaking cur, too, takes the muzzle.

"In lyric ſcandal ſoon will be a chaſm ——
"He wrote for bribes, 'tis plain, and now he has 'em.

"This

" This mighty war-horſe will be ſoon in hand,
" By means of meat, the price of venal notes,
" Calm as a hackney coach-horſe on his ſtand,
" Toſſing about his noſe-bag and his oats.

" Whatever he hath ſaid, he dares unſay,
" In native impudence ſo rich ——
" Explain the plaineſt things away,
" And call his muſe a forward b——;
" Treat fire of friendly promiſes as ſmoke,
" And laugh at truth and honour as a joke:"
Such, Sir, is your good people's howl,
As thick as ſmall-birds peſtering a poor owl.

In vain I tell the world around,
That I have not a penſion found;
Which ſpeech of ſimple truth the mob enrages;
" Peter, this is an arrant lie ——
" The fact is clear, too clear," they cry ——
" Thou haſt already *touch'd* a quarter's wages.

" Varlet, it always was thy vile intention ——
" Thou haſt, thou haſt, thou liar! got a penſion " ——
Still, to ſupport my innocence, I've ſaid,
Moſt ſinfully, I own — " I han't, by G— : " ——
Yet, had I ſworn my eyes out of my head,
They never had believ'd —— How vaſtly odd!

The morning and the evening papers,
Struck by the ſound, are in the vapours,
And mourn and droop, to think I'm dead——
Stunn'd by the unexpected news,
The MAGAZINES and the REVIEWS
For grief can ſcarcely lift the head.

" Nothing but poor, mechanic ſtuff," they cry,
" Shall now be quoted for the public eye; ——
" Nothing original in ſong ——
" No novelty of images and thought
" Before our fair Tribunal ſhall be brought!
" But trifling tranſpoſitions of our tongue:

" Nought

" Nought but a ſolemn pomp of words,

" Bearing a lifeleſs thought, ſhall readers meet ——

" The picture of a funeral that affords;

" So ſolemn marching through the ſtaring ſtreet;

" Where flags, and horſe, and foot, a ſorrow ape,

" With all the dread diſmality of crape,

" Near the poor corpſe —— perhaps a puny brat,

" Or dry old maid, as meagre as a cat." ——

No, Sir! you never offer'd me a penſion ——

But then I gueſs it is your kind intention ——

Yes, Sir, you mean a ſmall *douceur* to proffer;

But give me leave, Sir, to decline the offer.

I'm much oblig'd t'ye, Sir, for your good will;

But Oratorios have half undone ye:

'Tis whiſper'd, too, that thieves have robb'd the Till

Which kept your milk and butter money.

So much with ſaving wiſdom are you taken,
Drury and Covent Garden ſeem forſaken ——
Since *coſt* attendeth thoſe theatric borders,
Content you go to RICHMOND HOUSE with *orders*.

Form'd to delight all eyes, all hearts engage,
When lately the ſweet PRINCESS * came of age,
Train oil inſtead of wax was bid t' illume
The goodly company and dancing room!
This never had been done, I'm very ſure,
Had not you been, *ſome way or other*, poor.

You now want guineas to buy live ſtock, Sir,
To graze your Windſor hill and vale;
And farmers will not let their cattle ſtir,
Until the money's down upon the nail.

I'm told your ſheep have dy'd by dogs and bitches,
And that your fowls have ſuffer'd by the fitchews;

* Princeſs Royal.

And

And that your man-traps, guards of gooſe and duck,
And cocks and hens, have had but ſo ſo luck.
Scarce fifty rogues, in chaſe of fowls and eggs,
Have in thoſe loving engines loſt their legs.

The bulſe, Sir, on a viſit to the Tow'r,
Howe'er the Royal Viſage may look ſour,
Howe'er an object of a deep devotion,
Muſt croſs once more the eaſtern Ocean!

Indeed I hope the di'monds will be *off*,
Or ſcandal on us rolls in floods ——
Some NABOB may be vile enough
To bring an action for ſtol'n goods ——
An action, to ſpeak lawyer-like, of *Trover*;
And Heav'n forbid it ſhould come over!

For money matters, I am ſure,
The Abbey muſic was put off;
Becauſe the Royal purſe is poor,
Plagu'd with a dry conſumptive cough;

Yet in full health again that purſe may riot,
By God's grace, and a ſkim-milk diet.

Cloſe as a vice behold the nation's fiſt!
Vain will be mouths made up for Civil Liſt;
And, humble pray'rs, ſo very ſtale,
Will all be call'd an old wife's tale.

Your faithful Commons to your cravings
Will not give up the nation's ſavings——
Your fav'rite miniſter, I'm told, runs *reſtiff*,
And growls at ſuch petitions like a maſtiff.

What if *my* good friend HASTINGS goes to pot?
ADAMS and ANSTRUTHER have flung hard ſtones——
He finds his ſituation rather hot——
BURKE, FOX, and SHERIDAN, may break his bones.

As ſurely as *we* ſaw and felt the bulſe,
Haſtings hath got a very awkward pulſe;

Therefore

Therefore in jeopardy the culprit ſtands!
Like patients whoſe diſorders doctors ſlight
Too often, he may bid us all good night;
And ſlip, poor man, between our hands.

Then, Sir! Oh! then, as long as life endures,
Nought but remembrance of the bulſe is ours;
And to a ſtomach that like *ours* digeſts,
Slight is the dinner on *remember'd* feaſts.

I think we caſes underſtand, and ken
Symptoms, as well as moſt *ingenious* men;
But Lord! how oft the wiſeſt are miſtaken!
Therefore I tremble for his badger'd bacon.

We may be out, with all our ſkill ſo clever,
And what we think an ague, prove *jail-fever*.

NEBUCHADNEZZAR, Sir, the KING,
As ſacred Hiſt'ries ſweetly ſing,
Was on all fours turn'd out to graſs,
Juſt like a horſe, or mule, or aſs:

Heav'ns!

Heav'ns! what a fall from kingly glory!
I hope it will not ſo turn out
That we ſhall have (to make a rout)
A ſecond part of that old ſtory!

This penſion was well meant, O glorious King,
And for the Bard a very pretty thing;
But let me, Sir, refuſe it, I implore ——
I ought not to be rich whilſt *you* are poor;
No, Sir, I cannot be your humble hack;
I fear your Majeſty would break my back.

I dare refuſe you for another reaſon ——
We differ in religion, Sir, a deal;
You fancy it a ſin ally'd to treaſon,
And vaſtly dangerous to the commonweal,
For ſubjects, minuets and jiggs to play
On the Lord's day.

Now, Sir, I'm very fond of fidling ——
And in my morals, what the world calls *midling*:

I've

I've aſk'd my conſcience, that came ſtraight from Heav'n,
Whether I ſtood a chance to be forgiv'n,
If on a Sunday, from all ſcruples free,
I ſcrap'd the old Black Joke and *Chère Amie.*

" Ah! fool, (exclaim'd my conſcience) no! no! no!
" God never againſt muſic made a rule;
" On Sundays you may ſafely take your bow ——
" And play as well the fiddle as the fool."

A late ARCHBISHOP,* too, O King,
Who knew moſt ſecrets of the ſkies,
Said, Heav'n on Sundays reliſh'd pipe and ſtring,
Where ſounds on ſounds unceaſing riſe ——
And aſk'd, as *Sunday* had its muſic *there*,
Why *Sunday* ſhou'd not have its muſic *here.*

In conſequence of this divine opinion,
That PRINCE of PARSONS in your great dominion,
Inform'd his faſhionable wife,
That ſhe might have her Sunday routs and cards,
And meet at laſt with Heav'n's rewards,
When Death ſhould take her precious life.

* Cornwallis.

Thus dropping pious qualms, religious doubts,
His lady did enjoy her Sunday routs!
Upon GOOD-FRIDAY, too, that *awful* day,
Lo! like VAUXHALL, was LAMBETH all ſo gay!

Now if his preſent GRACE, with ſharpen'd eyes,
Could ſquint a little deeper in the ſkies,
He might be able to inform his dame
Of two impoſtors, p'rhaps, call'd SIN and SHAME,
Who many a pleaſure from our graſp remove,
Pretending to commiſſions from *above*.

Like this, a ſecret, could his Grace explore,
What a proud day for *Us* and MISTRESS MOORE!
For lo, two greater foes we cannot name
To this world's joys than *Meſſieurs* SIN and SHAME.

Then might we think no more of praiſe and prayer,
But leave at will our Maker in the lurch:
Sleep, racket, lye a bed, or take the air,
And order owls and bats to go to church.

SUNDAY, like other DAYS, would then have life:
Now prim, and ſtarch, and ſilent, as a Quaker ——
And gloomy in her looks, as if the wife
Or widow of an UNDERTAKER.

Happy ſhould I have been, my Liege,
So great a Monarch to oblige:
And, Sir, between you, and the poſt,
And me, you don't know what you've loſt ——

The loſs of me, ſo great a Bard,
Is not, O King! to be repair'd.
My verſe ſuperior to the hardeſt rock,
Nor earthquake fears, nor ſea, nor fire;
Surpaſſing, therefore, Miſtreſs DAMER's block,
That boaſts ſo ſtrong a likeneſs of you, Sire.
That block, ſo pond'rous, muſt with age decay,
And all the lines of wiſdom wear away;
I grant the Lady's loyalty and love,
Yet, "none but PHIDIAS ſhould attempt a JOVE."

The

The MACEDONIAN HERO grac'd the ſtone
Of fam'd PRAXITELES alone;
Forbidding others to attempt his nob,
It was ſo great and difficult a job.

AUGUSTUS ſwore an oath ſo dread,
He'd cut off any poet's head,
But VIRGIL's, that ſhould dare his praiſe rehearſe,
Or mention ev'n his name in verſe.

Then, Sir, if I may be a little free,
My art would ſuit your merits to a T.

Lord! in my adamantine lays
Your virtues would like bonfires blaze ——
So firm your tuneful jeweller would ſet 'em,
They'd break the teeth of TIME to eat 'em.

Wrapp'd in the ſplendor of my golden line,
For ever would your Majeſty be fine!
Appear a gentleman of firſt-repute,
And always glitter in a birth-day ſuit.

Then

Then to all ſtories would I give the lie,
That dar'd attack you and your fame devour;
Making a King a ninepin in our eye,
Who ought like Egypt's pyramids to tow'r;
Such as the following fable, for example;
Of impudence, unprecedented ſample!

The ROYAL SHEEP.

SOME time ago a dozen lambs,
Two rev'rend patriarchal rams,
And one good motherly old Ewe,
Died on a ſudden down at KEW;

Where, with the ſweeteſt innocence, alas!
Thoſe pretty, innoffenſive lambs,
And rev'rend horned patriarchal rams,
And motherly old Ewe, were nibbling graſs:
All, the fair property of our great King,
Whoſe deaths did much the royal boſom wring:

T was ſaid that dogs had tickled them to death:
Play'd with their gentle throats, and ſtopp'd their breath.

Like HOMER's heroes on th' enſanguin'd plain,
Stalk'd Mr. ROBINSON* around the ſlain!
And never was more frighten'd in his life!
So ſhock'd was Mr. Robinſon's whole face,
Not ſtronger horrors could have taken place,
Had CERBERUS devour'd his wife!

With wild, deſpairing looks, and ſighs,
And wet and pity-aſking eyes,
He, trembling, to the royal preſence ventur'd——
White as the whiteſt napkin when he enter'd!
White as the man who ſought King PRIAM's bed,
And told him that his warlike ſon was dead.

"O pleaſe your Majeſty"—he, blubb'ring, cried——
And then ſtopp'd ſhort——
"What? what? what? what?" the ſtaring King replied—
"Speak, Robinſon, ſpeak, ſpeak, what what's the hurt?"

* The Hind.

"O Sire,"

" O Sire," ſaid Robinſon again ——

" Speak"—ſaid the King—" put, put me out of pain—

" Don't, don't in this ſuſpenſe abody keep"——

" O Sire!" cried Robinſon, " the ſheep! the ſheep!

" What of the ſheep,"—replied the King, " pray, pray—

" Dead! Robinſon, dead, dead, or run away?"

" Dead! anſwer'd Robinſon; dead! dead! dead! dead!"

Then, like a drooping lily, hung his head!

" How, how?" the monarch aſk'd, with viſage ſad——

" By dogs," ſaid Robinſon, " and likely mad!"

" No, no, they can't be mad, they can't be mad——

" No, no, things arn't ſo bad, things arn't ſo bad,"

Rejoin'd the King,

" Off with them quick to market—quick, depart;——

" In with them, in, in with them in a cart——

" Sell, ſell them for as much as they will bring."——

Now

Now to Fleet Market, driving like the wind,
Amidſt his murder'd mutton, rode the HIND,
All in the royal cart ſo great,
To try to ſell the royal meat.

The news of this rare batch of lambs,
And ewe and rams,
Deſign'd for many a London dinner,
Reach'd the fair ears of Maſter Sheriff SKINNER,
Who with a hammer and a conſcience clear,
Gets glory and ten thouſand pounds a year;
And who, if things go tolerably fair,
Will be one day proud LONDON's proud LORD MAYOR.

The Alderman was in his pulpit ſhining,
'Midſt Gentlemen with nightcaps, hair and wigs;
In language moſt rhetorical defining
The ſterling merit of a lot of pigs:

When

When ſuddenly the news was brought,
That in Fleet Market were unwholeſome ſheep,
Which made the PREACHER from his pulpit leap,
As nimble as a taylor or as thought.

For juſtice panting, and unaw'd by fears,
This King, this Emperor of Auctioneers
Sat off——a furious face indeed he put on——
Like light'ning did he gallop up Cheapſide!
Like thunder down through Ludgate did he ride
To catch the man who ſold this dreadful mutton.

Now to Fleet Market full of wrath he came,
And with the ſpirit of an ancient Roman,
Exceeded I believe by no man,
The Alderman, ſo virtuous, cried out "SHAME!"

"D—mme," to ROBINSON ſaid Maſter SKINNER,
"Who on ſuch mutton, Sir, can make a dinner?"——
"*You*, if you pleaſe,"
Cried Mr. Robinſon, with perfect eaſe.

" Sir!" — quoth the red-hot ALDERMAN again ——
" *You*," — quoth the HIND, in juſt the ſame cool ſtrain.

" Off, off," cried Skinner, with your carrion heap ——
" Quick, d—mme, take away your naſty ſheep.

" Whilſt I command, not e'en the KING
" Shall ſuch vile ſtuff to market bring,
" And London ſtalls ſuch garbage put on ——
" So take away your ſtinking mutton." ——

" *You*," replied Robinſon, " *you* cry out ' ſhame!'
" *You* blaſt the ſheep, good Maſter Skinner, pray;
" *You* give the harmleſs mutton a bad name!
" *You* impudently order it away!

" *Sweet* Maſter ALDERMAN, don't make this rout:
" Clap on your ſpectacles upon your ſnout;
" And then your keen, ſurveying eyes regale
" With thoſe ſame fine large letters on the cart
" Which brought this blaſted mutton here for ſale." ——
Poor Skinner read, and read it with a ſtart.

Like

Like HAMLET, fright'ned at his father's Ghoſt,
The Alderman ſtood ſtaring like a poſt;
He ſaw G. R. inſcrib'd, in handſome letters,
Which prov'd the ſheep belong'd unto his betters.

The Alderman now turn'd to deep reflection;
And being bleſt with proper recollection,
Exclaim'd—"I've made a great miſtake—Oh! ſad——
"The ſheep are really not ſo bad.

"Dear Mr. Robinſon, I beg your pardon,
"Your Job-like patience I've born hard on;
"Whoever ſays the mutton is not good,
"Knows nothing, Mr. Robinſon, of food;

"I verily believe I could turn glutton,
"On ſuch neat, wholſome, pretty-looking mutton——
"Pray, Mr. Robinſon, the mutton ſell——
"I hope, Sir, that his Majeſty is well."——

So

So ſaying, Mr. Robinſon he quitted,
With cherubimic ſmiles and placid brows,
For ſuch embarraſſing occaſions, fitted ——
Adding juſt five and twenty humble bows.

To work went Robinſon to ſell the ſheep,
But people would not buy, except dog-cheap;
At-length the ſheep were ſold—without the fleece ——
And brought King GEORGE juſt half-a-crown a piece.

Now for the other ſaucy *lying* ſtory,
Made, one would think, to tarniſh Kingly glory.

The

The K*** and Parſon YOUNG.

THE K*** (God bleſs him) met old PARSON YOUNG
Walking on Windſor Terrace one fair morning ——
Delightful was the day—the ſcent was ſtrong ——
A heavenly day for howling and for horning!
For tearing farmers' hedges down, —— hallooings ——
Shouts, curſes, oaths, and ſuch-like pious doings.

"YOUNG," cried the K***, "d'ye hunt, d'ye hunt to-day?
"Yes, yes—what, what? yes, yes, fine day, fine day."

Low with a rev'rent bow the Prieſt replied,
"Great KING! I really have no horſe to ride;
"Nothing, O Monarch, but my founder'd mare,
"And *ſhe*, my LIEGE, as blind as ſhe can ſtare."

"No horſe!" rejoin'd the K***, "no horſe, no horſe!"
"Indeed," the Parſon added, "I have none:
"Nothing but poor old *Dobbin*—who of courſe
Is dangerous—being blinder than a ſtone."

" Blind, blind, YOUNG? never mind —you muſt, muſt go,
" Muſt hunt, muſt hunt, YOUNG—ſtay behind?—no, no."

What pity, that the King, in his diſcourſe
Forgot to ſay, " I'll lend ye, YOUNG, a horſe!"

The K. to YOUNG behaving thus ſo kind,
Whate'er the danger, and howe'er inclin'd,
At home with *politeſſe* YOUNG could not ſtay——
So up his REV'RENCE got upon the mare,
Reſolv'd the Chace with MAJESTY to ſhare,
Whate'er the dangers of the day.

Rouz'd was the deer!—the KING and PARSON YOUNG,
CASTOR and POLLUX like, rode ſide by ſide;
When lo, a ditch was to be ſprung!
Over leap'd G. THE THIRD with kingly pride.

Over jump'd *Tinker*, *Towzer*, *Rockwood*, *Towler*,
Over jump'd *Mendall*, *Bruſhwood*, *Jubal*, *Jowler*,
Trimbuſh and *Lightning*, *Muſic*, *Ranter*, *Wonder*,
And fifty others with their mouths of thunder——

Great

Great names! whoſe pedigrees ſo fair,
With thoſe of HOMER's heroes might compare.

Thus glorioufly attended, leap'd the King,
By all thoſe hounds attended with a ſpring! —
Not CÆSAR's ſelf a fiercer look put on,
When with his hoſt he paſs'd the *Rubicon!*

But wayward Fate the Parſon's Palfrey humbled,
And gave the mare a ſudden check —
Unfortunately poor blind *Dobbin* ſtumbled,
And broke his Reverence's neck.

The MONARCH, gaping, with amaze look'd round
Upon his dead companion on the ground —
" What, what?" he cried, " YOUNG dead! YOUNG dead!
[" YOUNG dead! —
" Humph! — take him up — and put him home to bed." —

Thus having finiſh'd — with a cheerful face
NIMROD the Second join'd the jovial chace.

A MORAL

A MORAL REFLECTION.

FOOLS would have ſtopp'd when Parſon Young was kill'd,
And giv'n up ev'ry thought of hound and deer,
And with a weakneſs, call'd Compaſſion, fill'd,
Had turn'd *Samaritan*, and dropp'd a tear.

But better far the royal Sportſman knew ——
He gueſs'd the conſequence, beyond a doubt ——
Full well he gueſs'd he ſhould not have a view ——
And that he ſhould be ſhamefully thrown out.

P'rhaps from the royal eye a tear *might* hop;
Yet Pages ſwear they never ſaw it drop.

But Majeſty may ſay — "what, what, what's death?
"Nought, nought, nought but a little loſs of breath."

To Parſon YOUNG 'twas *more*, I'm very clear ——
He loſt by death ſome hundred pounds a year.

A great

A great deal, my dear Liege, depends
On having clever bards for friends ——
What had ACHILLES been without his HOMER? ——
A taylor, woollen-draper, or a comber!
Fellows that have been dead a hundred year,
None but the Lord knows how or where ——

In Poetry's rich graſs how virtues thrive! ——
Some when put in, ſo lean, ſcarce ſeem alive;
And yet, ſo ſpeedily a bulk obtain, ——
That ev'n their *owners* know them not again.

Could you, indeed, have gain'd my muſe of *fire*,
Great would your luck have been, indeed, great SIRE! ——
Then had I prais'd your nobleneſs of ſpirit! ——
Then had I boaſted that myſelf,
Hight PETER, was the firſt bleſt, tuneful elf,
You ever gave a farthing to for merit.

Though money be a pretty handy tool;
Of Mammon, lo! I ſcorn to be the fool!
If Fortune calls, ſhe's welcome to my cot,
Whether ſhe leaves a guinea or a groat:
Whether ſhe brings me from the butcher's ſhop
The whole ſheep, or a ſimple chop.

For lo! like ANDREW MARVEL I can dine,
And deem a mutton bone extremely fine ——
Then, Sir, how difficult the taſk, you ſee,
To bribe a moderate GENTLEMAN like *Me.*

I will not ſwear, *point blank*, I ſhall not alter ——
A *Saint*——my nameſake e'en was known to faulter.

Nay more——ſome clever men in oppoſition,
Whoſe ſouls did really ſeem in good condition;
Who made of PITT ſuch horrible complaint,
And damn'd him for the worſt of knaves;
Alter'd their minds——became PITT's abject ſlaves,
And publiſh'd their new Patron for a SAINT.

And who is there that may not change his mind?
Where can you folks of that deſcription find
Who will not ſell their ſouls for caſh,
That moſt angelic, diabolic traſh!
E'en grave Divines ſubmit to glitt'ring gold!
The beſt of conſciences are bought and ſold:
As in a tale I'll ſhow, moſt edifying,
And prove to all the world, that I'm not lying.

The PARSON, the SQUIRE, and the SPANIEL.

A TALE.

A GENTLEMAN poſſeſs'd a fav'rite ſpaniel,
That never treated maid nor man ill:
This dog, of whom we cannot too much ſay,
Got from his godfather the name of *Tray*.

After ten years of ſervice juſt,
Tray, like the race of mortals, ſought the duſt——
That is to ſay, the ſpaniel died:
A coffin then was order'd to be made,
The dog was in the churchyard laid,
And o'er his pale remains the maſter cry'd.

Lamenting much his truſty fur-clad friend,
And willing to commemorate his end,
He rais'd a ſmall blue ſtone, juſt after burial,
And weeping, wrote on it this ſweet memorial:

TRAY's

TRAY's EPITAPH.

HERE reſt the relics of a friend below,
Bleſt with more ſenſe than half the folks I know;
Fond of his eaſe, and to no parties prone,
He damn'd no ſect, but calmly gnaw'd his bone;
Perform'd his functions well in ev'ry way ——
Bluſh, CHRISTIANS, if you can, and copy *Tray*.

THE CURATE of the *Huntingtonian* Band,
Rare breed of goſpel hawks that ſcour the land,
And fierce on ſins their quarry fall,
Thoſe Locuſts, that would eat us all:

Men who with new invented patent eyes,
See Heav'n and all the angels in the ſkies;
As plain as in the box of SHOWMAN SWISS,
For little Maſter made, and curious Miſs;
We ſee with huge delight the King of France
With all his Lords and Ladies dance:

This Curate heard th' affair with deep emotion,
And thus exclaim'd, with infinite devotion:
" O Lord! O Lord! O Lord! O Lord!
" Fine doings theſe, upon my word!

" This

" This, truly, is a very pretty thing!

" What will become of this moſt ſhocking world?

" How richly ſuch a rogue deſerves to ſwing,

" And then to Satan's hotteſt flames be hurl'd!

" Oh! by this damned deed how I am hurried!

" A dog in chriſtian ground be buried!

" And have an epitaph forſooth ſo civil:

" Egad! Old Maids will preſently be found

" Clapping their dead *ram cats* in holy ground,

" And writing verſes on each mouſing devil."

Againſt ſuch future caſualty providing,

The Prieſt ſat off, like Homer's Neptune, ſtriding,

Vowing to put the culprit in the Court:

He found him at the ſpaniel's humble grave;

Not praying, neither ſinging of a ſtave;

And thus began t' *abuſe* him—not *exhort*—

" Son

" Son of the Dev'l, what haſt thou done?
" Nought for the action can attone ——
" I ſhou'd not wonder if the great Allwiſe
" Quick darted down his lightening all ſo red,
" And daſh'd to earth that wretched head,
" Which dar'd ſo foul, ſo baſe an act deviſe.

" Bury a dog like chriſtian folk! ——
" None but the fiend of darkneſs cou'd provoke
" A man to perpetrate a deed ſo odd:
" Our Inquiſition ſoon the tale ſhall hear.
" And quickly your fine fleece ſhall ſheer;
" Why, ſuch a villain can't believe in God."

" Softly! my rev'rend Sir," the ſquire replied ——
" Tray was as good a dog as ever died ——
" No education could his morals mend ——
" And, what, perhaps, Sir, you may doubt,
" Before his lamp of life went out,
" He order'd you a legacy, my friend."

" Did

" Did he ? —— poor dog ! " the ſoften'd prieſt rejoin'd,
In accents pitiful and kind ; ——

" What ! was it *Tray* ? I'm ſorry for poor Tray : ——
" Why truly, dogs of ſuch rare merit,
" Such real nobleneſs of ſpirit,
" Should not like common dogs be put away. ——

" Well ! pray what was it that he gave,
" Poor fellow ! ere he fought the grave ?
" I gueſs I may put confidence, Sir, in ye." ——
" A piece of gold," the gentleman reply'd ——
" I'm much oblig'd to *Tray*," the Parſon cry'd ;
So left God's *cauſe*, and pocketed the guinea.

Yet, ſhould I imitate the fickle wind,
Or Mr. *patriot* EDEN—change my mind;
And for the BARD your Majeſty ſhould ſend,
And ſay, " Well well, well well, my tuneful friend,
" I long, I long, to give you ſomething, PETER——
" You make fine verſes——nothing can be ſweeter——
" What will you have? what, what? ſpeak out—ſpeak out—
" Yes, yes you ſomething want, no doubt, no doubt."—

Or ſhould you like ſome men who gravely preach,
Forſake your uſual ſhort-hand mode of ſpeech,
And thus begin—in bible-phraſe ſublime;
" What ſhall be done for our rare *Son of Rhime?*
" The BARD who full of wiſdom writeth?
" The man in whom the KING *delighteth?*"

Then would the Poet thankfully reply
With fault'ring voice, low bow, and marv'ling eye,

All

All meekneſs! ſuch a ſimple, dovelike thing!

" Bleſt be the Bard who verſes can endite,

" To yield a *ſecond Solomon* delight!

" Thrice bleſt, who findeth favour with the King!

" Since 'tis the Royal Will to give the Bard

" In whom the King delighteth, ſome reward,

" Some mark of Royal Bounty to requite him;

" O King! do any thing but KNIGHT HIM."

THE END.

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ALIAS

THE PROGRESS OF CURIOSITY;

ALIAS

A BIRTH-DAY ODE;

ALIAS

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By PETER PINDAR, Esquire.

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To Whitbread's *Brewhouse* mov'd the Cavalcade!

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His Majeſty's love for the arts and ſciences even in quadrupeds — His reſolution to know the hiſtory of brewing beer—Billy Ramus ſent ambaſſador to Chiſwell Street—Interview between Meſſieurs Ramus and Whitbread— Mr. Whitbread's bow and compliments to Majeſty—Mr. Ramus' return from his embaſſy—Mr. Whitbread's terrors deſcribed to Majeſty by Mr. Ramus— The King's pleaſure thereat—Deſcription of people of worſhip—Account of the Whitbread preparation — The royal cavalcade to Chiſwell Street —The arrival at the brewhouſe—Great joy of Mr. Whitbread—His Majeſty's nod, the Queen's dip, and a number of queſtions—A Weſt-India ſimile*—The marvellings of the draymen deſcribed—His Majeſty peepeth into a pump—Beautifully compared to a magpie peeping into a marrow bone—The* minute *curioſity of the King—Mr. Whitbread endeavoureth to ſurprize Majeſty—His Majeſty puzzleth Mr. Whitbread—Mr. Whitbread's horſe expreſſeth wonder—Alſo Mr. Whitbread's dog—His Majeſty meketh laudable inquiry about porter— Again puzzleth Mr. Whitbread—The King noteth* notable *things—Profound Queſtions propoſed by Majeſty—*As *profoundly anſwerd by Mr. Whitbread—*

Majeſty

Majeſty in a miſtake—Corrected by the brewer—A noſe ſimile—*Majeſty's admiration of the bell—Good manners of the bell—Fine appearance of Mr. Whitbread's pigs—Majeſty propoſeth queſtions, but benevolently waiteth not for anſwers—Peter telleth the duty of Kings—Diſcovereth one of his ſhrewd maxims—Sublime* ſimile *of a waterſpout and a King—The great uſe of aſking queſtions—The habitation of Truth—The collation—The wonders performed by the royal viſitors—Majeſty propoſeth to take leave—Offereth knighthood to Mr. Whitbread—Mr. Whitbread's objections—The King runneth a rig on his hoſt — Mr. Whitbread thanketh Majeſty — Miſs Whitbread curtſieth — The Queen dippeth—The cavalcade departeth.*

Peter trumpeth — Admoniſheth the Laureat — Peter croweth *over the Laureat—Diſcovereth deep knowledge of Kings, and ſurgeons, and men who have loſt their legs—Peter reaſoneth—Vaunteth—Even inſulteth the Laureat —Peter proclaimeth his peaceable diſpoſition—Praiſeth Majeſty, and concludeth with a prayer for* curious *Kings.*

INSTRUCTIONS

INSTRUCTIONS,

&c. &c.

TOM, ſoon as e'er thou ſtrik'ſt thy *golden* lyre,
Thy brother Peter's muſe is all on fire,
To ſing of Kings and Queens, and ſuch rare folk;
Yet midſt thy heap of compliments ſo fine,
Say, may we venture to believe a line?
You Oxford wits moſt dearly love a joke.

Son of the NINE, thou writeſt well on *nought*—
Thy thund'ring ſtanza, and its pompous thought,
I think muſt put a *dog* into a laugh:
EDWARD and HARRY were much braver men
Than this new chriſt'ned hero of thy pen;
Yes, laurell'd ODEMAN, braver far, by half.

Though on Blackheath, and Wimbledon's wide plain,
GEORGE keeps his hat off in a ſhow'r of rain;
Sees ſwords and bayonets without a dread,
Nor at a volley winks, nor ducks his head.

Although at grand reviews he ſeems ſo bleſt,
And leaves at ſix o'clock his downy neſt,
Dead to the charms of blanket, wife, or bolſters;
  Unlike his officers, who fond of cramming,
  And at reviews, afraid of thirſt and famine,
With bread and cheeſe and brandy fill their holſters.

Sure, Tom, we ſhould do juſtice to Queen Beſs;
His preſent Majeſty, whom Heaven long bleſs
With wiſdom, wit, and arts of choiceſt quality,
  Will never get, I fear, ſo fine a niche
  As that old Queen, though often call'd old b--ch,
In Fame's coloſſal houſe of immortality.

As for John Dryden's Charles—that King,
Indeed, was never any mighty thing——

He

He merited few honours from the pen——
And yet he was a dev'liſh hearty fellow,
Enjoy'd his girl and bottle—and got mellow ——
And *mind*—kept company with *GENTLEMEN*.

For, like ſome kings, in hobby grooms,
Knights of the manger, currycombs, and brooms,
Loſt to all glory, Charles did not delight——
Nor jok'd by day with pages, ſervant maids,
Large, red-poll'd, blowzy, hard two-handed *jades:*
Indeed I know not what Charles did by *night*.

Reader, I am of Candour a great lover,
In ſhort, I'm Candour's ſelf all over,
Sweet as a candied cake from top to toe,
Make it a rule that Virtue ſhall be prais'd,
And humble Merit from her bum be rais'd:
What thinkeſt thou of Peter now?

Thou crieſt "Oh! how falſe! behold thy King,
"Of whom thou ſcarcely ſay'ſt a *handſome* thing;

"*That*

" *That* King hath virtues that ſhould make you *ſtare*."
Is it ſo?—then the ſin's in *me*—
'Tis my vile optics that can't ſee—
Then pray for them when next thou ſay'ſt a pray'r.

But p'rhaps aloft on his imperial throne,
So diſtant, Oh! ye gods, from ev'ry one;
The royal virtues are, like many a ſtar*,
From this our pigmy ſyſtem rather far;
Whoſe light, tho' flying ever ſince creation,
Hath not yet pitch'd upon our nation.

Then may the royal ray be ſoon explor'd——
And, Thomas, if thou'lt ſwear thou art not humming,
I'll take my ſpying-glaſs, and bring thee word
The inſtant I behold it coming.

But, Thomas Warton, without joking,
Art thou, or art thou *not*, thy Sov'reign ſmoking?

* Such was the ſublime opinion of the Dutch aſtronomer Huygens.

How

How can'ſt thou ſeriouſly declare
That George the Third
With Creſſy's Edward can compare,
Or Harry?——'tis too bad, upon my word.
George is a clever King, I needs muſt own,
And cuts a jolly figure on the throne.

Now thou exclaimſt "G-d rot it, Peter, pray,
"What to the devil ſhall I ſing or ſay?"

I'll tell thee *what* to ſing. O! tuneful Tom——
Sing how a Monarch, which Milton was dying,
His gracious eyes and ears was edifying,
By Abbey company, and kettle drum:

Leaving that ſon to death and the phyſician,
Between two fires—a forlorn-hope condition;
Two poachers, who make man their game,
And, ſpecial markſmen! ſeldom miſs their aim.

Say, though the Monarch did not ſee his ſon,
He kept aloof through fatherly effection ——
Determin'd nothing ſhould be done
To bring on uſeleſs tears and diſmal recollection.
For what can tears avail, and piteous ſighs?
Death heeds not howls nor dripping eyes:
And what are ſighs and tears but wind and water,
That ſhow the leakyneſs of feeble nature!

Reader, thou'lt with my *ſimile* not quarrel: ——
Like air and any ſort of drink,
Whizzing and oozing through each chink,
That prove the weakneſs of the barrel.

Say —— for the PRINCE, when wet was ev'ry eye,
And thouſands pour'd to Heav'n the pitying ſigh
Devout;
Say how a KING, unable to diſſemble,
Order'd the SIDDONS to his houſe, and KEMBLE,
To *ſpout*:
Gave them ice creams and wines, ſo dear! ——

Who

Who ne'er could get till *then*, a thimblefull of *beer* ——
For *which* they've thank'd the author of this metre,
Videlicit, the moral-mender PETER,
Who in his ODE on ODE did dare exclaim,
And call ſuch royal avarice a ſhame.

Say —— but I'll teach thee *how* to *ſay* an ode, ——
Thus ſhall thy labours viſit FAME's abode
In company with my immortal lay ——
And look, Tom —— thus I fire away ——

BIRTH-

BIRTH-DAY ODE.

THIS day, this very day, gave birth
Not to the *brighteſt* Monarch upon earth,
Becauſe there are ſome brighter, and as big——
Who love the arts that man exalt to Heav'n——
George loves them likewiſe when they're given
To four-legg'd gentry, chriſt'ned dog and pig *,
Whoſe acts in this our unenlight'ned nation
Have much improv'd the Britiſh education.

Full of the art of brewing beer,
The Monarch heard of Mr. WHITBREAD's fame.
Quoth he one day unto the Queen, "My dear,
"Whitbread hath got a marvellous great name;
"Shame, ſhame, we have not yet his brewhouſe ſeen!"
Thus ſaid the KING unto the QUEEN.

Red hot with novelty's delightful rage,
To Mr. WHITBREAD forth he ſent a page,

* The dancing dogs and wife pig have formed a conſiderable part of the royal amuſement.

To

To ſay, That MAJESTY propos'd to view,
With thirſt of knowledge deep inflam'd,
His vats, and tubs, and hops, and hogſheads fam'd,
And learn the noble ſecret how to *brew*.

Of ſuch unthought-of honour proud,
Moſt lowly Mr. WHITBREAD bow'd;
So *humbly*, (ſo the humble ſtory goes,)
He touch'd ev'n *terra firma* with his noſe;
Then ſaid unto the page, *hight* Billy Ramus,
Happy are we that our great KING ſhould name us
As worthy unto Majeſty to ſhew
How very dext'rouſly we brew.

Away ſprung Billy Ramus quick as thought:
To Majeſty the welcome tidings brought;
Then told how WHITBREAD ſtar'd like any ſtake,
And trembled---then the civil things he ſaid—
On which the King did ſmile and nod his head;
For Monarchs love to ſee their ſubjects quake:

Such horrors unto Kings moſt pleaſant are,
Proclaiming rev'rence and humility—
High thoughts, too, all thoſe ſhaking fits declare
Of kingly grandeur and great capability!

People of worſhip, wealth, and birth,
Look on the humbler ſons of earth,
Indeed, in a moſt humble light, God knows!
High ſtations are like Dover's tow'ring cliffs,
Where ſhips below appear like little ſkiffs,
The people walking on the ſtrand, like *crows*.

Muſe, ſing the ſtir that Mr. Whitbread made;
Poor gentleman, moſt terribly afraid
He ſhould not charm enough his gueſts *divine*:
His *maids* had all new aprons, gowns, and ſmocks;
And lo! two hundred pounds were ſpent in frocks
To make th' apprentices and draymen *fine*.

Buſy as horſes in a field of clover,
Dogs, cats, and chairs, and ſtools, were tumbled over,

Amidſt

Amidſt the Whitbread-rout of preparation
To treat the lofty RULER of the nation.

Now mov'd KING, QUEEN, and PRINCESSES ſo grand,
To viſit the firſt brewer in the land---
Who ſometimes drank his beer and munch'd his meat
In a ſnug corner chriſten'd Chiſwell Street.

Lord AYLESBURY, and DENBIGH's Lord *alſo*,
His Grace the Duke of MONTAGUE *likewiſe*,
With Lady HARCOURT, join'd the *rareeſhow*,
And fix'd all Smithfield's marv'ling eyes---
For lo! a greater ſhow ne'er grac'd thoſe *quarters*,
Since MARY roaſted, juſt like crabs, the martyrs.

Arriv'd, the King broad grinn'd, and gave a nod
To Mr. Whitbread, who had GOD
Come with his angels to behold his beer,
With more reſpect he never could have met---
Indeed the man was in a ſweat,
So much the BREWER did the KING revere.

Her MAJESTY contriv'd to make a *dip*---
Light as a feather then the KING did ſkip,
And aſk'd a thouſand queſtions, with a laugh,
Before poor WHITBREAD well could anſwer half.

Reader! my Ode ſhould have a *ſimile*---
Well! in Jamaica, on a tam'rind tree,
Five hundred parrots, gabbling juſt like Jews,
I ſaw---ſuch noiſe the feather'd imps did make
As made my *pericranium* ake---
Aſking and telling parrot news.

Thus was the brewhouſe fill'd with gabbling noiſe,
Whilſt draymen and the brewer's boys
Did eat the queſtions which the King did aſk:
In diff'rent parties were they ſtaring ſeen,
Wond'ring to think they ſaw a King and Queen;
Behind a tub were ſome, and ſome behind a caſk.

Some draymen forc'd themſelves (a pretty luncheon)
Into the mouths of many a gaping puncheon,
And through the bung-hole wink'd with curious eye,
To view, and be aſſur'd what ſort of things
Were Princeſſes, and Queens, and Kings;
For whoſe moſt lofty ſtation thouſands ſigh!
And lo! of all the gaping puncheon clan,
Few were the mouths that had not got a man!

Now Majeſty into a pump ſo deep
Did with an opera glaſs of DOLLAND peep,
Examining with care each wond'rous matter
That brought up water—

Thus have I ſeen a magpie in the ſtreet,
A chatt'ring bird we often meet,
A bird for curioſity well known,
With head awry,
And cunning eye,
Peep knowingly into a marrow-bone,

And now his curious M-----y did ſtoop
To count the nails on ev'ry hoop:
And lo! no ſingle thing came in his way
That, full of deep reſearch, he did not ſay,
" What's this? hæ hæ? what's that? what's this? what's that?"
So quick the words too, when he deign'd to ſpeak,
As if each ſyllable would break its neck.

Thus to the world of *great* whilſt others crawl,
Our SOVEREIGN peeps into the world of *ſmall:*
Thus microſcopic geniuſes explore
Things that too oft provoke the public ſcorn,
Yet ſwell of uſeful knowledges the ſtore,
By finding ſyſtems in a pepper-corn.

Now Mr. Whitbread, ſerious, did declare,
To make the Majeſty of England ſtare,
That he had butts enow, he knew,
Plac'd ſide by ſide, would reach along to Kew:

On which the KING, with wonder, ſwiftly cry'd,
" What? if they reach to Kew then, ſide by ſide,
" What would they do plac'd end to end?"
To whom, with knitted calculating brow,
The Man of Beer moſt ſolemnly did vow,
Almoſt to Windſor that they would extend?
On which the KING with *wond'ring* mien,
Repeated it unto the *wond'ring* QUEEN:

On which, quick turning round his halter'd head,
The brewer's horſe, with face aſtoniſh'd, neigh'd;
The brewer's dog, too, pour'd a note of thunder,
Rattled his chain, and wagg'd his tail for wonder.

Now did the KING for other beers enquire,
For Calvert's, Jordan's, Thrale's entire—
And after talking of theſe diff'rent beers,
Aſk'd Whitbread if *his* porter equall'd *theirs?*

This was a puzzling, diſagreeing queſtion,
Grating like arſenic on his hoſt's digeſtion;

A kind

A kind of queſtion to the Man of Caſk
That not ev'n SOLOMON himſelf would aſk.

Now MAJESTY, alive to knowledge, took
A very pretty memorandum book,
With gilded leaves of aſſes ſkin ſo white,
And in it *legibly* began to write ——

Memorandum.

A charming place beneath the grates
For roaſting cheſnuts or potates.

Mem.

'Tis hops that give a bitterneſs to beer ——
Hops grow in Kent, ſays Whitbread, and elſewhere.

Quære.

Is there no cheaper ſtuff? —— where doth it dwell ——
Would not horſe aloes bitter it as well?

Mem.

Mem.

'To try it ſoon on our ſmall beer——
'Twill ſave us ſev'ral pounds a year.

Mem.——To remember to forget to aſk
Old Whitbread to my houſe one day——

Mem.

Not to forget to take of beer the caſk,
The brewer offer'd me, away.

Now having pencill'd his remarks ſo *ſhrew'd*——
Sharp as the point of a new pin,
His MAJESTY his watch moſt ſagely view'd,
And then put up his aſſes ſkin.
To Whitbread now deign'd MAJESTY to ſay,
"Whitbread, are all your horſes fond of *hay?*

"Yes, pleaſe your MAJESTY," in humble notes,
The brewer anſwer'd—"alſo, Sir, of *oats.*
"Another thing my horſes, too, maintains——
"And that, an't pleaſe your MAJESTY, are *grains.*"

"Grains?

" Grains? grains?" ſaid MAJESTY, " to fill their crops?
" Grains? grains?—that come from hops—yes, hops, hops, hops."
Here was the KING, like hounds ſometimes, *at fault* ——
" SIRE," cry'd the humble brewer, " give me leave
" Your ſacred MAJESTY to undeceive,
" Grains, SIRE, are never made from *hops*, but *malt*.

" True," ſaid the cautious MONARCH, with a ſmile:
" From malt, malt, malt—I meant malt all the while."
" Yes," with the ſweeteſt bow, rejoin'd the brew'r,
" An't pleaſe your MAJESTY, you did, I'm ſure."
" Yes," anſwer'd MAJESTY, with quick reply,
" I did, I did, I did, I, I, I, I."

Reader, whene'er thou doſt eſpy a noſe
That bright with many a ruby glows;
That noſe thou may'ſt pronounce, nay ſafely ſwear,
Was nurs'd on ſomething better than *ſmall beer*.

Thus when thou findeſt KINGS in brewing, wiſe ——
In Nat'ral Hiſt'ry holding lofty ſtation;
Thou may'ſt conclude with marv'ling eyes,
Such KINGS have had a *goodly* education——

Now

Now did the KING admire the bell ſo fine,
That daily aſks the draymen all to dine:
On which the bell rung out (how very proper!)
To ſhow it was a bell, and had a clapper.

And now before their SOVEREIGN's curious eye,
Parents and children, fine, fat, hopeful ſprigs,
All ſnuffling, ſquinting, grunting in their ſty,
Appear'd the brewer's tribe of handſome pigs;
On which th' obſervent Man who fills a Throne,
Declar'd the pigs were vaſtly like *his own*.

Now did his MAJESTY ſo gracious ſay
To Mr. Whitbread, in his flying way,
"Whitbread, d'ye *nick* th' Exciſeman now and then?——
"Hæ, Whitbread, when d'ye think to leave off trade?——
"Hæ? what? Miſs Whitbread's ſtill a maid, a maid?
"What what's the matter with the men?

"D'ye hunt?—hæ hunt?—No, no; you are too *old*——
"You'll be Lord May'r—Lord May'r one day——
"Yes, yes, I've heard ſo—yes, yes, ſo I'm told:
"Don't don't the fine for Sheriff pay——

"I'll

" I'll prick you ev'ry year, man, I declare:——
" Yes, Whitbread——yes, yes——you ſhall be Lord May'r.

" Whitbread, d'ye *keep* a coach, or *job* one, pray?
" Job, job, that's cheapeſt—yes, that's beſt, that's beſt—
" You put your liv'ries on your draymen——hæ?
" Hæ, Whitbread?——You have feather'd well your neſt.
" What is the price now, hæ, of all your ſtock?——
" But, Whitbread, what's o'clock, pray what's o'clock?"

Now Whitbread inward ſaid, " May I be curs'd
" If I know what to anſwer *firſt*."
Then ſearch'd his brains with ruminating eye——
But ere the Man of Malt an anſwer found,
Quick on his heel, lo, MAJESTY turn'd round,
Skipp'd off, and baulk'd the pleaſure of reply.

Kings in inquiſitiveneſs ſhould be ſtrong——
From curioſity doth wiſdom flow:
For 'tis a maxim I've adopted long,
The more a man *inquires*, the more he'll *know*.

Reader,

Reader, didſt ever ſee a waterſpout?
'Tis poſſible that thou wilt anſwer, "No."
Well, then! he makes a moſt infernal rout;
Sucks like an elephant the waves below
With huge proboſcis reaching from the ſky,
As if he meant to drink the ocean *dry*;
At length *ſo full*, he can't hold one drop more ——
He burſts —— down ruſh the waters with a roar.

Thus have I ſeen a MONARCH at reviews
Suck from the tribe of officers the news,
Then bear in triumph off each *wond'rous* matter,
And ſouſe it on the QUEEN with *ſuch a clatter!*

I always would adviſe folks to aſk queſtions ——
For truly, queſtions are the keys of knowledge;
Soldiers —— that forage for the MIND's digeſtions ——
Cut figures at th' OLD BAILEY, and at COLLEGE;
Make Chancellors, Chief Juſtices, and Judges,
Even of the *loweſt* green-bag drudges.

The Sages ſay DAME TRUTH delights to dwell,
Strange manſion! in the bottom of a well ——
Queſtions are, then, the windlaſs and the rope
That pull the grave OLD GENTLEWOMAN up.
Damn* jokes, then, and unmannerly ſuggeſtions,
Reflecting upon Kings for aſking Queſtions.

Now having well employ'd his royal lungs
On nails, hoops, ſtaves, pumps, barrels and their bungs,
The KING and *Co.* ſat down to a collation,
Of fleſh, and fiſh, and fowl, of every nation.

Dire was the clang of plates, of knife and fork,
That merc'leſs fell like tomahawks to work,
And fearleſs ſcalp'd the fowl, the fiſh, and cattle,
Whilſt Whitbread in the rear beheld the battle.

The conqu'ring MONARCH, ſtopping to take breath,
Amidſt the regiments of death,

* This alludes to the late Dr. JOHNSON's laugh on a Great Perſonage, for a laudable curioſity in the Queen's Library, ſome years ſince.

Now

Now turn'd to Whitbread, with complacence, round,
And merry thus addreſs'd the Man of Beer: ——
" Whitbread, is't true? is't true? I hear, I hear
" You're of an ancient family —— renown'd ——
" What? what? I'm told that you're a limb
" Of PYM, the famous fellow PYM:
" What, Whitbread, is it true what people ſay;
" Son of a Round-head are you? hæ? hæ? hæ?

" I'm told that you ſend Bibles to your votes ——
" A ſnuffling, round-headed ſociety ——
" Pray'r books inſtead of caſh to buy them coats ——
" Bunyans, and Practices of Piety:
" Your Bedford votes would wiſh to change their *fare*,
" Rather ſee caſh — yes, yes — than books of pray'r.
" Thirtieth of January don't you *feed?*
" Yes, yes, you eat calf's head, you eat calf's head."

Now, having wonders done on fleſh, fowl, fiſh,
Whole hoſts o'erturn'd — and ſeiz'd on all ſupplies,
The Royal VISITORS expreſs'd a wiſh
To turn to Houſe of Buckingham their eyes.

But

But firſt the MONARCH ſo polite,
Aſk'd Mr. Whitbread if he'd be a *Knight*—
Unwilling in the liſt to be enroll'd,
Whitbread contemplated the Knights of PEG,
Then to his generous SOV'REIGN made a leg,
And ſaid, "He was afraid he was *too old*.
"He thank'd, however, his moſt gracious KING,
"For offering to make him *ſuch a THING*."

But ah! a diff'rent reaſon 'twas, I fear!
It was not age that bade the Man of Beer
The proffer'd honour of the MONARCH ſhun:
The tale of MARG'RET's knife, and royal fright,
Had almoſt made him damn the NAME of Knight:
A tale that farrow'd ſuch a world of fun.

He mock'd the pray'r *, too, by the KING appointed,
Ev'n by *himſelf*, the LORD'S ANOINTED—

* For the miraculous eſcape from a poor innocent infane woman, who only held out a ſmall knife in a piece of white paper, for her Sovereign to view.

A foe

A foe to *faſt*, too, is he, let me tell ye;
And, though a Preſbyterian, cannot think
Heav'n (quarrelling with meat and drink)
Joys in the grumble of a hungry belly!

Now from the table with Cæſarean air
Up roſe the MONARCH with his laurell'd brow,
When Mr. Whitbread, waiting on his chair,
Expreſs'd much thanks, much joy, and made a bow.

Miſs Whitbread now ſo thick her curtſies drops,
Thick as her honour'd father's Kentiſh hops,
Which hop-like curtſies were return'd by dips
That never hurt the royal knees and hips;
For hips and knees of QUEENS are ſacred things
That only bend on gala days
Before the beſt of Kings,
When odes of triumph ſound his praiſe.

Now through a thund'ring peal of kind huzzas,
Proceeding ſome from *hir'd* and *unhir'd* jaws,
The rareeſhow thought proper to retire;
Whilſt Mr. Whitbread and his daughter fair
Survey'd all Chiſwell Street with lofty air,
For lo! they felt themſelves ſome ſix feet higher!

SUCH

SUCH, Thomas, is the way to write!
Thus ſhould'ſt thou Birth-day Song indite:
Then ſtick to EARTH, and leave the lofty SKIE,
No more of *ti tum tum*, and *ti tum ti*.

Thus ſhould an *honeſt* LAUREAT write of *Kings* ——
Not praiſe them for *imaginary things*.
I own I cannot make my ſtubborn rhime
Call *ev'ry* KING a character *ſublime*;
For *Conſcience* will not ſuffer me to wander
So *very* widely from the paths of Candour.

I know full well *ſome* KINGS* are to be ſeen,
To whom my verſe ſo bold would give the ſpleen,
Should that bold verſe declare they wanted *brains* ——
I won't ſay that they *never* brain poſſeſs'd ——
They *may* have been with ſuch a preſent bleſs'd,
And therefore fancy that ſome *ſtill* remains:

* Foreign Kings.

For

For ev'ry well-experienc'd ſurgeon knows
That men who with their *legs* have parted,
Swear that they've felt a pain in all their *toes*,
And often at the twinges *ſtarted*;
Then *ſtare* upon their oaken ſtumps, in vain!
Fancying the toes were all come back again.

If men, then, who their *abſent toes* have mourn'd,
Can fancy thoſe ſame toes at times return'd;
So Kings, in matters of *intelligences*,
May fancy they have ſtumbled on their *ſenſes*.

Yes, Tom — mine is the way of writing Ode —
Why liſteſt thou thy pious eyes to God?
Strange diſappointment in thy looks I read;
And now I hear thee in proud triumph cry,
" Is this an action, Peter, this a deed,
" To raiſe a Monarch to the ſky?
" Tubs, porter, pumps, vats, all the Whitbread throng,
" Rare things to figure in the Muſe's ſong!"

Thomas,

Thomas, I here proteſt I want no quarrels
On Kings and Brewers, porter, pumps, and barrels—
Far from the dove-like PETER be ſuch ſtrife!
But this I tell thee, Thomas, for a fact,
Thy CÆSAR never did an act
More wiſe, more glorious, in his life.

Now GOD preſerve all wonder-hunting KINGS,
Whether at Windſor, Buckingham, or Kew-houſe,
And may they never do more fooliſh things
Than viſiting SAM WHITBREAD and his brewhouſe.

FINIS.

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*** *The THIRD Canto of the* LOUSIAD *is preparing for the Press.*

THE

LOUSIAD.

CANTO I.

[Price HALF A CROWN.]

ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL.

To the READER.

GENTLE READER,

IT is neceſſary to inform thee, that His Majeſty actually diſcovered ſome time ago, as he ſat at table, a LOUSE on his plate. The emotion occaſioned by the unexpected appearance of ſuch a gueſt can be better imagined than deſcribed.

An edict was, in conſequence, paſſed for ſhaving the Cooks, Scullions, &c. and the unfortunate Louſe condemned to die.

Such is the foundation of the LOUSIAD.—With what degree of merit the Poem is executed, the *un*critical as well as critical Reader will decide.

The ingenious AUTHOR, who ought to be allowed to know ſomewhat of the matter, hath been heard privately to declare, that in his opinion the Batrachomyomachia of Homer, the Secchia Rapita of Taſſoni, the Lutrin of Boileau, the Diſpenſary of Garth, and the Rape of the Lock of Pope, are not to be compared to it,—and to exclaim at the ſame time with all the modeſt aſſurance of an author—

> Cedite ſcriptores Romani, cedite Graii—
> Nil ortum in terris, *Louſiadâ*, melius.

Which, for the ſake of the mere Engliſh Reader, is thus beautifully tranſlated:—

> Roman and Grecian Authors, great and ſmall,
> The Author of the LOUSIAD beats you all.

THE ARGUMENT.

THE Proemium — Deſcription of the LOUSE*'s Fall — Hiſtory of his Wife and Family — A wonderfully ſublime Simile of a Cow — Diſcovery of the* LOUSE *by His Majeſty — The King's Horror and Aſtoniſhment on ſeeing him — equal to that he felt at Mr.* FOX*'s Attempt on Prerogative — at Mr.* BURKE*'s dreadful Defalcation of the Royal Table — equal to that he felt in a Tumble from his Horſe — equal to the Horrors of diſappointed Veniſon Eaters — of a Serjeant at Law — of a Country Girl — of a* PETIT MAITRE *ſaluted by a Chimneyſweeper — of the Devil when pinched by St.* DUNSTAN*'s red-hot Tongs — of Lady* WORSLEY *— of* SAM HOUSE *the Patriot — of* BILLY RAMUS *— of* KYNASTON*, the Squire of* LEATHERHEAD *— of the perjured* CHRISTOPHER ATKINSON *— of the Prince of* ASTURIAS *— of the King of* SPAIN *— of Dr.* JOHNSON*, and Dr.* WILSON *— Deſcription of His Majeſty's Heart — moſt naturally and wittily compared to a Dumpling — His Majeſty's Speech to the Queen — Her Majeſty's moſt gracious and ſhort Anſwer — The ſhort Speech of the beautiful Princeſſes — His Majeſty's rough Rejoinder — The Fear that came on the Queen and her Children — beautiful Apoſtrophe to the Princeſſes — The King's Speech to the Pages — The King unable to eat — The Queen able — The King's Orders about the* LOUSE *— Deſcription of* DIXON *the Cook Major — his Speech — A Speech of the Cooks — Fine Simile of Bubble and Squeak; thought more Sublime than that of* HOMER*'s Black Pudding — Speech of a Scullion — of a Scullion's Mate — of a Turnbroche — Noble Compariſon of a* TARTAR *Monarch after he hath dined — A long and wiſe Speech of a Yeoman of the Kitchen — The Cooks' Approbation of the Yeoman's Speech — Grand Simile of a Barn and its Lodgers ſet on Fire by Lightning — The Concluding Speech of the Cook Major.*

THE

LOUSIAD.

CANTO THE FIRST.

THE LOUSE I ſing who, from ſome head unknown,
Yet born and educated near a throne,
Dropp'd down——(ſo will'd the dread decree of Fate,)
With legs wide ſprawling on the Monarch's plate:
Far from the raptures of a wife's embrace,
Far from the gambols of a tender race,
Whoſe little feet he taught with care to tread
Amidſt the wide dominions of the head;
Led them to daily food with fond delight,
And taught the tiny wand'rers where to bite;
To hide, to run, advance, or turn their tails,
When hoſtile combs attack'd, or vengeful nails:

Far

Far from thoſe pleaſing ſcenes ordain'd to roam,
Like wiſe Ulyſſes, from his native home;
Yet, like that ſage, though forc'd to roam and mourn——
Like him, alas! not fated to return;
Who, full of rags and glory, ſaw his boy *
And wife † again, and dog ‡ that dy'd for joy.
Down dropp'd the luckleſs LOUSE, with fear appall'd,
And wept his wife and children as he ſprawl'd.
Thus, on a promontory's miſty brow,
The POET's eye, with ſorrow, ſaw a cow
Take leave abrupt of bullocks, goats, and ſheep,
By tumbling headlong down the dizzy ſteep;
No more to reign a Queen amongſt the cattle,
And urge her rival beaux, the bulls, to battle;
She fell §, rememb'ring ev'ry roaring lover,
With all her wild *courants* in fields of clover.

* Telemachus.
† Penelope.
‡ Argus, for whoſe hiſtory, ſee the Odyſſey.
§ ——— moriens dulces reminiſcitur Argos. VIRG.

Now

Now on his legs, amidſt a thouſand woes,
The LOUSE; with judge-like gravity, aroſe:
He wanted not a motive to entreat him,
Beſide the horror that the King might eat him——
The dread of gaſping on the fatal fork,
Stuck with a piece of mutton, beef, or pork;
Or drowning 'midſt the ſauce in diſmal dumps,
Was full enough to make him ſtir his ſtumps.
Vain hope of ſtealing unperceiv'd away!
He might as well have tarried where he lay.
Seen was this LOUSE, as with the Royal brood
Our hungry King amus'd himſelf with food;
Which proves (though ſcarce believ'd by one in ten)
That Kings have appetites like common men;
And that, like London Aldermen and Mayor,
They feed on ſolids leſs refin'd than air.
Paint, heav'nly muſe, the look, the *very* look,
That of the Sov'reign's face poſſeſſion took

When firſt he ſaw the LOUSE, in ſolemn ſtate,
Grave as a Spaniard, march acroſs the plate!
Yet, could a LOUSE a Britiſh King ſurpriſe,
And like a pair of ſaucers ſtretch his eyes?
The little tenant of a *mortal* HEAD,
Shake the great RULER of three realms with DREAD?
Good Lord! (as Somebody ſublimely ſings,)
What great effects ariſe from *little things!*
As many a loving ſwain and nymph can tell,
Who, following Nature's law, have lov'd too well!

Not with more horror did his eyes behold
Charles Fox, that cunning enemy of old,
When Triumph hung upon his plotting brains,
And dear PREROGATIVE was juſt in chains:
Not with more horror did his eye-balls work
Convulſive on the patriotic Burke,
When guilty of œconomy, the crime!
Edmund wide wander'd from the *true ſublime,*

And,

And, cat-like, watchful of the fleſh and fiſh,
Cribb'd from the Royal table many a diſh——
Saw ev'ry ſlice of bread and butter cut,
Each apple told, and number'd ev'ry nut;
And gaug'd (compos'd upon no ſneaking ſcale)
The Monarch's belly like a caſk of ale;
Convinc'd that, in his ſcheme of ſtate-ſalvation,
To *ſtarve** the PALACE, was to *ſave* the NATION:
Not more aghaſt he look'd, when, 'midſt the courſe,
He tumbled, in a ſtag-chaſe, from his horſe,
Where all his Nobles deem'd their Monarch dead;
But, luckily, he pitch'd upon his HEAD!

* His Majeſty was really reduced ſome time ſince to a moſt mortifying dilemma: the apples at dinner time having been, by too great liberality to the Royal children, expended, the King ordered a ſupply, but was informed that the BOARD OF GREEN CLOTH would poſitively allow no more. Enraged at the unexpected and unroyal diſappointment, he furiouſly put his hand into his pocket, took out ſixpence, ſent a PAGE for two pennyworth of pippins, and received the change.

Not

Not VENISON EATERS at the vaniſh'd fat,
With ſtomachs wider than a Quaker's hat:
Not with more horror Mr. Serjeant PLIANT
Looks down upon an empty-handed client:
Not with more horror ſtares the rural MAID,
By hopes, by fortunetellers, dreams, betray'd,
Who ſees her ticket a dire blank ariſe,
Too fondly thought the twenty-thouſand prize,
With which the ſimple damſel meant, no doubt,
To bleſs her faithful fav'rite, COLIN CLOUT.

Not with more horror ſtares each lengthen'd feature,
Of ſome fine, fluttering, mincing *Petit-maitre*,
When of a wanton chimney-ſweeping wag
The Beau's white veſtment feels the ſooty bag:
Not with more horror did the DEVIL look,
When DUNSTAN by the noſe the dæmon took,
(As gravely ſay our legendary ſongs)
And led him with a pair of red-hot tongs;

Not

Not Lady WORSLEY, chaſte as *many* a nun,
Look'd with more horror at Sir Richard's fun,
When rais'd on high to view her naked charms,
He held the peeping Captain in his arms;
Like DAVID, that moſt am'rous little dragon,
Ogling ſweet BETSHEBA without a rag on:

Not more the great SAM HOUSE * with horror ſtar'd,
By mob affronted to the very beard;
Whoſe impudence (enough to damn a jail)
Snatch'd from his waving hand his Fox's tail,
And ſtuff'd it, 'midſt his thunders of applauſe,
Full in the center of Sam's gaping jaws,
That forcing down his patriotic throat,
Of "Fox and Freedom!" ſtopp'd the glorious note.

* In Weſtminſter Hall, where the *ſenſe* (the Author was juſt about to ſay *nonſenſe*) of the people was to be taken on an election.

Not with more horror BILLY RAMUS * ſtar'd,
When PUFF †, the Prince's hair-dreſſer, appear'd
Amidſt their eating room, with dread deſign,
To *ſit* with PAGES, and with PAGES *dine!*

Not with more horror GLOSTER'S DUTCHESS ſtar'd,
When (bleſt in metaphor!) the King declar'd,
That not of all her *mongrel breed*, *one whelp*
Should in the Royal kennel ever *yelp:*

* Billy Ramus—emphatically and conſtantly called by His Majeſty *Billy Ramus.* One of the Pages who ſhaves the Sovereign, airs his ſhirts, reads to him, writes for him, and collects anecdotes.

† Puff, his Royal Highneſs's hair dreſſer, who attending him at Windſor, the Prince, with his uſual good nature, ordered him to dine with the PAGES. The pride of the Pages immediately took fire, and a petition was diſpatched to the King and Prince, to be relieved from the diſtreſsful circumſtance of dining with a *hair dreſſer.* The petition was treated with the proper contempt, and the Pages commanded to receive Mr. Puff into their meſs, or quit the table. With unſpeakable mortification Mr. Ramus and his brethren *ſubmitted*; but, like the poor Gentoos who have loſt their *Caſt*, have not held up their heads *ſince.*

Not

Not more that man ſo ſweet, ſo unprepar'd,
The gentle SQUIRE of LEATHERHEAD *, was ſcar'd,
When, after prayers ſo good, and rare a ſermon,
He found his front attack'd by fierce Miſs VERNON;
Who meant (Thaleſtris-like, diſdaining fear!)
To pour her FOOT in thunder on his REAR;
Who, in GOD's houſe †, without one grain of grace,
Spit, like a VIXEN, in his WORSHIP's face;
Then ſhook her nails, as ſharp's a taylor's ſhears,
That itch'd to ſcrape acquaintance with his ears:

Not Atkinſon ‡ with ſtronger terror ſtarted
(Somewhat afraid, perchance, of being carted)

* Kynaſton is the name of the gentleman aſſailed by this furious Maid of Honour, for diſapprobation of the lady as an acquaintance for his wife.

† Verily in the HOUSE of the LORD, on the Lord's Day, in the year of our Lord 1785, in the Village of Leatherhead, in the County of Surry, did this profane *ſalival* aſſault take place on the phiz of Squire Kynaſton, to the diſgrace of his family, the wonder of the parſon, the horror of the clerk, and the ſtupefaction of the congregation.

‡ Mr. Chriſtopher Atkinſon's airing on the pillory is ſufficiently known to the public.

When

When JUSTICE, a ſly dame, one day thought fit
To pay her ſerious compliments to KIT;
Aſk'd him a few ſhort queſtions about *corn*,
And whiſper'd, ſhe believ'd he was *forſworn*;
Then hinted, that he probably would find,
That though ſhe ſometimes wink'd, ſhe was not blind.

Not more ASTURIAS' Princeſs * look'd affright,
At breakfaſt, when her ſpouſe, the unpolite,
Hurl'd, madly heedleſs both of time and place,
A cup of boiling coffee in her face;
Becauſe the fair one eat a butter'd roll,
On which the ſelfiſh Prince had fix'd his ſoul:
Not more aſtoniſh'd look'd that Prince to find
His royal father to his face unkind;

* This quarrel between the Prince of Aſturias and his Princeſs, with the interference of the Spaniſh Monarch, as deſcribed here, is not a poetic fiction, but an abſolute fact, that happened not many months ago.

Who,

Who, to the cauſe of injur'd beauty won,

Seiz'd on the proud Proboſcis of his ſon,

(Juſt like a tyger of the Lybian ſhade,

Whoſe furious claws the helpleſs deer invade,)

And led him, till that ſon its durance freed,

By aſking pardon for the brutal deed;

Led him thrice round the room (the ſtory goes)

Who follow'd with great gravity his noſe,

Reſolv'd at firſt (for Spaniards are ſtiff ſtuff)

To aſk no pardon, though the ſnout came off:

Not more aſtoniſh'd look'd that Spaniſh King*,

Whene'er he miſs'd a ſnipe upon the wing:

* His Moſt Catholic Majeſty's ſhooting merits are univerſally acknowledged. Though far advanced in years, he is ſtill the admiration of his ſubjects, and the envy of his brother Kings, as a SHOT; and it is well known, that even on thoſe days when the Royal Robes are obliged to be worn, his breeches pockets are ſtuffed with gun flints, ſcrews, hammers, and other implements neceſſary for the deſtruction of ſnipes, partridges, and wild pigs.

Not more aſtoniſh'd look'd that King of Spain,
To ſee his gun-boats blazing on the main:
Not Doctor Johnſon more, to hear the tale
Of vile Piozzi's marrying Mrs. Thrale;
Nor Doctor Wilſon, child of am'rous folly,
When young Mac Clyſter bore off *Kate* Macaulay *.

What dire emotions ſhook the Monarch's ſoul!
Juſt like two billiard balls his eyes 'gan roll,
Whilſt anger all his Royal HEART poſſeſs'd,
That ſwelling, wildly bump'd againſt his breaſt,
Bounc'd at his ribs with all its might ſo ſtout,
As reſolutely bent on jumping out,
T' avenge, with all its pow'rs, the dire diſgrace,
And nobly ſpit in the offender's face.
Thus a large Dumpling to its cell confin'd,
(A very apt alluſion to my mind)

* The fair Hiſtorian.

Lies

Lies ſnug, until the water waxeth hot,
Then buſtles 'midſt the tempeſt of the pot:
In vain!—the lid keeps down the child of dough,
That bouncing, tumbling, ſweating, rolls below.

" Oh! deareſt partner of my throne!" he cries,
(Lifting to pitying Heav'n his piteous eyes)
" Thou brighteſt gem of George's Royal Houſe,
" Look there, and tell me if that's not a LOUSE!"
The Queen look'd down, and then exclaim'd, " Good la!"
And with a ſmile the dappl'd STRANGER ſaw:
Each Princeſs ſtrain'd her lovely neck to ſee,
And, with another ſmile, exclaim'd, " Good me!"
" Good la! Good me! is that all you can ſay?"
(Our gracious Monarch cry'd, with huge diſmay.)
" What! what a ſilly vacant ſmile take place
" Upon your Majeſty's and Children's face,
" Whilſt that vile LOUSE (ſoon, ſoon to be unjointed!)
" Affronts the preſence of the LORD's ANOINTED!"

Daſh'd,

Daſh'd, as if tax'd with Hell's moſt deadly ſins,
The Queen and Princeſſes drew in their chins,
Look'd prim, and gave each exclamation o'er,
And very prudent, '*word ſpake never more.*'
Sweet Maids! the beauteous boaſt of Britain's iſle
Speak—were thoſe peerleſs lips forbid to ſmile?
Lips! that the ſoul of ſimple Nature moves——
Form'd by the bounteous hands of all the LOVES!
Lips of delight! unſtain'd by Satire's gall!
Lips! that I never kiſs'd—and never ſhall.

Now, to each trembling Page, as mute's a mouſe,
The *pious* Monarch cried, "Is this *your* LOUSE?"
"Ah! Sire," (replied each Page with pig-like whine)
"An't pleaſe your Majeſty, it is not *mine.*"
"*Not thine?*" (the haſty Monarch cried agen)
"What? what? what? what? what? who the devil's then?"

Now at this ſad event the Sovereign, ſore
Unhappy, could not eat a mouthful more;

His

His wifer Queen, her gracious ſtomach ſtudying,
Stuck moſt devoutly to the beef and pudding;
For GERMANS are a very hearty ſort,
Whether begot in Hog-ſtyes or a Court,
Who bear (which ſhews their hearts are not of ſtone)
The ills of others better than their own.

Grim terror ſeiz'd the ſouls of all the Pages,
Of different ſizes, and of different ages;
Frighten'd about their penſions or their bones,
They on each other gap'd like Jacob's ſons!

Now to a PAGE, but *which* we can't determine,
The growling Monarch gave the plate and vermin:
" Watch well that blackguard animal," he cries,
" That ſoon or late, to glut my vengeance, dies!
" Watch, like a CAT, that vile marauding LOUSE,
" Or GEORGE ſhall play the devil in the houſe.

" Some SPIRIT whiſpers, that to Cooks I owe
" The precious VISITOR that crawls below;
" Yes, yes! the whiſp'ring SPIRIT tells me true,
" And ſoon ſhall vengeance all their locks purſue.
" Cooks, ſcourers, ſcullions too, with tails of pig,
" Shall loſe their coxcomb curls, and wear a wig."
Thus roar'd the KING——not Hercules ſo BIG;
And all the Palace echo'd——" Wear a wig!"

FEAR, like an ague, ſtruck the pale-nos'd Cooks——
And daſh'd the beef and mutton from their looks;
Whilſt from each cheek the roſe withdrew its red,
And PITY blubber'd o'er each menac'd head.

But lo! the great COOK-MAJOR* comes! his eyes
Fierce as the redd'ning flame that *roaſts* and *fries*;
His cheeks like BLADDERS, with high paſſion glowing,
Or like a fat DUTCH TRUMPETER'S when *blowing*:

* Dixon.

A neat

A neat white apron his huge corps embrac'd,
Tied by two comely ſtrings about his waiſt:
An apron that he purchas'd with his riches,
To guard from hoſtile greaſe his velvet breeches——
An apron that, in Monmouth Street high hung,
Oft to the winds with ſweet deportment ſwung,

" Ye ſons of Dripping, on your MAJOR look!
(In ſounds of deep-ton'd thunder cry'd the Cook)
" By this white apron, that no more can hope
" To join the piece in Mr. INKLE's ſhop;
" That oft hath held the beſt of Palace meat,
" And from this forehead wip'd the briny ſweat;
" I ſwear this head diſdains to loſe its locks,
" And thoſe that do not, tell them they are BLOCKS:
" Whoſe head, my Cooks, ſuch vile diſgrace endures?
" Will it be yours, or yours, or yours, or yours?
" Ten thouſand crawlers in that HEAD be hatch'd,
" For ever itching, but be never ſcratch'd.

" Then

" Then may the charming perquiſite of greaſe
" The Mammon of your pocket ne'er increaſe;——
" Greaſe! that ſo frequently hath brought you coin,
" From Veal, Pork, Mutton, and the Great SIR LOIN.
" O brothers of the ſpit, be firm as rocks——
" Lo! to no KING on earth I yield theſe locks.
" Few are my hairs behind, by age endear'd!——
" But, few or many, they ſhall not be ſhear'd.

" Sooner ſhall Madam SCHWELLENBERG *, the jade,
" Yield up her fav'rite perquiſites of trade,
" Give up her ſacred Majeſty's old gowns,
" Caps, petticoats, and aprons, without frowns:
" She! who for ever ſtudies miſchief—She!
" Who ſoon will be as buſy as a bee,
" To get the liberty of locks enſlav'd,
" And ev'ry harmleſs cook and ſcullion ſhav'd——

* Miſtreſs of the Robes to Her Majeſty.

" She,

" She, if by chance a BRITISH SERVANT MAID,
" By ſome inſinuating tongue betray'd,
" Induc'd the fair forbidden fruit to taſte,
" Grows, luckleſs, ſomewhat bigger in the waiſt;
" Rants, ſtorms, ſwears, turns the penitent to door,
" Grac'd with the pretty names of B--ch and W----,
" To range a proſtitute upon the Town,
" Or, if the weeping wretch think better, drown:——
" But, if a GERMAN SPIDER-BRUSHER fails,
" Whoſe noſe grows ſharper, and whoſe ſhape tells tales;
" Huſh'd is th' affair!——the QUEEN and SHE, good dame,
" Both club their wits to hide the growing ſhame;
" To wed her, get ſome fool——I mean ſome wiſe man;
" Then dub the prudent Cuckold an Exciſeman:
" She! who hath got more inſolence and pride,
" God mend her heart! than half the world beſide:
" She! who, of guttling fond, ſtuffs down more meat,
" Heav'n help her ſtomach! than ten men can eat!

" Ten men!—aye, more than ten,—the hungry HAG!—
" Why, zounds! the woman's ſtomach's like a bag:
" She! who will ſwell the uproar of the houſe,
" And tell the KING damn'd lies about the LOUSE;
" When probably that louſe (a vile old trull!)
" Was born and nouriſh'd in her own gray ſcull.

" Sooner the room ſhall buxom NANNY * *quit*,
" Where oft ſhe charms her maſter with her wit——
" Tells tales of ev'ry body, ev'ry thing,
" From honeſt courtiers to the thieves who ſwing——
" Waits on her SOV'REIGN while he reads diſpatches,
" And wiſely *winds up* ſtate affairs or watches:

" Sooner the PRINCE (may Heav'n his income mend!)
" Shall quit his bottle, miſtreſs, or his friend——
" Laugh at the drop on MISERY's languid eye,
" And hear her ſinking voice without a ſigh;

* Buxom Nanny — a female ſervant of the Palace, who conſtantly attends the King when he reads diſpatches

" Break

" Break for the wealth of realms his ſacred word,
" And let the world write *coward* on his ſword ; ——
" Sooner ſhall ham from fowl and turkey part !
" And ſtuffing leave a calf's or bullock's heart !
" Sooner ſhall toaſted cheeſe take leave of muſtard !
" And from the codlin tart be torn the cuſtard :
" Sooner theſe hands the glorious haunch ſhall ſpoil,
" And all our melted butter turn to oil :
" Sooner our pious KING, with pious face,
" Sit down to dinner without ſaying grace ;
" And ev'ry night ſalvation pray'rs put forth,
" For Portland, Fox, Burke, Sheridan, and North :
" Sooner ſhall faſhion order frogs and ſnails,
" And diſhclouts ſtick eternal to our tails !
" Let GEORGE view MINISTERS with ſurly LOOKS,
" Abuſe 'em, kick 'em——but revere his COOKS !" ——
" What, loſe our locks !" reply'd the roaſting Crew,
" To Barbers yield 'em ?——Damme if we do !
" Be ſhav'd like foreign Dogs one daily meets,
" Naked and blue, and ſhiv'ring in the ſtreets ?

" And

" And from the Palace be aſham'd to range,
" For fear the world ſhould think we had the mange;
" By taunting boys made weary of our lives,
" Broad-grinning wh—es, and ridiculing wives!"——

" Rouſe, OPPOSITION!" roar'd a tipſey Cook,
With hands a-kimbo, and bubonic look,
" 'Tis SHE alone our noble curls can keep——
" Without HER, MINISTERS would fall aſleep:
" 'Tis SHE who makes great men—our FOXES, PITTS,
" And ſharpens, whetſtone-like, the Nation's wits:
" Knocks off your knaves and fools, however great,
" And, broom-like, ſweeps the cobwebs of the State:
" In caſks like ſulphur that expells bad air,
" And makes, like thunder-claps, foul weather fair;
" Acts like a gun, that, fir'd at gather'd foot,
" Preſerves the chimney and the houſe to boot:
" Or, like a ſchool-boy's whip, that keeps up tops,
" The ſinking Realm, by flagellation, props.

" Our

" Our Monarch muſt not be indulg'd too far;
" Beſides! I love a little bit of war.
" Whether to crop our curls he boaſts a right,
" Or not, I do not care the Louſe's bite;
" But then, no force-work! No! No force, by Heav'n!
" COOKS! YEOMEN! SCOURERS! we will not be driv'n.
" Try but to force a PIG againſt his will,
" Behold! the ſturdy GENTLEMAN ſtands ſtill!
" Or, p'rhaps, (his pow'r to let the driver know)
" Gallops the very road he ſhould not go——
" No force for me!——The FRENCH, the fawning dogs,
" E'en let *them* loſe their freedom, and eat frogs——
" Damme! I hate each pale ſoupe-meagre thief——
" Give me my darling liberty and beef."

He ſpoke——and from his jaws a lump he ſlid,
And, ſwearing, manful flung to earth his QUID.
Then ſwelling PRIDE forbade his tongue to reſt,
Whilſt wild emotions labour'd in his breaſt——

Now ſounds confus'd his anger made him mutter,
And when he thought on ſhaving, curſes ſputter.
Such is the ſound (the ſimile's not weak)
Form'd by what mortals BUBBLE * call, and SQUEAK,
When 'midſt the fryingpan, in accents ſavage,
The beef ſo ſurly quarrels with the cabbage.

" Be ſhav'd," a Scullion loud began to bellow,
Loud as a pariſh bull, or poor OTHELLO,
Plac'd by that rogue IAGO upon thorns,
With all the horrors of a pair of horns:
Loud as th' EXCISEMAN †, ſtruggling for his life,
And panting in a moſt inglorious ſtrife;

When,

* The modeſt Author of the LOUSIAD muſt do himſelf the juſtice to declare here, that his ſimile of the Bubble and Squeak is vaſtly more natural and more ſublime than Homer's black pudding on a gridiron, illuſtrating the motions and emotions of his Hero ULYSSES.
(*Vid.* ODYSSEY.

† This affair happened a few years ſince—An Exciſeman ſeizing ſome ſmuggled goods belonging to a Princeſs, a relation of the Great Frederic, her HIGHNESS fell upon the poor *Rat de Cave*, and almoſt ſcratched his eyes

When on his face the ſmuggling Princeſs ſprung,
And, cat-like clawing, to his viſage clung.

" Be ſhav'd like pigs!" rejoin'd the Scullion's Mate,
His diſhclout ſhaking, and his pot-crown'd pate——
" What barber dares it, let him watch his noſe,
" And, curſe me! dread the rage of theſe ten toes."
So ſaying, with an oath to raiſe one's hair,
He kick'd with threat'ning foot the yielding air.——

Thus have I ſeen an *ASS* (baptiz'd a JACK)
Grac'd by a CHIMNEYSWEEPER on his back,
Prance, ſnort, and fling his heels with liberality,
In imitation of a HORSE of QUALITY.

" Be ſhav'd!" an underſtrapper TURNBROCHE cry'd,
In all the foaming energy of pride,

eyes out—the Exciſeman made a formal complaint to the King, begging to be reliev'd from the diſgrace.—The gallant Monarch returned for anſwer, that he gave up the duties to his couſin the Princeſs, but could not conceive how the hand of a fair Lady could diſhonour the face of an Exciſeman.

" Zounds!

" Zounds! let us take His Majeſty in hand!——
" The King ſhall find he lives at our command:
" Yes; let him know, with all his wond'rous ſtate,
" His teeth and ſtomach on *our* wills ſhall wait:
" *We* rule the platters, *we* command the ſpit,
" And George ſhall have his meſs when *we* think fit;
" Stay till *ourſelves* ſhall condeſcend to eat,
" And then, if *we* think proper, have his meat."

Thus having fed on veniſon rather coarſe,
A colt, or crocodile, or diſh of horſe,
The TARTAR quits his ſmoaky hut with ſcorn,
Sounds to the kingdoms of the world his horn;
And treating MONARCHS like his ſlaves or ſwine,
Informs them they have liberty to dine.

" Heav'ns!" cry'd a YEOMAN, with much learning grac'd,
In books as well as meat, a man of taſte,
Who read with vaſt applauſe the daily news,
And kept a cloſe acquaintance with the MUSE;

Conundrum,

Conundrum, Rebus made—Acroſtic, Riddle,

And ſung his dying ſonnets to the fiddle,

When LOVE, with cruel dart, the murd'ring thief!

His heart had ſpitted, like a piece of beef:

" Are theſe," he ſaid, " of KINGS, the whims and jokes?

" Then KINGS can be as mad as common folks.

" DAME NATURE, when a PRINCE's head ſhe makes,

" No more concern about the inſide takes,

" Than of the inſide of a Bug's or Bat's,

" A Flea's, a Graſhopper's, a Cur's, a Cat's!

" As careleſs as the ARTIST, trunks deſigning,

" About the trifling circumſtance of lining;

" Whether of Cumberland he uſe the Plays,

" Miſs Burney's Novels, or Miſs Seward's Lays;

" Or ſacred Dramas of Miſs Hannah More,

" Where all the NINE, with little MOSES, ſnore;

" Or go to acquire Pindar's Odes, or Wharton's ſtick,

" Or Horace Walpole's Doubts upon King Dick,

" Who furious drives, at times, his old gooſe quill,
" On *Strawb'rry*, (Reader!) not th' *Aonian Hill*;
" Whether he doom the ROYAL SPEECH to cling,
" Or *thoſe* of Lords and Commons to the King;
" Where *one* begs money, and the *others* grant
" So eaſy, freely, friendly, complaiſant,
" As if the caſh were really all their own,
" To purchaſe *Knick-knacks* * that diſgrace a throne.
" Ah, me! did people know what trifling things
" Compoſe thoſe idols of the Earth call'd *Kings*,
" Thoſe counterpart of that *important fellow*,
" The Children's wonder——SIGNOR PUNCHINELLO;
" Who ſtruts upon the ſtage his hour away;
" His outſide, gold——his inſide, rags and hay;

* The Civil Liſt, we are inclin'd to think, feels deficiencies from toys —For an inſtance, we will appeal to Mr. Cumming's non-deſcript of a time-piece at the Queen's Houſe, which coſt nearly two thouſand pounds. The ſame artiſt is alſo allowed 200l. per annum to keep the bauble in repair.

" No more as GOD's Vicegerents would they ſhine,
" Nor make the world cut throats for RIGHT DIVINE.

" Thoſe LORDS of Earth, at dinner, we have ſeen,
" Sunk, by the mereſt trifles, with the ſpleen——
" Oft for an ill-dreſs'd egg have heard them groan,
" And ſeen them quarrel for a mutton bone:
" At ſalt or vinegar, with paſſion, fume,
" And kick dogs, chairs, and pages, round the room *.

" Alas! how often have we heard them grunt,
" Whene'er the ruſhing rain hath ſpoil'd a HUNT!
" Their ſanguine wiſhes croſs'd, their ſpirits clogg'd,
" Mere riding diſhclouts homeward they have jogg'd;

* This is partly a picture of the laſt reign as well as the preſent. The paſſions of George the Second were of the moſt impetuous kind—his hat and his favourite Miniſter, Sir Robert Walpole, were too frequently the foot balls of his ill humours—nay, poor Queen Caroline came in for a ſhare of his foot benevolence—but he was a Prince of virtues—*ubi plura nitent, non ego* paucis *offendar maculis.*

" Poor

" Poor imps! the ſport (with all their pride and pow'r)
" Of NATURE's diuretic ſtream——a ſhow'r!
" This *we*, the actors in the farce, perceive;
" But *this* the *diſtant* world will ne'er believe,
" Who fancy KINGS to all the virtues born,
" Ne'er by the vulgar ſtorms of paſſion torn;
" But, bleſt with ſouls ſo calm, like Summer ſeas,
" That ſmile to Heav'n, unruffled by a breeze:
" Who think that KINGS, on wiſdom always fed,
" Speak ſentences like BACON's brazen head;
" Hear from their lips the vileſt nonſenſe fall,
" Yet think ſome heav'nly ſpirit dictates all;
" Conceive their bodies of cœleſtial clay,
" And, though all ailment, ſacred from decay;
" To nods and ſmiles their gaping homage bring,
" And thank their GOD their eyes have ſeen a KING!
" Lord! in the circle when our ROYAL MASTER
" Pours out his words as faſt as hail, or faſter,
" To country Squires, and wives of country Squires;
" Like ſtuck pigs ſtaring, how each oaf *admires!*

" Lo!

" Lo! ev'ry ſyllable becomes a GEM!
" And if, by chance, the Monarch cough, or hem,
" Seiz'd with the ſymptoms of a deep ſurpriſe,
" Their joints with rev'rence tremble, and their eyes
" Roll wonder firſt; then, ſhrinking back with fear,
" Would hide behind the brains, were any there.
" How taken is this idle world by ſhow!
" Birth, riches, are the Baals to whom we bow;
" Preferring, with a ſoul as black as ſoot,
" A rogue on horſeback, to a ſaint on foot.
" See FRANCE, ſee PORTUGAL, SICILIA, SPAIN,
" And mark the deſert of each DESPOT's brain;
" Whoſe tongues ſhould never treat with taunts a FOOL;
" Who prove that nothing is too mean to rule.
" What could the PRINCE, high tow'ring like a ſteeple,
" Without the MAJESTY of *Us* the PEOPLE?
" Go, like the King of Babylon *, to graſs,
" Or wander, like a beggar with a paſs!

* Nebuchadnezzar.

" However *modern* KINGS may COOKS deſpiſe,
" WARRIORS and KINGS were cooks, or Hiſt'ry lies——
" PATROCLUS broild beef ſteaks to quell his hunger:
" The mighty AGAMEMNON potted conger!——
" And CHARLES of SWEDEN, 'midſt his guns and drums,
" Spread his own bread and butter with his thumbs.
" Be ſhav'd!—No!—ſooner pill'ries, jails, the ſtocks,
" Shall pinch this corps, than BARBERS ſnatch my locks."—
" Well haſt thou ſaid," a Scowrer bold rejoin'd——
" Damme! I love the man who ſpeaks his mind."
Then in his arms the orator he took,
And ſwore he was an angel of a Cook.
Awhile he held him with a Corniſh hug;
Then ſeiz'd, with glorious graſp, a pewter mug,
Whoſe ample womb nor cyder held nor ale,
But nectar fit for JOVE, and brew'd by THRALE.
" A health to Cooks," he cried, and wav'd the pot,
" And he who ſighs for titles is a ſot——
" Let Dukes and Lords the world in wealth ſurpaſs——
" Yet many a Lion's ſkin conceals an Aſs.

Lo!

" Lo! this is one amongſt my golden rules,
" To think the greateſt men the greateſt fools:
" The GREAT are judges of an opera ſong——
" And fly a Briton's for a Eunuch's tongue;
" Can ſtarve their families to hear BABINIS,
" Gaunt PACCHIAROTIS, fat-rump'd, ſquab RAUZZINIS;
" Thus idly ſquand'ring for a ſquawl their riches——
" To faint with rapture at thoſe cats in breeches.
" Accept this truth from me, my lads——the man
" Who firſt found out a ſpit, or fryingpan,
" Did ten times more towards the public good,
" Than all the tawdry titles ſince the flood:
" Titles! that KINGS may grant to aſſes, mules,
" The ſcorn of ſages, and the boaſt of fools."

He ended——All the Cooks exclaim'd, " Divine!"
Then whiſper'd one another, 'twas " damn'd fine!"
Thus ſpoke the SCOWRER like a man inſpir'd,
Whoſe ſpeech the HEROES of the kitchen fir'd:

Grooms,

Grooms, Maſter Scowrers, Scullions, Scullions' Mates,
With all the Overſeers of knives and plates,
Felt their brave ſouls like friſky cyder work,
Whizzing in oppoſition to the cork:
Earth's Potentates appear'd ignoble things,
And Cooks of greater conſequence than Kings;
Such is the pow'r of words, where truth unites,
And ſuch the rage that injur'd worth excites!
The SCOWRER's ſpeech, indeed, with reaſon bleſt,
Inflam'd with godlike ardour all the reſt:
Thus if a barn Heav'n's vengeful light'ning draw,
The flame ethereal darts amongſt the ſtraw;
Doors, rafters, beams, owls, weazels, mice and rats,
And (if unfortunately mouſing) cats;
All feel the fierce devouring fire in turn,
And mingling in one conflagration, burn.

"Sons of the SPIT," the Major cry'd again,
"Your noble ſpeeches prove you bleſt with brain;
"Brain!

" Brain! that Dame Nature gives not ev'ry head,
" But fills the vaſt vacuity with lead!——
" Yet ere for oppoſition we prepare,
" And fight the glorious cauſe of heads of hair,
" Methinks 'twould be but decent to petition,
" And tell the King, with firmneſs, our condition:
" Soon as our ſad complaint he hears us utter,
" His gracious heart may melt away like butter;
" Fair Mercy ſhine amidſt our gloomy houſe,
" And anger'd Majeſty forget the LOUSE."

END OF CANTO I.

ADVERTISEMENT.

As many people perſiſt in their incredulity with reſpect to the attack made by the Barbers on the heads of the harmleſs Cooks, I ſhall exhibit a liſt of the unhappy ſufferers; it is the Palace liſt, and therefore as authentic as the Gazette.

A true liſt of the SHAVED at Buckingham Houſe.

Two Maſter Cooks
Three Yeoman ditto
Four Grooms
Three Children
Two Maſter Scowrers
Six Under Scowrers
Six Turnbroches
Two Soil Carriers
Two Door Keepers
Eight Boys
Five Paſtry People
Eight Silver Scullery for laughing at the Cooks.

In all fifty one.

A young man, named John Bear, would not ſubmit, and loſt his place.

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PETER PINDAR, Eſquire,

Find themſelves obliged, on account of the frequent Piracies of his Productions, to offer

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THE

LOUSIAD.

CANTO II.

[Price HALF A CROWN.]

ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL.

THE

LOUSIAD.

CANTO THE SECOND.

NYMPHS of the ſacred fount, around whoſe brink
Bards ruſh in droves, like cart-horſes, to drink;
Dip their dark beards amidſt your ſtreams ſo clear,
And whilſt they gulp it, wiſh it ale or beer;
Far more delighted to poſſeſs, I ween,
Old Calvert's brewhouſe for their Hippocrene:
And bleſt with beef, their ghoſtly forms to fill,
Make Dolly's chophouſe their Aonian hill;
More pleas'd to hear knives, forks, in concert join,
Than all the tinkling cymbals of the NINE;

Aſſiſt me—ye who themes ſublime purſue,
With ſcarce a ſhift, a ſtocking, or a ſhoe,
Such pow'r have ſatires, epigrams, and odes,
As make ev'n bankrupts of the born of gods
As well as mortal bards, who oft bewail
Their unſucceſsful madrigals in jail,
Where penn'd, like hapleſs cuckows, in a cage,
The ragged warblers pour their tuneful rage;
Deck the damp walls with verſe of various quality,
And, from their priſons, mount to immortality.

Ah! tell me where is now thy bluſh, O SHAME!
Shall bards through *jails* explore the road to Fame;
Like ſouls of Papiſts in their way to glory,
Doom'd at the half-way houſe, call'd Purgatory,
To burn, before they reach the realms of light,
Like old tobacco pipes, from black to white?

Yet

Yet let me ſay again, that pow'rful rhyme
Hath lifted poets to a ſtate ſublime;
To lofty pill'ries rais'd their ſacred ears
High o'er the heads of marvelling compeers,
Whoſe eggs, potatoes, turnips, and their tops,
Paid flying homage to their tuneful chops:
Bleſt ſtate! that gives each fair exalted mien,
To grace in print each monthly magazine;
And deck the ſhops with ſweet engravings dreſt,
'Midſt angels, ſinners, ſaints of Mr. WEST;
Where brave King ALEXANDER and the DEER,
A noble buſtling hodge-podge ſhall appear
From that fam'd* picture which our wonder drew,
And pour'd its brazen ſplendors on the view;
Bright as the pictures that with glorious glare,
On penthouſe high, in Piccadilly ſtare,

* A whole acre of canvas ſo daub'd by colour as to give it the appearance of a braſs foundery.

Where

Where lions ſeem to roar, and tygers growl,
Hyenas wine, and wolves in concert howl;
And by their gogling eyes and furious grin,
Inform what ſhaggy devils lodge within.

Ye nymphs who, fond of fun, full many a time,
Mount on a jack-aſs many a child of rhyme,
And make him think, aſtride his braying back,
He moves ſublime on Pegaſus's back:
Ye Muses, oft by brainleſs poets fought
To bid the ſtanza chime and ſwell with thought;
Who, whelping for Oblivion, fain would ſave
Their whining puppies from the ſullen wave;
Aſſiſt me! ye who viſit towns and hovels,
To teach our girls in bibs to eke out novels,
And treat with ſcorn (far *nobler* knowledge ſtudying)
The humble art of making pye or pudding:

Who

Who make our Sapphos of their verſes vain,
And fancy all Parnaſſus in their brain;
And 'midſt the buſtle of their lucubrations,
Take downright madneſs for your inſpirations;
Charm'd with the cadence of a lucky line,
Who taſte a rapture equal, GEORGE, to thine;
When, bleſt at DATCHET, though thy HERSCHELL's glaſs,
That brings from diſtant worlds a horſe, an aſs,
A tree, a windmill, to the curious eye,
Shirts, ſtockings, blankets, that on hedges dry;
Thine eyes, at evenings late and mornings ſoon,
Unfated feaſt on wonders in the moon;
Where Herſchell on volcanos, mountains, pores,
And happy Nature's true ſublime explores;
Whilſt thou, ſo modeſt, (wonderful to tell!)
On LUNAR *trifles* art content to dwell,
Flies, graſshoppers, grubs, cobwebs, cuckow ſpittle,
In ſhort, delighted with the world of *little*;

Which Weſt ſhall paint, and grave Sir Joſeph Banks
Receive from thy hiſtoric mouth with thanks;
Then bid the vermin on the journals* crawl,
Hop, jump, and flutter, to amuſe us all.

And thou, great PATRON† of the double quill,
That flays by rhyme, and murders by a pill,
A pretty kind of double-barrel'd gun,
More giv'n to tragedy than comic fun;
Auſpicious PATRON of the paunch and backs
Of thoſe all-daring raſcals chriſten'd quacks,
To whom our purſe and lives are legal plunder,
Who, hawk-like, keep the human ſpecies under:

GOD of thoſe gentlemen of gingling brains,
Who, for *their own amuſement*, print their ſtrains,
Strains that ne'er ſoar'd beyond the beetle's flight,
Save on the pinions of a ſchool-boy's kite;

* Of the Royal Society. † Apollo.

Strains

Strains arrant ſtrangers to a depth profound,
Save when deep pilgrimaging under ground,
In humble rags, like Tinners in a mine,
They pay their court at CLOACINA's ſhrine;
Strains that no ray of light nor warmth proclaim,
Save when committed to the fire, they flame;
Strains that a *circulation* never found,
Save when they turn'd on beef or ven'ſon round:
Oh! aid, as lofty Homer ſays, my *nous*,
To ſing ſublime the Monarch and the Louſe!

NYMPHS, PHOEBUS, in my *firſt* heroic chapter
I ſhould have pray'd for crumbs of tuneful rapture:
Thus to forget my friends was not ſo clever;
But, ſays the proverb, "better *late* than *never*."

Well! ſince I'm in the invocation trade,
To *Conſcience* let my compliments be paid——

CONSCIENCE,

Conscience, a terrifying little ſprite,
That, bat-like, winks by day and wakes by night;
Hunts through the heart's dark holes each lurking vice,
As ſharp as weaſels hunting eggs or mice;—
Who, when the light'nings flaſh, and thunders crack,
Makes our hair briſtle like a hedge-hog's back;
Shakes, ague-like, our hearts with wild commotion;
Uplifts our faint-like eyes with dread devotion:
Bids the poor trembling tongue make terms with Heav'n,
And promiſe miracles to be forgiv'n;
Bids ſpectres riſe, not very like the Graces,
With gogling eyes, black beards, and Tyburn faces;
With ſcenes of fires of glowing brimſtone ſcares,
Spits, forks, and proper culinary wares
For roaſting, broiling, frying, fricaſſeeing,
The Soul, that ſad offending little *Being*;
That ſtubborn ſtuff of ſalamander make,
Proof to the fury of the burning lake.

O Conscience!

O Conscience! thou ſtrait jacket of the ſoul,
The madding ſallies of the bard control;
Who, when inclin'd, like brother bards, to lie,
Bring Truth's neglected form before his eye;
Fair Maid! to towns and courts a ſtranger grown,
And now to rural ſwains almoſt unknown,
Whoſe company was once their prudent choice;
Who once delighted, liſt'ned to her voice;
When in their hearts the *gentler* paſſion ſtrove,
And Constancy went hand in hand with Love!
Sweet Truth, who ſteals through lonely ſhades along,
And mingles with the turtle's note her ſong;
Whilſt Falsehood, rais'd by ſycophantic tricks,
Unbluſhing, flaunts it in a coach and ſix.

Conscience! who bid'ſt our Monarch from the nation,
Send ſons to Gottingen for education,
Since hapleſs Cam and Isis, loſt to knowledge,
Are ideots to this Hanoverian college,

Where ſimple Science beams with orient ray;
The great, the glorious ATHENS of the day!
So ſays the RULER of us Engliſh fools,
Who cannot judge like *him* of WISDOM's ſchools.

Dear attic Gottingen! to thee I bow,
Of Knowledge, Oh! moſt wonderful milch cow!
From whom huge pails the royal boys ſhall bring,
And give, we hope, a little to the ——
Through *Thee*, beſides the knowledge they may reap,
The lads ſhall get their board and lodging cheap;
And learn, like their good parents, to ſubſiſt
Within the limits of the Civil Liſt;
Who ſeldom bid a Miniſter implore
A little farther pittance for the *poor*.

CONSCIENCE! who to the wonder of his SIRE,
Bad'ſt from his wonted ſtate a PRINCE retire,

And,

And, like a ſubject, humbly ſeek the ſhade,
That not a tradeſman might remain unpaid:
An action that the ſoul of ENVY ſtings——
A deed unmention'd in the book of KINGS:

CONSCIENCE! who mad'ſt a monarch by thy pow'r,
Send pris'ner the fam'd Di'mond * to the Tow'r;
So witchingly that look'd him in the face,
And impudently ſought to bribe his GRACE:
Where, too, the cradle and the bed ſhall reſt,
That on the ſame damn'd errand left the Eaſt——
Thus fall of gems and pearl the treas'nous tribe,
And beds and cradles that would MONARCHS bribe!

CONSCIENCE! who now can'ſt like a cart-horſe draw,
Now lifeleſs ſinking, ſcarcely lift a ſtraw:
So different are thy pow'rs at diff'rent times,
Thou dear companion of the man of rhymes!

* Such is the ſtory of the late fly bulſe that ſtole into St. James's.

Thou!

Thou! who at times can'ſt like a lion roar
For one poor ſixpence, yet, like NORTH, can'ſt ſnore,
Though rapine, murder, try to ope thine eyes,
And raging Hell with all his horrors riſe;
Whoſe eye on petty frauds can fiercely flame,
Yet wink at full-blown crimes that *blaſt* a name.

O CONSCIENCE! who did'ſt bid to madneſs work,
(So great thy pow'r) the brain of hapleſs YORKE,
And mad'ſt him cut from ear to ear his throat,
That luckleſs ſpoil'd his patriotic note;
Yet wanted'ſt ſtrength to force from *his* hard eye
One drop—who *help'd* him to yon ſpangled ſky;
Whoſe damned pray'rs, feign'd tears, and tongue of art,
Won on the weakneſs of his honeſt heart!
Poor YORKE! without a ſtone whoſe reliques lie,
Though Virtue mark'd the murder with a ſigh!

O CONSCIENCE! who to CLIVE did'ſt give the kniſe
That, deſp'rate plunging, took his forfeit life;

Who,

Who, lawleſs plund'rer, in his wild career,
Whelm'd Asia's eye with woe, and heart with fear;
Whoſe wheels on carnage roll'd, and drench'd with blood,
From gaſping Nature forc'd the bluſhing flood;
Whilſt Havock, panting with triumphant breath,
Nerv'd his red arm, and hail'd the hills of death.——
And now to thee, O lovely Fame, I bend;
Let all thy trumpets this great work commend:
Give one a-piece to all the learn'd Reviews,
And bid them ſound the labours of the Muſe:
Give to the Magazines a trumpet each,
And let the ſwelling note to doomſday reach:
To daily Newſpapers a trumpet give:
Thus ſhall my epic ſtrain for ever live:
Thus ſhall my book deſcend to diſtant times,
And rapt poſterity reſound my rhymes.
By future *Beauties* ſhall each tome be preſt,
And, like their lapdogs, live a parlour gueſt.

Thee, deareſt FAME, ſome mercenaries hail,
Merely to gain their labours a good ſale;
Or riſe to fair preferment by thy tongue,
Though deaf as adders to thy charms of ſong;
Juſt as the hypocrites ſay pray'rs, ſing pſalms,
Beſtow upon the blind and cripple alms;
Yield glory to the POW'R who rules above,
Not from a principle of heav'nly love,
But, ſneaking raſcals! to obtain—when dead—
A comfortable lodging over head,
When forc'd by age, or doctors, or their ſpouſes,
The vagrants quit their ſublunary houſes.

With tireſome invocation having done,
At length our glorious Epic may go on.——
Lo! Madam SWELLENBERG, inclin'd to *cram*,
Was wondrous buſy o'er a plate of ham;
A ham that once adorn'd a German pig,
Rough as a bear, and as a jack-aſs big;

In

In woods of *Weſtphaly* by hunters ſmitten,
And ſent a preſent to the Queen of Britain.

But ere we farther march, ye Muſes, ſay
Somewhat of Madam SWELLENBERG, I pray:——
If ancient poets mention but a horſe,
We read his genealogy of courſe:
Oh! ſay, ſhall horſes boaſt the deathleſs line,
And o'er a *Lady*'s lineage ſleep the Nine?

By virtue of her father and her mother,
This woman ſaw the light without much pother;
That is,—no grand commotions ſhook our earth——
Apollo danc'd no hornpipe at her birth,
To ſay to what perfection ſhe was born,
What wit, what wiſdom ſhould the nymph adorn:
No bees around her lips in cluſters hung,
To tell the future ſweetneſs of her tongue;
Around her cradle perch'd no cooing dove,
To mark the ſoul of innocence and love;

To ſmiling Cupids round her cradle play'd,
To ſhow the future conqueſts of the maid;
Whoſe charms would make the jealous ſex her foes,
And with their lightnings blaſt a thouſand beaus.
Indeed the Muſe muſt own a trifling pother
Sprung up between the father and the mother;
For, after taking methods how to gain her,
They knew not how the devil to maintain her.

Heav'ns! what no prodigy attend *her* birth,
Who awes the greateſt palace upon earth?
Yes!——a black cat round the bantling ſquawl'd,
Join'd its young cries, and all the houſe appall'd:
Now here, now there, he ſprung with viſage wild,
And made a bold attempt to kiſs the child;
Bats pour'd in hideous hoſts into the room,
And, imp-like, flitting, form'd a ſudden gloom;
Then to the cradle ruſh'd the dark'ning throng,
And, raptur'd, ſhriek'd congratulating ſong;

Which

Which ſong, in concert with the ſqualls of puſs,
Seem'd, in plain German, "*Thou art one of us.*"
In Strelitz firſt this dame the light eſpy'd,
Born to a good inheritance of pride;
For, howe'er paradoxical it be,
PRIDE pigs with people of a *low* degree,
As well as with your folks of fortune ſtruts;
Like rats that live in palaces or huts;
Or bugs, an animal of pompous gait,
That dwell in beds of ſtraw, or beds of ſtate;
Or monkies vile, whoſe tooth inglorious grapples,
Now with Ananas, now with rotten apples.
Hail PROTEOUS PRIDE, whoſe various pow'rs of throat
Can ſwell the trumpet's loud and ſaucy note;
And if a meaner air can ſerve thy turn,
In panting, quiv'ring ſounds of Jews-harps, mourn!
Hail, PRIDE, companion of the great and little,
So abject, who can'ſt lick a patron's ſpittle;
Whine like a ſneaking puppy at his door,
And turn the hind part of thy wig before;

Nay, if he orders, turn it inſide out,
And wear it, Merry-Andrew like, about;
Heed not the grinning world a ſingle ruſh,
But bear its pointed ſcorn without a bluſh.
Yet fain wou'dſt thou the crouching world beſtride,
Juſt like the RHODIAN BULLY o'er the tide;
The brazen wonder of the world of yore,
That proudly ſtretch'd his legs from ſhore to ſhore,
And ſaw of Greece the loftieſt navy travel,
In dread ſubmiſſion, underneath his navel.

So much for Pride——great, little, humble, vain;
And now for Madam SWELLENBERG again.

Whether the Nymph could ever boaſt a grace,
That deign'd to pay a viſit to her face,
The MUSE is ignorant, ſhe muſt allow;
Yet knows this truth, that not one ſparkles *now*.
If ever beauties, in delight excelling,
Charm'd on her cheek, they long have left their dwelling.

This

This Nymph a mantuamaker was, I ween,
And priz'd for cheapneſs by our ſaving Queen,
Who (where's the mighty harm of loving money?)
Brought her to this fair land of milk and honey,
And plac'd her in a moſt important ſphere——
INSPECTRESS GENERAL of the royal geer.

Soon as this woman heard the Louſe's tale,
At once ſhe turn'd, like walls of plaſter, pale.
But firſt the ham of *Weſtphaly* ſhe gobbl'd,
And then to ſeek the LORD'S ANOINTED hobbl'd:
HIM full of wrath, like Peleus' ſon of yore,
When Agamemnon took away his wh---,
In all the bitterneſs of wrath ſhe found;
The Queen and Royal Children ſtaring round.
" O *Swelly*,"——thus the madden'd Monarch roar'd,
Whilſt wild impatience wing'd each rapid word;
For lo! the *ſolemn* march of graceful ſpeech,
The KING long ſince had bid to kiſs his b---h.

The broken language that his mouth affords
Are heads and tails and legs and wings of words,
That give imagination's laughing eye
A lively picture of a giblet pye.——

" O *Swelly*, *Swelly*," cry'd the furious King,
" What! what a dirty, filthy, nafty thing!——
" That thus you come to eafe my angry mind,
" Indeed is very, very, very, very kind.——
" What's your opinion, hæ?"——the Monarch rav'd:
" Yes, yes, the cooks fhall ev'ry one be fhav'd——
" What! what! hæ! hæ! now tell me, *Swelly*, pray——
" Shan't I be right in't——What! what! *Swelly*, hæ?——
" Yes, yes, I'm fure on't, by the Loufe's looks,
" That he belong'd to fome one of the cooks.——
" Speak, *Swelly*; fhan't we fhave each filthy jowl?——
" Yes, yes, and that we will, upon my foul."

To whom the Dame, with elevated chin,
Wide-ftaring eyes, and broad, contemptuous grin:

" Yes,

" Yes, ſure as dat my ſoul is to be ſav'd,
" So ſure de dirty raſcals ſal be ſhav'd——
" Shav'd to de quick be ev'ry moder's ſon——
" And curſe me if *I* do not ſee it done:
" De barbers ſoon der naſty locks ſal fall on,
" Nor leave one ſtanding for a Louſe to crawl on.
" If on der ſkulls de razor do not ſhine,
" May gowns and petticoats no more be mine——
" Curl, club, and pigtail, all ſal go to pot,
" For ſuſh curs'd naſtineſs, or I'll be rot;
" Or elſe to Strelitz let me quickly fly,
" Dat dunghill, dat poor pighouſe to de eye;
" Where from his own mock trone de Prince ſo great,
" Can jomp into anoder Prince eſtate——
" Yes, by de God dat made dis cart and me,
" No ſingle louſy raſcal ſal go free."

Reader, thou raiſeſt both thy marv'lling eyes,
In all the ſtaring wildneſs of ſurpriſe;

As if the poet did not truth revere,
And fancieſt *gentlewomen* could not ſwear:
Go, fool, and ſeek the ladies of the mud,
Queens of the lakes, or damſels of the flood,
Nymphs, Nereids, or what vulgar tongues call drabs,
Who vend at Billingſgate their ſprats and crabs;
Tell them their fiſh all ſtink, and thou wilt hear
Whether fine *gentlewomen* ever ſwear:
Nay, viſit many of our courtly dames,
When wrath their dove-like gentleneſs inflames;
Lo! thou ſhalt find, by many a naughty word,
They uſe ſmall ceremony with the Lord,
In ſpite of all that godly books contain,
That teach them not to take his name in vain.

"Thanks, *Swelly*, thanks, thanks, thanks," the KING reply'd;
"Like me, you have not got a grain of pride.——
"Yes, yes, if I am maſter of this houſe;——
"Yes, yes, the locks ſhall fall, and then the Louſe."

He

He ſpoke——and to confirm the dreadful doom,
His head he ſhook, that ſhook the dining room.
Thus JOVE of old, the dread, the THUND'RING GOD,
Shook, when he ſwore, OLYMPUS with his nod.

"Yes," cry'd the KING—"Yes, yes, their curls ſhall quake—
"But tell me, where, where, where's Sir FRANCIS DRAKE?"

O, Reader, think not 'twas that DRAKE, Sir FRANCIS,
Whoſe wondrous actions ſeem almoſt romances;
Who ſhone in ſenſe profound, and bloodieſt wars,
And rais'd the nation's glory to the ſtars;
Who firſt in triumph ſail'd around the world,
And vengeance on the foes of Britain hurl'd;
But HE who ſculks around the Royal kitchen,
Which, if he catch a neighbour's dog or bitch in,
Lets fly, to ſtrike the four-legg'd mumper dead,
A poker, or a cleaver, at his head.

Not

Not *that* Sir FRANCIS DRAKE who, god-like, bore
Fair freedom, Science to th' Atlantic ſhore;
To Pagans gave the Goſpel's ſaving grace,
And planted Virtue 'midſt a barb'rous race;
Spread on the dark'ned realms the blaze of light——
But *he* who ſees the ſpoons and plates are bright;
Sees that the knives before the King and Queen
Are, like the pair of Royal ſtomachs, *keen:*
Not *he*, whoſe martial frown whole kingdoms ſhook,
But he whoſe low'ring viſage ſhakes a cook:
Not he who pour'd on Mexico his tars,
But he, at *London*, who with *linen* wars,
Napkins and damaſk tablecloths aſſails
With ſciſſars, razors, knives, and teeth, and nails;
Who dares with Doylies deſp'rate war to wage,
Such is *his* province and domeſtic rage,
If, like his predeceſſors, he hath grace,
And calls his conqueſts, *perquiſites of place*——

'Twas

'Twas not that DRAKE who bade his daring crew
Run with their bayonets the Spaniards through;
But that important DRAKE, in office big,
Inſtructing cooks to ſpit a gooſe or pig:
Not *he* who took the Spaniards by the noſe,
And priſons fill'd with Britain's graceleſs foes;
But he who bids the geeſe, his pris'ner's, die,
And ſtuffs their legs and gizzards in a pie:
He who, three times a week, a green-cloth Lord,
Sits, Wiſdom-fraught, at that important board
With wiſe compeers, in Judge-like order ſtudying,
Whether the KING ſhall have a tart or pudding.
Not *he*, by virtues to the world endear'd,
By foes reſpected, and by friends rever'd;
Prompt to relieve the ſupplicating ſigh,
Who never daſh'd with tears the aſking eye;
But wak'd of joy the long departed beam,
Deep ſunk in ſorrow's unremitting ſtream:
But *he*, with greatneſs at eternal ſtrife,
Who never gave a ſixpence in his life;

Who, if he ever aſk'd a friend to dine,
Requeſted favours that outweigh'd his wine:
From lane to lane, who ſteals with wary feet,
Juſt like the cautious hare that ſeeks his ſeat:
Who, though a City * near him rears her head,
And wealthy villages around him ſpread,
No friend, no neighbour near his manſion found,
Like CAIN he walks in ſolitude around.
'Twas *this* Sir FRANCIS, quite a diff'rent man
From him who round the world with glory ran:
Forbid it, Heav'n! that e'er the MUSE untrue
Should give to any man another's due!

MUSE, leave we now the Monarch, vengeance brewing,
To take a peep at what the cooks were doing.

In that ſnug room †, the ſcene of ſhrew'd remark,
Whoſe window ſtares upon the ſaunt'ring park;

* Exeter. † The Larder.

Where

Where many a hungry bard, and gambling ſinner,
In chop-fall'n ſadneſs, counts the trees for dinner;
In that ſnug room where any man of ſpunk
Would find it a hard matter to get drunk *;
Where coy Tokay ne'er feels a cook's embraces,
Nor Port nor Claret ſhow their roſy faces;
But where old Adam's beverage flows with pride,
From wide-mouth'd pitchers, in a plenteous tide;
Where veal, pork, mutton, beef, and fowl and fiſh,
All club their joints to make one *handſome* diſh;
Where ſtew-pan covers ſerve for plates, I ween,
And knives and forks and ſpoons are never ſeen;
Where pepper iſſues from a paper bag,
And for a crewet ſtands a brandy cag;
Where Madam SWELLENBERG too often ſits
Like ſome old tabby in her mouſing fits,
Demurely ſquinting with majeſtic mien,
To catch ſome fault to carry to the QUEEN:

* This will be deemed ſtrange by my *country* readers — but it is nevertheleſs true.

In

In that ſnug room, like thoſe immortal Greeks,
Of whom, in book the thirteenth, OVID ſpeaks——
Around the table, all with ſulky looks,
Like culprits doom'd to Tyburn, ſat the Cooks:
At length, with phiz that ſhow'd the man of woes,
The ſorrowing King of ſpits and ſtewpans roſe;
Like PAUL at Athens, very juſtly fainted,
And by the charming bruſh of Raphael painted,
With outſtretch'd hands, and energetic grace,
He fearleſs thus harangues the ROASTING RACE;
Whilſt gaping round, in mute attention, ſit
The poor forlorn diſciples of the ſpit.
" Cooks, ſcullions, hear me ev'ry mother's ſon——
" Know that I reliſh not this Royal fun:
" GEORGE thinks us ſcarcely fit ('tis very clear)
" To carry guts, my brethren, to a bear."——
" Guts to a bear!" the cooks, up ſpringing cry'd,——
" Guts to a bear," the Major loud replied.
" Guts to the devil," roar'd the cooks again,
And toſs'd their noſes high in proud diſdain:

The

The plain tranſlation of whoſe pointed noſes
The reader needeth not, the bard ſuppoſes;
But if the reaſon ſome dull reader looks,
'Tis this——whatever Kings may think of Cooks,
Howe'er crown'd heads may deem them low-born things;
Cooks are poſſeſs'd of ſouls as well as Kings.
Yet are there ſome who think (but what a ſhame!)
Poor people's ſouls like pence of Birmingham,
Adulterated braſs——baſe ſtuff——abhorr'd——
That never can paſs current with the LORD;
And think, becauſe of wealth they boaſt a ſtore,
With ev'ry freedom they may treat the *poor*:
Witneſs the ſtory that my Muſe, with tears,
Relates, O Reader, to thy ſhrinking ears:

With feeble voice and deep deſponding ſighs,
With ſallow cheek and pity-aſking eyes,
A wretch, by age and poverty decay'd,
For farthings lately to a NABOB pray'd;
The NABOB, turkey-like, began to ſwell,
And damn'd the beggar to the pit of hell.

" Oh! Sir," the ſupplicant was heard to cry,
(The tear of mis'ry trickling from his eye)
" Though I'm in rags, and wondrous, wondrous poor,
" And *you* with gold and ſilver cover'd o'er,
" There won't in heav'n ſuch difference take place,
" When we before the LORD come face to face."——
" *You* face to face with *me!*" the Nabob cry'd,
In all the inſolence of upſtart pride: ——
" *You* face to face with *me*, you dog, appear!
" Damme I'll kick you, if I catch you there." ——
Oh, ſhocking blaſphemy! oh, horrid ſpeech!—
Where was the fellow born?—the wicked wretch! ——
So black an imp would pull, I do ſuppoſe,
A bulſe of di'monds from a BEGUM's noſe;
Or make, like DOULAH, careleſs of his ſoul,
A new edition of the old Black Hole.

" What's life," the Major ſaid, " my brethren, pray,
" If force muſt ſnatch our firſt delights away?

" Relentleſs

" Relentleſs ſhall the Royal mandate drag
" The hairs that long have grac'd this ſilken bag;
" Hairs to a barber ſcarcely worth a fig,
" Too few to make a foretop for a wig?
" Muſt razors vile theſe locks, ſo ſcanty, ſhave,
" Locks that I wiſh to carry to my grave;
" Hairs, look, my lads, ſo wonderfully thin,
" Old SWELLENBERG hath more upon her chin?"——
" Yes, that ſhe hath," exclaim'd a Cook, " by G-d,
" A damn'd old German good-for-nothing toad.
" Yes, yes, her mouth with beard divinely briſtles——
" Curſe me, I'd rather kiſs a bunch of thiſtles.
" Oh! were it but His Majeſty's commands
" To give her gentle jawbones to theſe hands,
" I'd ſhave her, like a puniſh'd ſoldier, *dry*——
" No killing ſow ſhould make a ſweeter cry——
" I'd pay my compliments to Madam's chin——
" I'll anſwer for't I'd make the devil grin——
" The razor moſt delicioufly ſhould work——
" I'd trim her muzzle——yes, I'd ſcrape her pork——

" I'd

" I'd teach her to ſome purpoſe to behave,
" And ſhow the witch the nature of a ſhave——
" O! woman, woman! whether lean or fat,
" In face an *angel*, but in ſoul a *cat!*"

He ended——when each mouth upon the ſtretch,
Crown'd with a loud horſe-laugh the claſſic ſpeech.

Too ſoon, alas! reſentment ſeiz'd the hour,
And JOKE reſign'd his grin-provoking pow'r;
RAGE dimm'd of mirth the ſudden ſunny ſky,
And fill'd with gloomy oaths each ſcowling eye;
Whilſt GRIEF returning, took her turn to reign,
Sunk every heart, and ſadden'd ev'ry mien:
Drew from their giddy heights the laughing graces——
For much is Grief diſpos'd to bring down faces.

" Son of the ſpit," the Major, ſtrutting, cry'd,
" I like thy ſpirit, and revere thy pride:

" I'd

" I'd rather hear thee than a Biſhop preach,
" For thou haſt made a very pretty ſpeech.
" Such is the language that the gods ſhould hear,
" And ſuch ſhould thunder on the Royal ear.
" Yet, ſon of dripping, though thou ſpeak'ſt my notions,
" We muſt not be too nimble in our motions——
" Awhile, heroic brothers, let us halt;
" Soft fires, the proverb tells us, make good malt.
" And yet again I bid you ſtand like rocks,
" And battle for the honour of your locks.
" Lo! in theſe aged hairs is all my joy——
" To ſhave them, is my *being* to deſtroy.
" What's life, if life has not a bliſs to give——
" And if unhappy, who would wiſh to live?
" CONTENT can viſit the poor ſpider'd room,
" Pleas'd with the coarſe ruſh mat and birchen broom;
" Where parents, children, feaſt on oaten bread,
" With cheeks as round as apples, and as red;

" Where health with vigour nerves their backs and hams,
" Sweet ſouls, though ragged as young colts or rams;
" Where calmly ſleep the parents with their darlings,
" Though nibbled by the fleas as thick as ſtarlings;
" Lull'd to their reſt, beneath the coarſeſt rugs,
" Dead to the bitings of a thouſand bugs.

" CONTENT, mild maid! delights in *ſimple* things,
" And envies not the ſtate of Queens or Kings;
" Can dine on ſheep's head, or a diſh of broth,
" Without a table or a tablecloth;
" Nor wiſhes, with the faſhionable group,
" To viſit HORTON's ſhop for turtle ſoup;
" Can uſe a bit of packthread for a jack,
" And ſit upon a chair without a back:
" Nay, wanting knives, can with her fingers work,
" And uſe a wooden ſkewer for a fork.

" Sweet

" Sweet maid! who thinks not ſhoes of leather ſhocking,

" Nor feels the horrors in a worſted ſtocking;

" Her temper mild, no huckaback can ſhock,

" Though for her lovely limbs it forms a ſmock;

" Pleas'd with the nat'ral curls her face that ſhade,

" No graves are robb'd for hair to make a braid:

" Her breaſt of native plumpneſs ne'er aſpires

" To ſwelling *merry thoughts* of gauze and wires,

" To look like crops of ducks, (with labour born)

" Stretch'd by a ſuperfluity of corn.

" With Nature's hips, ſhe ſighs not for *cork rumps*,

" And ſcorns the pride of pinching ſtays or jumps;

" But pleas'd from whalebone priſons to eſcape,

" She truſts to ſimple nature for a ſhape;

" Without a warmingpan can go to bed,

" And wrap her petticoat about her head;

" And

" Nor ſigh for cobweb caps of Mecklin lace,
" That ſhade of quality the varniſh'd face:
" Sweet nymph, like doves, ſhe ſeeks her ſtraw-built neſt,
" And in a pair of minutes is undreſt;
" Whilſt all the *faſhionable* female clans,
" Undreſſing, ſeem unloading caravans.
" No matter from what ſource Contentment ſprings;
" 'Tis juſt the ſame in Cooks as 'tis in Kings;
" And if our ſouls are ſet upon our hair,
" Let ſnip-ſnap barbers, nay, let *Kings*, beware,
" Nor tempt the dangerous rage of true John Bulls,
" And clap, like fools, the edgetool to our ſkulls.
" Tread on a worm, he ſhows his rage and pain,
" By turning on the wounding toe again:
" Nay, ev'n *inanimates* appear to feel:——
" On the looſe *ſtone*, if chance direct your heel,
" Lo! from its womb the ſudden ſtream aſcends,
" To prove the foot was not among its friends;

And

" And calling in the aid of neighbour mud,
" O'er the fair ſtocking ſpouts the ſable flood."

So ſpoke the Major, with reſentment fir'd——
Spoke like a man—indeed, like man *inſpir'd!*——
Some critic cries, with ſharp, faſtidious look,
" Bard, bard, this is not language for a Cook."——
" O ſnarler! but I'll lay thee any wager,
" It is not too ſublime for a *Cook Major*."——

" Behold! to remedy our ſad condition,"
The Major cried, " I've cook'd up a Petition:
" This carries weight with it, or I'm miſtaken,
" Shall ſhake the Monarch's ſoul, and ſave our bacon——
" Then jumping on a barrel, thus aloud
" He read ſonorous to the gaping croud:

Thus reads a pariſh clerk in church a brief,
That begs for burnt-out wretches kind relief——

Relief, alas! that very rarely reaches
The poor petitioners, the ruin'd wretches;
But (loſt its way) unfortunately ſteers
To fat churchwardens and fat overſeers;
Improves each diſh, augments the punch and ale,
And adds new ſpirit to the ſmutty tale.

THE PETITION OF THE COOKS.

" YOUR Majeſty's firm friends and faithful Cooks,
" Who in your Palace merry liv'd as grigs,
" Have heard, with heavy hearts and down-caſt looks,
" That we muſt all be ſhav'd, and put on wigs:
" *You*, SIRE, who with *ſuch honour* wear *your* Crown,
" Should never bring on *ours* diſgraces down.

" Dread Sir! we really deem our heads our own,
" With ev'ry ſprig of hair that on them ſprings:——
" In France, where men like ſpaniels lick the Throne,
" And count it glory to be *cuff'd* by Kings,
" *Their* locks belong unto the *Grand Monarque*,
" Who ſwallows privileges like a ſhark.

" Be

" Be pleas'd to pardon what we now advance;——
" We dare your Sacred Majeſty aſſure,
" That there's a diff'rence between *us* and *France*;
" And *long*, we hope, that *diff'rence* we'll endure.
" We know King Lewis wou'd, with pow'r ſo dread,
" Not only cut the *hair* off, but the *head*.

" Oh! tell us, Sir, in loyalty ſo true,
" What dire deſigning raggamuffins ſaid,
" That we, your Cooks, are ſuch a naſty crew,
" Great Sir! as to have crawlers in our head?
" My Liege, you can't find one through all our houſe,——
" Not if you'd give a guinea for a louſe.

" What creature 'twas you found upon your plate
" We know not——if a louſe, it was not ours;——
" To ſhave each Cook's poor unoffending pate,
" Betrays too much of arbitrary pow'rs;——
" The act humanity and juſtice ſhocks:——
" Let him who *owns* the crawler loſe his locks.

" But

" But grant upon your plate this louſe ſo dread,
" How can you ſay, Sir, it belongs to *us?*——
" Maggots are found in many a princely head;
" And if a maggot, why then not a louſe?
" Nay, grant the fact;——with horror ſhould you ſhrink?
" It could not eat your Majeſty we think.

" Hunger, my Liege, hath oft been felt by Kings,
" As well as people of *inferior ſtate*;——
" Quarrels with Cooks are therefore dangerous things——
" We cannot anſwer for your ſtomach's fate;
" For, by your ſize, we frankly muſt declare,
" You feed on more ſubſtantial ſtuff than *air*.

" My Liege, an Univerſe hath been your foes;
" The times have look'd moſt miſerably black——
" America hath *try'd* to pull your noſe——
" French, Dutch, and Spaniards, *try'd* to bang your back:
" 'Twould be a ſerious matter, we can tell ye,
" Were *we* to buccaneer it on your *belly*.

" You ſee the ſpirit of your Cooks, then, Sire——
" Determin'd nobly to ſupport their locks;
" And ſhould your guards be order'd out to fire,
" Their guns may be oppos'd by ſpits and crocks:
" Knives, forks, and ſpoons, may fly, with plates a ſtore,
" And all the thunder of the kitchen roar.

" *Nat. Gardner*, Yeoman of the Mouth, declares
" He'll join the ſtandard of your injur'd Cooks——
" Each ſcullion, turnbroche, for redreſs prepares,
" And puts on very formidable looks:
" Your women too——*imprimis*, Mrs. *Dyer*,
" Whoſe eggs are good as ever felt a fire:

" Next Sweeper-general *Bickley*, Mrs. *Mary*,
" With that fam'd bell-ringer call'd Mrs. *Loman*——
" *Ann Spencer*, guardian of the Neceſſary,
" That is to ſay, the neceſſary woman——
" All theſe, an't pleaſe you, Sir, ſo fierce, determine
" To join us in the cauſe of hair and vermine.

" There's

" There's Miſtreſs *Stewart*, Mr. *Richard Day*,
" Who find your Sacred Majeſty in linen,
" Are ready to ſupport us in our fray——
" You can't conceive the paſſion they have been in;——
" They ſwear ſo much your ſcheme of ſhaving hurts,
" You ſhan't have pocket-handkerchiefs or ſhirts.

" The grocers, *Clarke* and *Taylor*, curſe the ſcheme,
" And ſay whate'er we do the world won't blame us—
" So *Comber* ſays, who gives you milk and cream—
" And thus your old friend Mr. *Lewis Ramus*:
" We think your Sacred Majeſty would mutter
" At loſs of ſugar, milk, and cream, and butter.

" Suppoſe, an't pleaſe you, Sir, that Miſtreſs *Knutton*
" And Miſtreſs *Maiſhfield*, fierce as tyger cats;
" One Overſeer of all the beef and mutton,
" The other lady Preſident of ſprats——
" Suppoſe, in oppoſition to your wiſh,
" *This* locks away the fleſh, and *that* the fiſh?

" Suppoſe

" Suppoſe *John Clarke* refuſe ſupplies of muſtard,
" So neceſſary to your beef and bacon?
" *Will Roberts* all the apple-pie and cuſtard?
" Your Majeſty would growl, or we're miſtaken——
" Suppoſe that *Wells*, to plague your ſtomach ſtudying,
" From Sunday, *ſacrilegious*, ſteals the pudding?

" Suppoſe that *Rainsforth* with our *corps* unites?
" We mean the man who all the tallow handles——
" Suppoſe he locks up all the mutton lights——
" How could your Majeſty contrive for candles?
" You'd be (excuſe the freedom of remark)
" Like *ſome* adminiſtrations—in the *dark*.

" We dare aſſure you that our grief is great—
" And oft indeed our feelings it enrages,
" To ſee your Sacred Majeſty beſet
" By ſuch a graceleſs gang of idle pages——
" And, with ſubmiſſion to your judgement, Sire,
" We think old Madam SWELLENBERG a lyar.

" Suppoſe,

" Suppoſe, Great Sir, that by your cruel *fiat*,
" The barbers ſhould attack our humble head,
" And that we ſhould not chuſe to breed a riot,
" Becauſe we might not wiſh to loſe our bread;
" Say, would the triumph o'er each harmleſs Cook
" Make GEORGE THE THIRD like ALEXANDER look?

" Dread Sir, reflect on JOHNNY WIKES's fate,
" Supported chiefly by a paltry rabble—
" WILKES bade defiance to your frowns and ſtate,
" And got the better in that famous ſquabble;
" Poor was the victory you wiſh'd to win,
" That ſat the mouth of EUROPE on the grin.

" O King, our wives are in the kitchen roaring,
" All ready in rebellion now to riſe—
" They mock our humble method of imploring,
" And bid us guard againſt a *wig* ſurpriſe:—
" *Yours* is the hair," they cry'd, th' Almighty gave ye,
" And not a King in Chriſtendom ſhould ſhave ye."

" Lo! on th' event the world impatient looks,
" And thinks the joke is carried much too far——
" Then pray, Sir, liſten to your faithful Cooks,
" Nor in the Palace breed a civil war:
" Loud roars our band, and, obſtinate as pigs,
" Cry, ' Locks and liberty, and damn the wigs."

THE END.

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ODE I.

PETER *talketh of reſigning the Laureatſhip—He propheſieth the Triumph of the* ARTISTS *on his Reſignation—The* ARTISTS *alſo propheſy to* PETER*'s Diſadvantage—*PETER*'s laſt Comforts, ſhould their Propheſy be fulfilled.*

PETER, like fam'd Chriſtina, Queen of Sweden,
Who thought a *wicked* court was not an *Eden*,
This year, reſigns the laurel crown for ever!
What all the fam'd ACADEMICIANS wiſh;
No more on painted fowl, and fleſh, and fiſh,
He ſhows the world his carving ſkill ſo clever.
Braſs, iron, woodwork, ſtone, in peace ſhall reſt——
"Thank God!" exclaim the works of Mr. WEST.

"Thank God!" the WORKS of Loutherbourg exclaim——
For guns of critics, no ignoble game——

"No

" No longer now afraid of rhiming praters,
" Shall we be chriſt'ned *tea-boards*, *varniſh'd waiters*:
" No verſe ſhall ſwear that ours are *paſt-board* rocks,
" Our trees, *braſs wigs*; and *mops*, our fleecy flocks."

" Thank Heav'n!" exclaims RIGAUD, with ſparkling eyes—
" Then ſhall my pictures in importance riſe,
" And fill each gaping mouth and eye with wonder."
Monſieur Rigaud,
It may be ſo,
To think thy ſtars have made ſo ſtrange a blunder,
That bred to *paint*—the genius of a glazier:
That ſpoil'd, to make a *dauber*, a good brazier.
None but thy partial tongue (believe my lays)
Can dare ſtand forth the herald of thy praiſe:
Could FAME applaud, whoſe voice my verſe reveres,
JUSTICE ſhould break her trump about her ears.

" Thank Heav'n!" cries Mr. GARVY; and " Thank God!"
Cries Mr. COPLEY, " that this Man of Ode,
" No more, Barbarian-like, ſhall o'er us ride:
" No more like beads, in naſty order ſtrung,
" And round the waiſt of this vile MOHAWK hung,
" Shall *academic ſcalps* indulge his pride.

" No

" No more hung up in this dread fellow's rhime,
" Which he moſt impudently calls *ſublime*,
" Shall we, poor, innoffenſive ſouls,
" Appear juſt like ſo many moles,
" Trapp'd in an orchard, garden, or a field;
" Which mole-catchers ſuſpend on trees,
" To ſhew their titles to their fees,
" Like Doctors, paid too often for the *kill'd*."

Pleas'd that no more my verſes ſhall annoy;
Glad that my bliſter Odes ſhall ceaſe their ſtinging;
Each wooden figure's mouth expands with joy ——
Hark! how they all break forth in ſinging! ——

In boaſtful ſounds the grinning ARTISTS cry,
" Lo! PETER's hour of inſolence is o'er:
" His Muſe is dead —— his lyric pump is dry ——
" His Odes, like ſtinking fiſh, not worth a groat a ſcore.
" Art thou, then, weak, like us, thou ſnarling ſniv'ller?
" Art thou like one of us, thou lyric driv'ller?

" Our Kings and Queens in glory now ſhall lie,
" Each unmoleſted, ſleeping in his frame;
" Our ponds, our lakes, our oceans, earth, and ſky,
" No longer, ſcouted, ſhall be put to ſhame:

" No poet's rage ſhall root our ſtumps and ſtumplings,
" And ſwear our clouds are flying apple-dumplings:
" Fame ſhall proclaim how well our plum-trees bud,
" And found the merits of our marle and mud."

" Our oaks, our bruſhwood, and our lofty elms,
" No jingling tyrant's wicked rage o'erwhelms,
" Now this vile FELLER is laid low:
" In peace ſhall our ſtone hedges ſleep,
" Our huts, our barns, our pigs, and ſheep,
" And wild fowl, from the eagle to the crow."

They who ſhall ſee this PETER in the ſtreet,
With fearleſs eye his front ſhall meet,
And cry, " Is this the man of keen remark?
" Is this the wight?" ſhall be their taunting ſpeech:
" A dog! who dar'd to ſnap each artiſt's breech,
" And bite Academicians like a ſhark?

" He whoſe broad cleaver chop'd the ſons of paint:
" Cruſh'd like a marrowbone each lovely ſaint;

" Spar'd

" Spar'd not the very clothes about their backs:
" The little duck-wing'd cherubims abus'd,
" That could not more inhumanly be us'd,
" Poor lambkins! had they fall'n among the BLACKS.
" *He*, once ſo furious, ſoon ſhall want relief,
" Stak'd through the body, like a paltry thief.

" How art thou fall'n, O Cherokee!" they cry;
" How art thou fall'n!" the joyful roofs reſound;
" Hell ſhall thy body, for a rogue, ſurround,
" And there, for ever roaſting, may'ſt thou lie:
" Like Dives, may'ſt thou ſtretch in fires along,
" Refus'd one drop of drink to cool thy tongue."

Ye goodly gentlemen, repreſs your yell,
Your hearty wiſhes for my *health* reſtrain;
For if our *works* can put us into h-ll,
Kind Sirs! we certainly ſhall meet again:
Nay, what is worſe, I really don't know whether
We muſt not lodge in the *ſame* room together.

ODE II.

PETER *flogs Academicians and Dinner — Pities the* PRINCE *of* WALES, *Duke of* ORLEANS, *Duke* FITZJAMES, *Count* LAUZUN, *Lords* CAERMARTHEN *and* BESBOROUGH, *&c. and praiſes Mr.* WELTJIE—*Exculpates the* PRESIDENT—*Condemns Sir* W. CHAMBERS *and the* COMMITTEE *for their bad Management* — PETER *talks of viſiting the French* KING *and the Duke of* ORLEANS.

WHENE'ER ACADEMICIANS run aſtray,
Such ſhould the moral PETER's ſong reclaim——
Of *paint*, this ode ſhall nothing ſing or ſay,
My eagle ſatire darts at *diff'rent* game——
Againſt *decorum*——I abhor a *ſinner*;
And therefore laſh the Academic dinner.

Th' ACADEMY, though marvellouſly poor,
Can once a year afford to *eat*:
By means of kind donations at the door,
The members make a comfortable treat.
Like *Gipſies* in a barn, around their KING,
That annual meet, to eat, and dance, and ſing.

A feaſt

A feaſt was made of fleſh, fiſh, tarts, creams, jellies,
To ſuit the various qualities of bellies:
Mine grumbl'd to be aſk'd, and be delighted;
But *wicked* PETER's paunch was not invited.

Yet though no meſſage waited on the *hard*,
With compliments from Academic names,
The PRINCE of WALES receiv'd a civil card,
His Grace of ORLEANS too, and Duke FITZJAMES;
Count de Lauzun, and Count Conflan,
A near relation to the man,
In whoſe poor ſides old HAWKE once fix'd his claws,
Were welcom'd by the Academic Lords,
Either by writing or by words,
To come and try the vigour of their jaws.

Unfortunately for the modeſt DUKES,
The nimble artiſts, all with greyhound looks,
Fell on the meat, with teeth prodigious able;
Seiz'd, of the *Synagogue*, the *higheſt* places,
And left the poor *forlorn*, their GALLIC GRACES,
To nibble *at the bottom of the table!*

There ſat, too, my good Lord Caermarthen,
As one of the *Canaille*, not worth a farthing!
But what can *titles*, *virtues*, at a feaſt,
Where *glory* waits upon the *greateſt beaſt?*

To ſee a ſtone-cutter and maſon
High mounted o'er thoſe men of quality;
By no means can our annals blazon
For feats of *courtly* hoſpitality.
I've heard, however, one or two were *tanners:*
Granted—it doth not much *improve* their manners.

They probably, in anſwer, may declare,
They thought the feaſt juſt like a *hunt*;
In which, as ſoon as ever ſtarts the hare,
Each *Nimrod* tries to be the firſt upon't:
As he's the *greateſt*, 'midſt the *howling fuſs*
Who *firſt* can triumph o'er poor dying PUSS.

PETERS* moſt juſtly rais'd his eyes of wonder,
And wanted decently to give them *grace*;
But bent on *ven'ſon* and on *turbot-plunder*,
A clattering peal of knives and forks took place:

* A reſpectable Clergyman, and one of the Academicians.

Spoons,

Spoons, plates, and diſhes, rattling round the table,
Produc'd a *new* edition of *old* Babel.

They had no *ſtomach*, o'er a *Grace*, to nod,
Nor *time enough* to offer thanks to GOD:
That might be done, they wiſely knew,
When they had nothing elſe to *do*.

His HIGHNESS entering ſomewhat rather late,
Could ſcarcely find a knife, or fork, or plate:
But not one ſingle *maiden* diſh,
Poor gentleman! of fleſh or fiſh.

Moſt woefully the *paſtry* had been *paw'd*,
And trembling jellies barbarouſly *claw'd*.
In ſhort, my gentle readers to *amaze*,
His HIGHNESS pick'd the bones of the R. A.'s.

O Weltjie *, had thy lofty form been there,
And ſeen thy PRINCE ſo ſerv'd with ſcrap and ſlop,
Thou ſurely would'ſt have brought him better fare ——
A warm beef ſteake, perchance, or mutton chop.

* The Prince's German cook.

Thou would'ſt have ſaid, " *De* PRENCE *of* WALES, *by Got,*
" *Do too muſh honour to be at der feaſt* ;
" *Vere he can't heb von beet of meat dat's hot,*
" *But treated vid de bones juſt like a beaſt.*
" *De* PRENCE, *he vas too great to ſit and eat*
" *De bones and leaſings of de meat* ;
" *And munſh vat dirty low-lif'd rogues refuſe,*
" *By Got ! not fit to vipe de* PRENCE'*s ſhoes.*"

Great Beſborough's Earl, too, came off *ſecond beſt* ;
His murmuring ſtomach had not *half* a feaſt ;
And therefore it was natural to *mutter :*
To rectify the fault, with joyleſs looks,
His Lordſhip bore his belly off to BROOKES,
Who filled the grumbler up with bread and butter.

Sirs ! thoſe manœuvres were extremely coarſe ——
This really was the eſſence of ill breeding :
Not for your ſouls could you have treated worſe,
Bumb-bailiffs, by this dog-like mode of feeding.

Grant, you eclips'd a pack of hounds, with glee
Purſuing, in full cry, the fainting game ——
Surpaſs'd them, too, in gobling down the prey ;
Still, *great R. A.'s*, I tell you 'twas a *ſhame :*

Grant,

Grant, each of you the wond'rous man excell'd,
Who beat a butcher's dog in eating tripe;
And that each paunch with guttling was ſo *ſwell'd*,
Not one bit more could paſs your ſwallow-pipe:

Grant, that you dar'd ſuch *ſtuffing feats* diſplay,
That not a ſoul of you could walk away:
Still, 'midſt the triumphs of your gobling fame,
I tell you, *great R. A.'s*, it was a *ſhame*.

Grant, you were greas'd up to the noſe and eyes,
Your cheeks all ſhining like a lantern's horn,
With tearing hams and fowls, and giblet pies,
And ducks, and geeſe, and pigeons newly born:
Though great, in your opinion, be your fame,
I tell you, *great R. A.'s*, it was a *ſhame*.

This, let me own —— the candour-loving Muſe
Moſt willingly Sir Joshua can excuſe,
Who tries the nation's glory to increaſe;
Whoſe genius rare is very ſeldom nodding,
But deep on painting ſubjects plodding,
To rival Italy and Greece.

But pray, Sir William *, what have *you* to ſay?
No ſuch impediment is in *your* way;

* Sir W. Chambers.

Genius can't hurt *your etiquette* attention;
And Meſſieurs Tyler, Wilton, and Rigaud,
Have *you* a genius to impede you? —— No!
Nor many a one beſides that I could mention.

This year (God willing) I ſhall viſit France,
And taſte of Louis, Grand Monarque! the prog:
His Grace of Orleans, ſo kind, *perchance*,
May aſk me to his houſe to pick a frog:
And yet, what right have *I* to viſit *there?*
To ſee a man ſo vilely treated *here.*

Ye Royal Artiſts, at your *future* feaſts,
I fear you'll make their Graces downright Daniels:
And as the Prophet din'd amongſt *wild beaſts*,
The Dukes will join your *pointers* and your *ſpaniels.*

ODE III.

Peter giveth ſage Advice to mercenary Artiſts, and telleth a moſt delectable Story of a Country Bumpkin and a peripatetic Razor-ſeller.

FORBEAR, my friends, to ſacrifice your fame
To ſordid gain, unleſs that you are ſtarving:
I own that hunger will indulgence claim
For hard ſtone heads and landſcape carving,

In

In order to make haſte to ſell and eat;
For there is certainly a charm in meat:
And in rebellious tones will ſtomachs ſpeak,
That have not taſted victuals for a week.

But yet there are a mercenary crew,
Who value fame no more than an old ſhoe;
Provided for their daubs they get a ſale;
Juſt like the man —— but ſtay — I'll tell the tale.

A fellow in a market town,
Moſt muſical, cried razors up and down,
And offer'd twelve for eighteen pence;
Which certainly ſeem'd wond'rous cheap,
And for the money, quite a heap,
As ev'ry man wou'd buy, with caſh and ſenſe.

A country bumpkin the great offer heard:
Poor Hodge, who ſuffer'd by a broad black beard,
That ſeem'd a ſhoe-bruſh ſtuck beneath his noſe,
With chearfulneſs the eighteen pence he paid,
And proudly to himſelf, in whiſpers, ſaid,
"This raſcal ſtole the razors, I ſuppoſe."

"No matter if the fellow *be* a knave,
"Provided that the razors *ſhave*;

"It

" It certainly will be a monſtrous prize : "
So home the clown, with his good fortune, went,
Smiling in heart, and ſoul content,
And quickly ſoap'd himſelf to ears and eyes.

Being well lather'd from a diſh or tub,
Hodge now began with grinning pain to grub,
Juſt like a hedger cutting furze :
'Twas a vile razor ! —— then the reſt he try'd ——
All were impoſtors —— " Ah," Hodge ſigh'd !
" I wiſh my eighteen pence within my purſe."

In vain to chace his beard, and bring the graces,
He cut, and dug, and winc'd, and ſtamp'd, and ſwore :
Brought blood, and danc'd, blaſphem'd, and made wry faces,
And curs'd each razor's body o'er and o'er.

His MUZZLE, form'd of *oppoſition* ſtuff,
Firm as a Foxite, would not loſe its ruff ;
So kept it —— laughing at the ſteel and ſuds :
Hodge, in a paſſion, ſtretch'd his angry jaws,
Vowing the direſt vengeance, with clench'd claws,
On the vile CHEAT that ſold the goods.

" Razors !

" Razors! —— a damn'd, confounded dog ——
" Not fit to ſcrape a hog!"

Hodge ſought the fellow —— found him, and begun ——
" P'rhaps, Maſter Razer-rogue, to you 'tis fun,
" That people flay themſelves out of their lives:
" You raſcal! —— for an hour have I been grubbing,
" Giving my ſcoundrel whiſkers here a ſcrubbing,
" With razors juſt like oyſter knives.
" Sirrah! I tell you, you're a knave,
" To cry up razors that can't *ſhave.*"

" Friend," quoth the razor-man, " I'm not a knave:
" As for the razors you have bought,
" Upon my ſoul I never thought
" That they wou'd *ſhave.*"

" Not think they'd ſhave!" quoth Hodge, with wond'ring eyes,
And voice not much unlike an Indian yell;
" What were they made for then, you dog?" he cries:——
" Made!" quoth the fellow, with a ſmile, —" to *ſell.*"

ODE IV.

Peter *obſerveth the* Lex Talionis.

WEST tells the world that PETER cannot *rhime*——
PETER declares *point blank* that WEST can't *paint*——
WEST ſwears I've not an atom of *ſublime*——
I ſwear he hath no notion of a *ſaint*:

And that his croſs-wing'd cherubims are fowls,
Baptiz'd by naturaliſts, *owls*;
Half of the meek apoſtles, gangs of robbers;
His angels, ſets of brazen-headed lubbers.

The Holy Scripture ſays, "All fleſh is graſs;"——
With Mr. Weſt, all fleſh is brick and braſs;
Except his horſe-fleſh, that, I fairly own,
Is often of the choiceſt Portland ſtone.

I've ſaid, too, that this artiſt's faces
Ne'er paid a viſit to the GRACES:

That

That on *Expreſſion*, he can never brag:
Yet for this article hath he been ſtudying;
But in it, never could ſurpaſs a pudding——
No, gentle reader, nor a *pudding bag*.

I dare not ſay that Mr. WEST
Cannot found criticiſm impart:
I'm told the man with *technicals* is bleſt,
That he can talk a deal upon the art:
Yes, he can talk, I do not doubt it——
"About it, goddeſs, and about it!"

Thus, then, is Mr. WEST deſerving praiſe——
And let my juſtice the fair *laud* offord;
For, lo! this far-fam'd artiſt cuts *both ways*;
Exactly like the Angel GABRIEL's *ſword*:

The beauties of the art, his *converſe* ſhows;
His *canvaſs*, almoſt ev'ry thing that's *bad!*
Thus at th' Academy, we muſt ſuppoſe,
A man more *uſeful* never could be had;
Who in himſelf, a *hoſt*, ſo much can *do*;
Who is both *precept* and *example* too.

ODE V.

Great Advice is given to Gentlemen *Authors—To Mr.* Webb *and Mr.* H. Walpole *particularly*—Peter *taketh the Part of Lady* Lucan—*Showeth wonderful Knowledge in the Art of Painting*—*Adminiſtereth Oil of Fool, vulgarly called Praiſe, to the Squire of* Strawberry Hill.

ASTRONOMERS ſhould treat of ſtars and comets;
Phyſicians, of the bark and vomits;
Of apoplexies thoſe light troops of Death,
That uſe no ceremony with our breath;
Ague and dropſy, jaundice and catarrh,
The grim-look Tyrant's heavy horſe of war.

Farriers ſhould write on farcys and the glanders;
Bug-Doctors only upon bed-diſorders;
Farmers on land, ploughs, pigs, ducks, geeſe and ganders;
Nightmen alone, on aromatic *odours*;
The Artiſts ſhould on painting ſolely write;
Like David, then they may "good things indite."
But when the mob of *gentlemen*
Break on their province, and take up the pen,

The

The Lord have mercy on the art!
I'm ſure their gooſe-quills can no light impart.
This verſe be thine, Squire Webb *—— it is thy due.
Pray, Mr. Horace Walpole †, what think *you?*

Horace, thou art a man of taſte and ſenſe,
Then don't, of *folly*, be at ſuch expence;
Do not to Lady Lucan ‡ pay ſuch court——
Her wiſdom ſurely will not thank thee for't——
Ah! don't endeavour *thus* to dupe her,
By ſwearing that ſhe equals Cooper §.

So groſs the flattery, it ſeems to ſhow
That verily thou doſt not know
The pow'rs requir'd for copying a *picture*,
And thoſe for copying *Dame Nature*;
Alas! a much more arduous matter!
So don't expoſe thyſelf, but mind my ſtricture.

Thoul't ſay it was mere compliment;
That nothing elſe was thy intent,

* Author of a Treatiſe on Painting, who ſeems to diſplay more erudition than ſcience.

† A gentleman well known in the literary world; an *amateur* in the Graphic line.

‡ A Lady of great ingenuity in the miniature department.

§ A famous miniature painter in the time of Cromwell.

Although it might diſgrace a boy at ſchool;
I grant the fact, and think that no man
Says or writes ſillier things to woman;
But ſtill 'tis making each of you a fool.

Yet, HORACE, think not that I write
Through ſpite;
Think not I read thy works with jealous pain;
Lord! no, thou art a favourite with *me*;
I think thee one of *us* —— *un bell eſprit* ——
By Heav'ns! I like the windmill of thy brain;
It is a pretty and ingenious mill:
Long may it grind on Strawb'ry Hill.

ODE VI.

Peter *ſtill continueth to give great Advice, and to exhibit deep Reflection — He telleth a miraculous Story.*

THERE is a *knack* in doing many a thing,
Which *labour* cannot to perfection bring:
Therefore, however great in your own eyes,
Pray do not hints from other folks, deſpiſe:

A *fool*

A *fool* on ſomething great, at times, may ſtumble,
And conſequently be a good adviſer;
On which, for ever, your *wiſe men* may fumble,
And never be a whit the wiſer.

Yes! I adviſe you, for there's wiſdom in't,
Never to be ſuperior to a hint——
The genius of each man, with keenneſs view——
A *ſpark*, from this, or t'other, caught,
May kindle, quick as thought,
A glorious *bonfire* up, in you.

A queſtion of you, let me beg——
Of fam'd Columbus and his egg,
Pray, have you heard?—"Yes."—Oh, then if you *pleaſe*,
I'll give you the two Pilgrims and the Peas.

The PILGRIMS *and the* PEAS.

A TRUE STORY.

A BRACE of ſinners, for no *good*,
Where ordered to the Virgin Mary's ſhrine,
Who at Loretto, dwelt in wax, ſtone, wood,
And in a fair white wig, look'd wond'rous fine.

Fifty

Fifty long miles had thoſe ſad rogues to travel
With ſomething in their ſhoes much worſe than *gravel*;
In ſhort, their toes, ſo gentle, to *amuſe*,
The prieſt had ordered peas into their ſhoes:

A *noſtrum* famous in old Popiſh times
For purifying ſouls that ſtunk with crimes,
A ſort of apoſtolic ſalt,
That Popiſh parſons for its powers exalt
For keeping ſouls of ſinners *ſweet*,
Juſt as our kitchen ſalt keeps *meat*.

The knaves ſat off on the ſame day,
Peas in their ſhoes, to go and pray;
But very diff'rent was their ſpeed, I wot;
One of the ſinners gallop'd on,
Light as a bullet from a gun;
The other limp'd as if he had been *ſhot*.

One ſaw the Virgin ſoon —— *peccavi* cried ——
Had his ſoul whitewaſh'd all ſo clever;
Then home again he nimbly hied,
Made fit, with ſaints above, to live *for ever*.

In coming back, however, let me ſay,
He met his brother rogue, about half way——
Hobbling with outſtretch'd bum and bending knees;
Damning the ſouls and bodies of the peas;
His eyes in tears, his cheeks and brows in ſweat,
Deep ſympathizing with his groaning feet.

" How now!" the light-toed, whitewaſh'd pilgrim broke—
" You lazy lubber!" ——
" Ods curſe it," cried the other, " 'tis no *joke* ——
" My feet, once hard as any rock,
" Are now as ſoft as *blubber*.

" Excuſe me, Virgin Mary, that I ſwear ——
" As for Loretto I ſhall not get there:
" No! to the Dev'l my ſinful ſoul muſt go,
" For damme if I ha'nt loſt ev'ry toe.

" But, brother ſinner, do explain
" How 'tis that you are not in pain;
" What Pow'r hath work'd a wonder for *your* toes:
" Whilſt *I*, juſt like a ſnail, am crawling,
" Now ſwearing, now on Saints devoutly bawling,
" Whilſt not a raſcal comes to eaſe my woes?

" How is't that *you* can like a greyhound *go*,
" Merry, as if that nought had happen'd, burn ye!" —
" Why," cried the other, grinning, " you muſt *know*,
" That juſt before I ventur'd on my journey,
" To walk a little more at eaſe,
" I took the liberty to boil *my* peas."

O D E VII.

PETER *grinneth.*

YOUNG men, be cautious of each critic word,
That, blaſphemous, may much offence afford——
I mean, that wounds an ancient maſter's fame:
At Titian, Guido, Julio, Veroneſe,
Your length'ning phiz let admiration ſeize,
And throw up both your eyes at Raphael's name.

Ev'n by a printſhop ſhould you chance to paſs,
Revere their effigy inſide the glaſs:
Juſt as with Papiſts, the religious care is
In churches, lanes, to bend their marrowbones
To bees-wax ſaints, bon-dieux of ſtones,
And beech, or deal, or wainſcot Virgin Marys.

Whate'er

Whate'er their errors, they no more remain,
For Time, like Fullers' earth, takes out each ſtain;
Nay more——on faults that *modern works* wou'd tarniſh,
TIME ſpreads a ſacred coat of varniſh.

Spare not on brother artiſts' backs, the laſh;
Put a good wire in't——let it *flaſh*;
Since ev'ry ſtroke with int'reſt is repaid;
For though you cannot kill the *man* outright;
Yet, by this effort of your rival ſpite,
Fifty to one if you don't ſpoil his *trade*.
His ruins may be feathers for your neſt——
The maxim's not amiſs —— *probatum eſt*.

ODE VIII.

The Poet inquires into the State of the EXHIBITION—*Laſhes Father* TIME *for* making *great Geniuſes, and* deſtroying *them—Praiſes* REYNOLDS—*Fancies a very curious Dialogue between* King ALEXANDER *and the Deer, the Subject of Mr.* Weſt's *Picture—Turns to Mr.* Weſt's *Reſurrection.*

WELL, Muſe! what is there in the Exhibition?
How thrive the beauties of the Graphic art?
Whoſe racing genius ſeems in beſt condition
For GLORY's plate to *ſtart?*

Say

Say what fly rogues old Fame *cajole?*
Speak,——who hath brib'd her trumpet, or who *ſtole?*
For much is *prais'd* that ought in fires to *mourn*——
Nay, what would ev'n *diſgrace* a fire to *burn*.

What artiſt boaſts a work ſublime,
That mocks the teeth of raging TIME?
Old fool! who after he hath form'd with pains,
A genius rare,
To make folks *ſtare*,
Knocks out his brains:
Like children, *dolls* creating with high brags;
Then tearing all their handy works to rags.

Lo! REYNOLDS ſhines with *undiminiſh'd* ray!
Keeps, like the Bird of Jove, his diſtant way ——
Yet, ſimple portrait ſtrikes too oft our eyes;
Whilſt HIST'RY, anxious for his pencil, ſighs.

We don't deſire to ſee on canvaſs live,
The *copy* of a jowl of lead;
When for th' *original* we wou'd not give
A ſmall pin's head.

This

This year, of picture, Mr. WEST
Is quite a Patagonian maker ——
He knows that *bulk* is not a *jeſt*
So gives us painting by the *acre*.

But ah! this ARTIST's bruſh can never brag
Upon KING ALEXANDER and the STAG;
For as they play'd at loggerheads, a rubber,
We ſurely ought to ſee a handſome battle
Between the MONARCH and the PIECE OF CATTLE;
Whereas, each keeps his diſtance, like a lubber.

His MAJESTY, upon his breech laid low,
Seems *preaching* to his horned foe;
Obſerving what a very wicked thing
To hurt the ſacred perſon of a KING:

And ſeems, about his buſineſs, to intreat him
To *march*, for fear the hounds ſhould *eat him*.
The STAG appears to ſay, in plaintive note,
" I own, KING ALEXANDER, my offence:
" True! I've not ſhow'd my loyalty, nor ſenſe;
" So bid your huntſmen come and cut my throat."

The cavalry, adorn'd with fair ſtone bodies;
Seem on the dialogue with wonder, ſtaring;
And on their flinty backs, a ſet of NODDIES,
Not one braſs farthing for their MASTER, *caring*.

Behold! *one* fellow lifts his mighty ſpear
To ſave the owner of the Scottiſh Crown;
Which harmleſs hanging o'er the gaping deer,
Seems in no mighty hurry to come down.

Another on a *Pegaſus*, comes flying!
His phiz, *his errand much belying*;
For if he means to *baſte* the beaſt ſo cruel,
God knows, 'tis with a face of *water-gruel*.

So then, ſweet Muſe, the picture boaſts no merit——
As flat as diſh-water, or dead ſmall-beer——
Or, what the mark is tolerably near,
As heads of Aldermen, devoid of ſpirit.

Well then! turn round——view t'other ſide the room,
And ſee his SAVIOUR mounting from the tomb:
Is *this* piece, too, with painting ſins ſo cram'd——
Born to increaſe the number of the *damn'd?*

My ſentiments by no means I refuſe——
Was our REDEEMER like the *wretched thing*,
I do not wonder that the cunning Jews
Scorn'd to acknowledge him for KING.

ODE

ODE IX.

PETER *moraliſeth, and giveth good Advice.*

ENVY and JEALOUSY, that pair of devils,
Stuff'd like PANDORA's box with wond'rous evils,
I hate, abhor, abominate, deteſt:
Like CIRCE, turning *man* into a *beaſt*.

Beneath their cankering breath no bud can blow;
Their blackning pow'r reſembles *ſmut* in corn,
Which kills the riſing ears that ſhould *adorn*,
And bid the vales with golden plenty glow.

Yet, fierce in yonder dome each demon reigns;
Their poiſon ſwells too many an artiſt's veins;
Draws from each labouring heart the fearful ſigh,
And caſts a ſullen gloom on ev'ry eye.

BRUSHMEN! accept the counſel PETER ſends,
Who ſcorns th' acquaintance of this brace of fiends:
Should any, with *uncommon* talents tow'r;
To any, is *ſuperior* ſcience given ——
Oh, let the *weaker* feel their happy pow'r;
Like plants that triumph in the dews of Heav'n.

Be pleas'd, like REYNOLDS, to direct the blind;
Who aids the feeble fault'ring feet of youth;
Unfolds the ample volume of his mind,
With genius ſtor'd, and NATURE's ſimple truth.

Who though a SUN, reſembles not his *brother*,
Whoſe beams ſo full of jealouſy conſpire,
Whene'er admitted to the *room* —— to *ſmother*
The humble *kitchen*, or the *parlour fire*.

ODE X.

PETER *ſpeaketh* figuratively —— *Accommodateth himſelf to* vulgar *Readers*—*Laſheth* Pretenders *to Fame*—*Concludeth merrily*.

A *MODEST* love of praiſe I do not blame ——
But I abhor a *Rape* on MISTRESS FAME——
Athough the Lady is exceeding *chaſte*,
Young forward bullies ſeize her round the waiſt;

Swear, *nolens volens*, that ſhe ſhall be *kiſs'd*;
And though ſhe vows ſhe does not *like 'em*,
Nay, threatens, for their impudence, to *ſtrike 'em*,
The ſaucy raſcals ſtill *perſiſt*.

Reader!

Reader! —— of images, here's no confuſion ——
Thou therefore underſtand'ſt the Bard's alluſion;
But *poſſibly* thou haſt a *thickiſh head*;
And therefore no *vaſt* quantity of brain ——
Why then, my precious PIG OF LEAD,
'Tis neceſſary to *explain*.

Some ARTISTS, if I *ſo* may *call* 'em,
So ignorant (the Foul Fiend *maul* 'em!)
Mere driv'lers in the charming art,
Are vaſtly fond of being prais'd;
Wiſh to the ſtars, like Blanchard, to be rais'd:
And rais'd they ſhould be, reader —— from a *cart*.

If diſappointed in ſome STENTOR's tongue,
Upon *themſelves* they pour forth proſe or ſong;
Or *buy* it in ſome venal paper,
And then *heroically* vapour.

What *prigs* to *immortality*, aſpire,
Who ſtick their traſh around the room!——
Traſh meriting a very *diff'rent* doom,——
I mean the warmer regions of the *fire!*

Heav'n knows, that I am anger'd to the ſoul,
To find ſome blockheads of their works *ſo vain* ——
So proud to ſee them hanging, *cheek by jowl*,
With *his* *, whoſe pow'rs the ART's high fame ſuſtain.

To wond'rous merit their pretenſion,
On ſuch *vicinity* ——*ſuſpenſion*;
Brings to my mind a *not unpleaſant* ſtory,
Which, gentle readers, let me lay before ye:

A *ſhabby* FELLOW chanc'd, one day, to meet
The Britiſh ROSCIUS in the ſtreet,
GARRICK, on whom our nation juſtly brags ——
The fellow hugg'd him with a kind embrace ——
" Good Sir, I do not recollect your face,"
Quoth Garrick —— " No?" replied the man of rags.

" The boards of Drury *you* and *I* have trod
" Full many a time together, I am ſure ——
" When?" with an oath, cried GARRICK —— " for by G——
" I never ſaw that face of *yours* before!

* The Preſident.

" What

" What characters, I pray,
" Did *you* and *I* together play?"——

" Lord!" quoth the fellow, " think not that I *mock*——
" When *you* play'd HAMLET, Sir,—*I* play'd the COCK*."

ODE XI.

PETER *talketh* ſenſibly *and* knowingly—*Recommendeth it to* ARTISTS *to prefer Pictures for their* Merit—*Diſcovereth* muſical *Knowledge, and ſhoweth, that he not only hath kept Company with Fid*-lers, *but Fiddle*-makers——*He ſatirizeth the* Pſeudo-*Cognoſcenti*—*Praiſeth his ingenious Neighbour* SIR JOSHUA.

BE not impos'd on by a *name*;
But bid your eye the picture's *merit* trace:
POUSSIN at times in outline may be *lame*,
And GUIDO's angels deſtitute of *grace*.

Yet lo! a picture of ſome famous ſchool:
A warranted *old Daub* of reputation,
Where charming PAINTING's *almoſt ev'ry* rule
Hath ſuffer'd *almoſt* ev'ry violation;

* In the Ghoſt Scene.

Oft

Oft hath been gaz'd at, by devouring eyes,
Where NATURE, baniſh'd from the picture, ſighs:

So ſome old DUTCHESS, as a badger gray,
Her ſnags by TIME, *ſure* DENTIST, *ſnatch'd away*,
With long, lank, flannel cheeks;
Where AGE in ev'ry wrinkled feature,
Unto the poor, weak, ſhaking creature,
Of death, unwelcome tidings ſpeaks;
Draws from the gaping mob the *envying* look,
Becauſe her OWNER chanc'd to be a DUKE.

How many *paſtboard* rocks, and *iron* ſeas:
How many torrents *wild*, of *ſtill ſtone* water:
How many *brooms*, and *broomſticks* meant for *trees*,
Becauſe the *fancied* labours of SALVATOR *;
Whoſe pencil, too, moſt groſſly may have blunder'd,
Have brought the bleſt *poſſeſſor* many a hundred?

Thus prove a *crowd*, a STAINER †, or AMATI ‡;
No matter for the fiddle's *ſound*;
The fortunate POSSESSOR ſhall not bate ye
A doit, of fifty, nay a hundred pound:

* Salvator Roſa.
† A German Fiddle-maker.
‡ A maker of fiddles called Cremonas.

And

And though, what's vulgarly baptiz'd a *rep*,
Shall in a hundred pounds be deem'd *dog-cheap*.

It tickles one exceſſively to hear
Wiſe prating pedants the *old maſters* praiſe;
Damning by wholeſale, with ſarcaſtic ſneer,
The *wretched* works of *modern* days;
Making at *living* wights ſuch fatal puſhes,
As if not good enough to *wipe their bruſhes*.

And yet on each wiſe *cognoſcenté* aſs,
Who ſhall for hours on paint and ſculpture din ye;
A perſon, with facility, may paſs
RIGAUD for RAPHAEL — BACON for BERNINI;
Or, *little* as an OVEN to VESUVIUS,
WILL TYLER for PALLADIO or VITRUVIUS!

One wou'd imagine, by the mad'ning fools
Who talk of *nothing* but the *ancient* ſchools,
And vilify the works of *modern* brains,
They think poor Mother NATURE's art is fled,
That now ſhe cannot make a head,
Who took with old Italian nobs ſuch pains;
Nay, to a *driv'ler* turn'd, her pow'r ſo ſunk is,
Tame ſoul! that nothing now ſhe makes but *monkies*.

" Look at your favo'rite REYNOLDS," is their ſtrain——
" Allow'd by all, the *firſt* in EUROPE's eye;
" One atom of repute can Reynolds gain,
" When TITIAN, RUBENS, and VANDYKE, are nigh?
" Can REYNOLDS live near RAPHAEL's matchleſs line?"
Yes, blinckards! and with *equal* luſtre ſhine!

ODE XII.

PETER *increaſeth in Wiſdom, and adviſeth* wiſely—*Seemeth angry at the Illiberality of Nature in the Affair of his good Acquaintance the* LORD HIGH CHANCELLOR *of* ENGLAND, *and Mr.* PEPPER ARDEN——PETER *treateth his Readers with Love-Verſes of* paſt *Times.*

COPY not NATURE's form *too cloſely*,
Whene'er ſhe treats your SITTER *groſſly:*
For when ſhe gives deformity for *grace*,
Pray ſhow a little mercy on the face.
Indeed 'twould be but *charity* to flatter
Some dreadful works of *ſeeming drunken Nature.*

As for example;——Let us now ſuppoſe
THURLOW's *black ſcowl*, and PEPPER ARDEN's *noſe:*

But

But when your pencil's powers are bid to trace
The ſmiles of DEVONSHIRE——DUNCANNON's grace——
To bid the bluſh of beauteous CAMPBELL riſe,
And wake the radiance of AUGUSTA's * eyes,
(Gad! Muſe, thou art beginning to grow *loyal)*——
And paint the graces of the PRINCESS ROYAL:
Try all your art——and when your toils are done,
You ſhow a *flimſy meteor* for a SUN.

Or ſhould your ſkill attempt *her* face and air,
Who fir'd my heart, and fix'd my roving eye——
The LOVES, who robb'd a *world* to make her *fair*,
Would quickly triumph, and your art defy.

Sweet NYMPH!——but, reader, take the ſong
Which CYNTHIA's charms alone, inſpir'd:
That left of yore, the poet's tongue,
When LOVE, his raptur'd fancy fir'd.

S O N G.

FROM *her*, alas! whoſe ſmile was *love*,
I wander to ſome lonely cell:
My ſighs *too weak* the maid to move,
I bid the *flatterer*, HOPE, farewel.

* Second daughter of the King.

Be

Be all her Siren arts forgot,
That fill'd my boſom with alarms:
Ah! let her crime——a *little* ſpot,
Be loſt amidſt her *blaze* of charms.

As on I wander ſlow, my ſighs,
At ev'ry ſtep for Cynthia mourn:
My anxious HEART within me dies,
And ſinking, whiſpers, "Oh! return."

Deluded heart! thy folly know——
Nor fondly nurſe the fatal flame——
By *abſence*, thou ſhall loſe thy woe;
And *only flutter at her name*.

Readers! I own the ſong of *love* is *ſweet*:
Moſt pleaſing to the ſoul of *gentle* PETER:
Your eyes, then, with *another* let me *treat*,
Oh, *gentle* Sirs, and in the ſame ſweet metre.

SONG to DELIA.

SAY, lonely MAID, with down-caſt eye——
O DELIA! ſay, with cheeks ſo *pale*,
What gives thy heart the length'ned ſigh,
That tells the world a *mournful* tale?

Thy

Thy tears that thus each other chace,
Beſpeak a boſom ſwell'd with woe;
Thy ſighs, a ſtorm that wrecks thy peace,
Which ſouls like *thine* ſhould never know.

Oh! tell me, doth ſome favour'd youth,
With virtue tir'd, thy beauty ſlight;
And leave thoſe thrones of love and truth,
That lip, and boſom of delight?

Perhaps to NYMPHS of other ſhades,
He feigns the ſoft, impaſſion'd tear,
With ſongs their eaſy faith invades,
That treach'rous won *thy* witleſs ear.

Let not *thoſe* MAIDS thy envy move,
For whom his heart may ſeem to pine——
That HEART can ne'er be bleſt by love,
Whoſe *guilt* could force a pang from *thine.*

ODE XIII.

Pious Peter *acknowledgeth great Obligations to the Reverend Mr.* Martin Luther — *Yet lamenteth the Effects of this Parſon's Reformation, on Painting.*

WE PROTESTANTS owe much to MARTYN LUTHER,
Who found to Heav'n a *ſhorter* way and *ſmoother*;

And ſhall not ſoon repay the obligation : ——
MARTYN againſt the PAPISTS got the laugh ;
WHO, as the butchers bleed and bang a CALF
To witneſs——bled and bang'd unto *ſalvation :*

As if ſuch drubbings could expel their ſins ;
As if that POW'R, whoſe works with awe we view,
Grac'd all our backs with ſets of *comely* ſkins,
Then order'd us to beat them *black* and *blue.*

Well then ! we muſt confeſs for certain,
That much we owe to Mr. Martyn
Who altered for the better, our religion ——
Yet, by it, glorious PAINTING *much* did loſe ——
Was pluck'd, poor GODDESS ! like a *gooſe* ;
Or, for the rhyme-ſake, like a *pigeon.*

Mad at the WHORE OF BABYLON, and BULL,
Down from the churches men began to pull
Pictures, that long had held a lofty ſtation ——
Pictures of SAINTS, of pious reputation,
For curing, by a *miracle*, the ills,
That now ſo ſtubborn yield not to *devotions*,
But unto bliſters, boluſſes, and potions,
That make ſuch handſome 'pothecaries bills,

Down

Down tumbled ANTHONY who preach'd to SPRATS ——
And HE * who held diſcourſes with a HOG,
That, grunting, after himſo us'd to jog;
Came down by *favour* of long ſticks and bats.

The SAINTS who grinn'd on ſpits, like ven'ſon roaſting,
Broiling on gridir'ns —— baking in an oven;
Or on a fork, like cheeſe of Cheſhire, *toaſting*,
Or kick'd to death, by Satan's hoof ſo cloven,
All humbled to the ground were forc'd to fall ——
Spits, forks, and gridir'ns, ovens, dev'l and all.

Ev'n Saints of poor Old England's *breeding*,
In wonders, many *foreign ones*, exceeding;
Our hot REFORMERS did as *roughly* handle:
In troth, poor harmleſs ſouls! they met no quarter,
But down were tumbled, MIRACLE and MARTYR;
Put up in *lots*, and ſold by inch of candle.

Had we been Papiſts——Lord! we ſtill had ſeen
Devils and Devil's mates, young pimping lyars
Tempting the *bluſhing* NUNS of frail fifteen,
With gangs of ogling, roſy, wanton FRIARS:

* Commonly known by the name of PIG ANTHONY.

Which

Which NUNS ſo pure, no love-ſpeech could cajole——
Who *ſtarv'd* the body, to *preſerve* the ſoul.

Then had we ſeen St. DENNIS with his head
Freſh in his hand, and with affection, *kiſſing*;
As if the nob, that from his ſhoulders fled,
By knife or broad-ſword, never had been *miſſing*;
Then had we ſeen, upon their friendly *coating*,
SAINTS on the waves, like gulls and wigeons, floating.

I've ſeen a SAINT on board a ſhip,
To whom, for a fair wind, the Papiſts pray,
Well flogg'd from ſtem to ſtern, by birch and wip,
Poor wooden fellow! twenty times a day:

Pull'd by the noſe, and kick'd —— call'd lubber, owl,
To make him turn a wind, to *fair* from *fowl!*
And often *this* hath brought a proſp'rous gale,
When pray'rs and curſes have been found to *fail*.
This, had we Papiſts been, had grac'd our churches,
Saints, ſeamen, noſe-pulling, kicks, whips, and birches.

ODE XIV.

PETER *attacketh the* Exotic R. A.'s.

YE ROYAL SIRS, *before* I bid *adieu*,
Let me inform you, *ſome* deſerve my praiſe:
But truſt me, gentle Squires, ye are but few
Whoſe names would not *diſgrace* my lays;
You'll ſay, with grinning, ſharp, ſarcaſtic *face*,
We muſt be *bad indeed*, if that's the caſe ——
Why, if the truth I muſt declare,
So, gentle ſquires, you really are!

I'm greatly pleas'd, I muſt allow,
To ſee the *Foreigners* beat *hollow*;
Who ſtole into that dome the Lord knows how ——
I hope to God no more will follow:
Who, curs'd with a poor ſniv'ling ſpirit,
Were never known to vote for *merit* ——

Poor narrow-minded imps,
Hanging together juſt like ſhrimps.

I own, (ſo little they have merited)
That from you noble dome,
Made almoſt an Italian and French home,
I long to ſee the vermin ferreted.

Yet where's the houſe, however watch'd by cats,
That can get rid of all its rats?
Or, if a prettier ſimile may pleaſe,
Where is the bed that hath not fleas?
Or if a *prettier ſtill*——what London rugs,
Have not at times been viſited by *bugs?*

ODE XV.

PETER *taketh Leave—Diſplayeth wonderful Learning—Seemeth ſorry to part with his Readers—Adminiſtreth Crumbs of Comfort.*

MY deareſt readers! 'tis with grief I tell,
That now, for ever, I muſt bid farewell!——

Glad, if an ode of mine, with *grins*, can treat *ye*,
Valete:
And if you like the Lyric PETER's *oddity*;
Plaudite.
Rich as a Jew am I in *Latian lore*——
So, claſſic readers, take a ſentence *more:*

Pulchrum

Pulchrum eſt monſtrari digito et dicier hic eſt !
Says JUVENAL, who lov'd a bit of fame——
In Engliſh——Ah ! 'tis ſweet amongſt the thickeſt
To be found out, and pointed at by *name*.

To hear the *ſhrinking* GREAT exclaim, " That's PETER,
" Who makes much immortality by *metre* ;
" Who nobly dares indulge the tuneful whim,
" And cares no more for KINGS than KINGS for *him !* "

Yet one word more before we part——
Should any take it grievouſly to heart ;
Look melancholy, pale, and wan, and thin,
Like a poor pullet that hath eat a pin ;
Put on a poor deſponding face, and pine,
Becauſe that PETER the *Divine*
Reſolves to give up Painting Odes : ——
By all the rhyming Goddeſſes and Gods,
I here, upon a poet's word, proteſt,
That if it is the world's requeſt
That I again in Lyrics ſhould appear ;
Lo ! rather than be guilty of the ſin
Of loſing GEORGE THE THIRD *one* SUBJECT'S *ſkin*,
My LYRIC BAGPIPE ſhall be tun'd *next year*.

THE END.

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AN

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M,DCC,LXXXVIII.

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BROTHER

BROTHER *PETER*

TO

BROTHER *TOM.*

AN

EXPOSTULATORY EPISTLE.

SLIFE! Thomas, what hath ſwallow'd all the praiſe?
Of royal virtues not the ſlighteſt mention!
Strung, like mock pearl, ſo lately on thy lays!
Tell me, a bankrupt, TOM, is thy invention?

How cou'dſt thou ſo thy PATRON's fame forget,
As not to pay, of praiſe, the annual debt?
WHITEHEAD and CIBBER, all the Laureat Throng,
To FAME's fair Temple, twice a year, preſented
Some royal virtues, real or invented,
In all the grave ſublimity of ſong.

Heralds ſo kind for many a chance-born wight,
Creeping from cellars, juſt like ſnails from earth;
Or moles, or field-mice, ſtealing into light,
Forge Arms to prove a loftineſs of birth;
Tracing of each ambitious *Sir* and *Madam*
The branches to the very trunk of ADAM.

Then why not thou, the herald, TOM, of rhime,
Still bid thy Royal Maſter ſoar ſublime?
Bards ſhine in fiction; then how ſlight a thing
To make a coat of merit for a King!

Know, General CARPENTER had been a theme
For furniſhing a pretty lyric dream;
Once a monopoliſt of nod and ſmile:
Of broken ſentences and queſtions rare,
Of ſnipſnap whiſpers ſweet, and grin, and ſtare;
For which thy muſe would travel many a mile.

But lo! the General, for a crying ſin,
Loſt broken ſentences, and nod, and grin,

And

And ſtare and ſnipſnap of the beſt of Kings;
The ſin, the crying ſin, of rambling
Where Oſnaburgh's good Biſhop, gambling,
Loſt ſome few golden feathers from his wings;

Which made th' unlucky General run and drown;
Such were the horrors of the royal frown!
For lo! His M——Y moſt roundly ſwore
He'd nod to General CARPENTER no more.

Oh! glorious love of all-commanding money!
Dear to *ſome* Monarchs, as to Bruin, honey;
Dear as to gamblers, pigeons fit to pluck;
Or ſhow'rs to hackney coachmen or a duck!

Thomas, thy lyrics might have prais'd the King
For making ſinners mind the Sabbath day,
Bidding the idle ſons of pipe and ſtring,
Inſtead of ſcraping jigs, ſing pſalms and pray;
Thus piouſly (againſt their inclination)
Dragooning ſouls unto ſalvation.

The MONARCH gave up Mr. JOAH BATE,
With that ſweet nightingale his lovely mate;
Who with the organ and one fiddle
Made up a concert every Sunday night:
Thus yielding MAJESTIES ſupreme delight,
Who reliſh cheapneſs e'en in tweedle tweedle.

For NATURE formeth oft a kind
Of money-loving, ſcraping, ſave-all mind,
That happy glorieth in the nat'ral thought
Of getting ev'ry thing for nought:

From Delhi's diamonds to a Briſtol ſtone;
From royal eagles to a ſquawling parrot;
From bulls of Baſan to a marrow-bone;
From rich ananas to a mawkiſh carrot:
And getting things for nought, I needs muſt ſay,
If not the *nobleſt*, is the *cheapeſt* way.

And often nature manufactures ſtuff
That thinks it never hath enough;

Hoard-

Hoarding up treaſure —— never once enjoying ——
Such is the compoſition of *ſome* ſouls!
Like jackdaws all their cunning art employing,
In hiding knives, and forks, and ſpoons, in holes.

Lo! by the pious Monarch's proclamation,
The courtier *Amateurs* of this fair nation
On Sundays con their Bibles —— make no riot ——
The ſtubborn UXBRIDGE, muſic-loving Lord,
Pays dumb obedience to the royal word,
And bids the inſtruments lie quiet.

Sweet Miſtreſs WALSINGHAM is forc'd to pray,
And turn her eyes up, much againſt her will;
SANDWICH ſings pſalms too, in his pious way;
And Lady YOUNG forbears the tuneful trill:
And very politic is Lady Young:
A huſband muſt not ſuffer for a ſong.

The gentle EXETER his treat gave up,
So us'd upon the ſweet repaſt to ſup;

As eager for his Sunday's quaver diſh,
As cats and rav'nous Aldermen for fiſh.

Lord BRUDENELL, too, a Lord with lofty noſe,
Bringing to mind a verſe the world well knows;
Againſt ſublimity that rather wars;
Which in an almanack all eyes may ſee:
" GOD gave to man an upright form, that he
" Might view the Stars."

I ſay this watchful LORD, who boaſts the knack,
Behind His Sacred Majeſty's *great* back,
Of placing for his *latter end* a chair
Better than any Lord (ſo ſays Fame's trump)
That ever waited on the royal rump,
So ſwift his motions, and ſo ſweet his air;

Who, if His Majeſty but cough or hiccup,
Trembles for fear the King ſhould *kick up*;
Drops, with concern, his jaw —— with horror freezes ——
Or ſmiles " God bleſs you, SIRÆ," whene'er he ſneezes;

This

This LORD, I ſay, uprais'd his convert chin,
And curs'd the concert for a crying ſin.

King WATKIN, from the land of leeks and cheeſe,
With ſighs, forbore his baſs to ſeize;
With huge concern he dropp'd his Sunday airs,
And grumbled out in Welſh his thankleſs pray'rs.
The b[illegible], indeed, *Te Deum* ſung,
Glad on the willows to be hung.

And really 'twas a very nat'ral caſe ——
Poor, inoffenſive baſs!
For when King Watkin ſcrubbeth him —— alack!!
The inſtrument, like one upon the rack,
Sends forth ſuch horrid, Inquiſition groans!
Enough to pierce the hearts of ſtones!

Thus though in *concert* politics the Knight
Battled with Miſtreſs WALSINGHAM *outright*;
Yet both agreed to lift their palms,
Not in hoſtilities, but ſinging pſalms.

SAL'SBURY

Sal'sbury was alſo order'd to *reform*,
Who, with my Lady, thought it vaſtly odd,
Thus to be forc'd, like ſailors in a ſtorm,
Againſt their wills to pray to God.

Thus did the royal mandate through the town,
Knock nearly all the Sunday concerts down!
Great act! e'er long 'twill be a ſin and ſhame
For cats to warble out an am'rous flame! ——
Dogs ſhall be whipp'd for making love on Sunday,
Who very well may put it off to Monday,

Nay, more the royal piety to prove;
And aid the pureſt of all pure religions;
To Bridewell ſhall be ſent all cooing pigeons,
And cocks and hens be laſh'd for making love:
Sparrows and wrens be ſhot from barns and houſes,
For being barely civil to their ſpouſes.

Poor Sir John Dick was, lamb-like, heard to bleat
At loſing ſuch a Sunday's treat ——

Sir

Sir JOHN, the happy owner of a *ſtar* ——
Which radiant honour on ſurtoutes he ſtitches;
Lamenting faſhion doth not ſtretch ſo far
As ſewing them on waiſtcoats and on breeches;
Which thus would pour a blaze of ſilver day,
And make the Knight a perfect milky way.

Yet HAMPDEN, CHOLMOND'LY, thoſe ſinful ſhavers,
Rebellious, riot in their Sabbath quavers;
Thus flying in the face of our GREAT KING,
Prophane God's *reſting* day with wind and ſtring;
Whilſt on the Terrace, 'midſt his German band,
On Sunday evenings GEORGE is pleas'd to ſtand;
Contented with a *ſimple* tune alone,
" God ſave great George our King, " or Bobbing Joan;

Whilſt CHERUBS, leaning from their ſtarry height,
Wink at each other, and enjoy the ſight:
And SATAN, from a lurking hole,
Fond of a ſeeming-godly ſoul,

His eyes and ears ſcarce able to believe,
Laughs in his ſleeve.

Stay, Muſe —— the mention of the German band
Bringeth a tale oppreſſive, to my hand,
Relating to a tribe of German boys,
Whoſe horrid fortune made ſome *little* noiſe;
Sent for to take of Engliſhmen the places,
Who, gall'd by ſuch hard treatment, made wry faces.

Sent for they were, to feed in *fields of clover*,
To feaſt upon the Coldſtream regiment's fat:
Swift with their empty ſtomachs they flew over,
And wider than a Kevenhuller hat.
But ah! their knives no veal nor mutton carv'd!
To feaſts they went indeed, but went and *ſtarv'd!*
Their Maſters, raptur'd with the tuneful treat,
Forgot muſicians like themſelves cou'd *eat*.
Thus the poor woodcock leaves his frozen ſhores,
When tyrant Winter 'midſt his tempeſts roars:

Invited

Invited by our milder ſky, he roves;
Views the pure ſtreams with joy, and ſhelt'ring groves,
And in *one* hour, Oh! ſad reverſe of fate!
Is ſhot, and ſmokes upon a poacher's plate!

Thus ending a ſweet epiſodic ſtrain,
I turn, dear Thomas, to thy Ode again.

What! make a diſh to balk thy Maſter's gums!
A pudding, and forget the plums!
Mercy upon us! what a cook art thou!
Dry e'en already!—what a ſad milch cow!—
Who gav'ſt, at firſt, of fame ſuch flowing pails!—
Say, Thomas, what thy lyric udder ails?

Since truth belongs not to the laureat trade,
'Tis ſtrange, 'tis paſſing ſtrange, thou didſt not flatter:
Speak—in light money were thy wages paid?
Or was thy pipe of ſack half fill'd with water?
Or haſt thou, Tom, been cheated of thy dues?
Or hath a qualm of conſcience touch'd thy Muſe?

Thou

Thou might'ſt have prais'd for *dignity* of pride
Diſplay'd not long ago among the Cooks:
Searching the kitchen with ſagacious looks;
Wigs, chriſtned *ſcratches*, on their heads, he ſpied.

To find a wig on a cook's head
Juſt like the wig that grac'd his own,
Was verily a ſight too dread!——
Enough to turn a king to ſtone!

On which, in language of his *very beſt*,
His Majeſty his royal ire expreſs'd.
" How, how! what! Cooks wear *ſcratches* juſt like me!—
" Strange! ſtrange! yes, yes, I ſee, I ſee, I ſee—
" Fine fellows to wear ſcratches! yes, no doubt—
" I'll have no more—no more when mine's worn out—
" Hæ? pretty! pretty! pretty too it looks
" To ſee *my* ſcratches upon *Cooks!*"

And lo! as he had threatened all ſo big;
As ſoon as ever he *wore out* the wig;

He with a *pig-tail* deign'd his head to match!——
Nor more profan'd his temples with a SCRATCH!

Thomas, I ſee my ſong thy feelings grate ——
Thou think'ſt I'm joking; that the King's my hate.

The world may call me lyar, but ſincerely
I love him —— for a partner, love him *dearly*:
Whilſt his great name is on the *ferme*, I'm ſure
My credit with the Public is ſecure.

Yes, beef ſhall grace my ſpit, and ale ſhall flow,
As long as it continues George and Co.;
That is to ſay, in plainer metre,
George and Peter.

Yet, as ſome little money I have made,
I've thoughts of turning *Squire*, and quitting trade:
This in my mind I've frequently revolv'd;
And in ſix months, or ſo,
For all I know,
The partnerſhip may be diſſolv'd.

Whate'er thou think'ſt——howe'er the world may carp, ——
Thomas, I'm far from hating our *good* King;
Yes, yes, or may I thrum no more my harp,
As DAVID ſwore, who touch'd ſo well the ſtring ——
No, Tom; —— the idol of thy ſweet devotion
Excites not HATE, *whatever elſe* th' emotion.

To write a book on the Sublime, I own,
Were I a bookſeller, I would not hire him;
Yet, ſhould I *hate* the man who fills a throne,
Becauſe, forſooth, I can't admire him?

Hate him, becauſe, ambitious of a name,
He thinks to rival e'en the PRINCE in fame?
A Prince of ſcience —— in the arts ſo chaſte! ——
A giant to him in the world of taſte;
Who from an envious cloud one day ſhall ſpring,
And prove that dignity may clothe a King.

Who when by Fortune fix'd on Britain's throne,
Wherever merit, humble plant, is ſhown,

Will

Will ſhed around that plant a foſt'ring ray;
Whoſe hand ſhall ſtretch through poverty's pale gloom
For drooping GENIUS, ſinking to the tomb,
And lead the bluſhing ſtranger into day.

Who ſcorns (like *ſome*) to chronicle a ſhilling,
Once in a twelvemonth to a beggar giv'n;
By ſuch mean charity (Lord help 'em) willing
To go as cheap as poſſible to Heav'n!

Hate him, becauſe, untir'd, the Monarch pores
On HANDEL's manuſcript old ſcores,
And ſchemes ſucceſsful daily hatches,
For ſaving notes o'erwhelm'd with ſcratches;
Recovering from the blotted leaves
Huge cart-horſe *minims*, dromedary *breves*;
Thus ſaving damned bars from juſt damnation,
By way of *brightning* Handel's reputation?
Who, charm'd with ev'ry crotchet Handel wrote,
Heav'd into TO''NAM STREET each heavy note:
And forcing on the houſe the tuneleſs lumber,
Drove half to doors, the other half to ſlumber?

Hate

Hate him, becauſe the works of Mr. WEST,
His eye (in wonder loſt) unfated views?
Becauſe his walls, with taſteleſs trumpery dreſt,
Robs a poor ſignpoſt of its dues?

Hate him, becauſe he cannot reſt
But in the company of Weſt?
Becauſe of modern works he makes a jeſt,
Except the works of Mr. Weſt?

Who by the public, fain would have careſt
The works alone of Mr. Weſt!
Who thinks, of painting, truth and taſte, the teſt,
None but the wond'rous works of Mr. Weſt!

Who, as for REYNOLDS, cannot bear him;
And never ſuffers WILSON's landſcapes near him.

Nor, GAINSB'ROUGH, thy delightful Girls and Boys,
In rural ſcenes ſo ſweet, amidſt their joys,
With ſuch ſimplicity as makes us *ſtart*,
Forgetting 'tis the work of art.

Which

Which wonder and which care of Mr. Weſt
May in a ſimile be well expreſt :——

A SIMILE.

THUS have I ſeen a child with ſmiling face,
A little daiſy in the garden place,
And ſtrut in triumph round its fav'rite flow'r ;
Gaze on the leaves with infant admiration,
Thinking the flow'r the fineſt in the nation,
Then pay a viſit to it ev'ry hour :
Lugging the wat'ring pot about,
Which JOHN the gard'ner was oblig'd to fill ;
The child, ſo pleas'd, would pour the water out,
To ſhow its marvellous gard'ning ſkill ;
Then ſtaring round, all wild for praiſes panting,
Tell all the world it was its own ſweet planting ;
And boaſt away, too happy elf,
How that it found the daiſey all, itſelf!

ANOTHER SIMILE.

IN *ſimile* if I may ſhine agen, ——
Thus have I ſeen a fond old hen
With one poor miſerable chick;
Buſtling about a farmer's yard;
Now on the dunghill labouring hard,
Scraping away through thin and thick:
Flutt'ring her feathers——making ſuch a noiſe!
Cackling aloud ſuch quantities of joys,
As if this chick, to which her egg gave birth,
Was born to deal prodigious knocks,
To ſhine the *Broughton* of game cocks,
And kill the fowls of all the earth!

E'EN with his painter let the King be *bleſt*;
Egad! eat, drink, and ſleep, with Mr. WEST:
Only let *me*, excus'd from ſuch a gueſt,
Not eat, and drink, and ſleep, with Mr. Weſt;

And

And as he will not pleaſe my taſte——no never——
Let *me* not give him to the world as *clever*——
A better conſcience in my boſom lies,
Than imitate the fellow and his flies.

The TOPER and the FLIES.

A GROUP of topers at a table ſat,
With punch that much regales the thirſty ſoul:
Flies ſoon the party join'd, and join'd the chat,
Humming, and pitching round the mantling bowl.

At length thoſe flies got drunk, and for their ſin,
Some hundreds loſt their legs and tumbled in;
And ſprawling 'midſt the gulph profound,
Like Pharaoh and his daring hoſt, were drown'd!

Wanting to drink—one of the men
Dipp'd from the bowl the drunken hoſt,
And drank—then taking care that none were loſt,
He put in ev'ry mother's ſon agen.

Up jump'd the bacchanalian crew on this,
Taking it very much amiſs ——
Swearing, and in the attitude to *ſmite*: ——
" Lord!" cried the man with gravely-lifted eyes
" Though I don't like to ſwallow flies,
" I did not know but *others might*."

WHO ſays I hate the King, proclaims a lie!
E'en now a royal virtue ſtrikes my eye!
To prove th' aſſertion, let me juſt relate
The King's ſubmiſſion to the will of FATE.

Whene'er in hunts the Monarch is thrown out,
As in his politics —— a common thing!
With ſearching eyes he ſtares at firſt about,
Then faces the misfortune like a *King*!

Hearing no news of nimble Mr. STAG,
He ſits like PATIENCE grinning on his nag!

Now,

Now, wiſdom-fraught, his curious eyeballs ken
The little hovels that around him riſe:
To theſe he trots—of hogs ſurveys the ſtyes,
And nicely numbers ev'ry cock and hen.

Then aſks the farmer's wife or farmer's maid,
How many eggs the fowls have laid!
What's in the oven—in the pot—the crock——
Whether 'twill rain or no, and what's o'clock.——
Thus from poor hovels gleaning information,
To ſerve as future treaſure for the nation!

There, terrier like, till pages find him out,
He pokes his moſt ſagacious noſe about,
And ſeems in Paradiſe —— like *that* ſo fam'd;
Looking like ADAM too, and EVE ſo fair;
Sweet ſimpletons! who, though ſo very *bare*,
" Were (ſays the Bible) not *aſham'd*."

No man binds books ſo well as GEORGE the Third,
By thirſt of leather glory ſpurr'd ——

At bookbinders he oft is ſeen to laugh ——
And wond'rous is the King in ſheep or calf!

But ſee! the PRINCE upon ſuch labour looks
Faſtidious down, and only *readeth* books! ——
Here by the Sire the Son is much ſurpaſs'd;
Which Fame ſhould publiſh on her loudeſt *blaſt!*

The King beats Monmouth Street in caſt-off riches ——
That is, in coats, and waiſtcoats, and in breeches ——
Which, draughted once a year for foreign ſtations,
Make fine recruits to ſerve ſome *near* relations.

But lo! the PRINCE, ſhame on him! never dreams
Of pretty Jewiſh, œconomic ſchemes!
So very proud, (I'm griev'd, O Tom, to tell it)
He'd rather *give* a coat away than *ſell* it!

Fair juſtice to the Monarch muſt allow
Prodigious ſcience in a calf or cow;
And wiſdom in the article of ſwine!
What moſt *unuſual* knowledge for a King!
Becauſe pig wiſdom is a *thing*
In which no Sov'reigns e'er were known to *ſhine*.

Yet

Yet who will think I am not telling fibs?——

The PRINCE, who Britain's throne in time ſhall grace,
Ne'er finger'd at a fair, a bullock's ribs,
Nor ever ogled a pig's face!
O dire diſgrace! O let it not be known
That *thus* a father hath excell'd a ſon!

Truth bids me own that I can bring
A *dozen* who *admire* the King;
And ſhould he dream of ſetting off for HANOVER,
As once he ſaid he wou'd, to ſpite CHARLES FOX;
Draw all his *little* money from the ſtocks,
Shut ſhop, and carry ev'ry pot and pan over;

I think —— indeed I'm *ſure* I know,
That dozen would not let him go;
But in the ſtruggle ſpend their vital breath,
And hug their idol, probably to death;
As happen'd to a Romiſh Prieſt —— a tale
That, whilſt I tell it, almoſt turns me pale.

The ROMISH PRIEST.

A TALE.

A PARSON in the neighbourhood of ROME,
Some years ago——how many, I don't ſay——
Handled ſo well his heav'nly broom,
He bruſhd, like cobwebs, ſins away.

Brightned the black horizon of his pariſh;
Gave to the PRINCE OF DARKNESS ſuch hard blows,
That SATAN was afraid to ſhow his noſe,
(Except in hell), before this prieſt ſo warriſh!

To teach folks how to ſhun the paths of evil,
And prove a match for Mr. DEVIL,
Was conſtantly this pious man's endeavour,
And, as I've ſaid before, the man was *clever*.

Red-hot was all his zeal——and Fame declares,
He gallop'd like a hunter o'er his pray'rs;

For

For ever lifting to the clouds his forehead ——
Petitions on petitions he let fly,
Which nothing but BARBARIANS could deny ——
In ſhort, the *Saints* were to compliance *worried*.

With ſhoulders, arms, and hands, this prieſt devout,
So well his evolutions did perform;
His pray'rs, thoſe holy ſmallſhot, flew about
So thick! —— it ſeem'd like taking Heav'n by *ſtorm!*

Without one atom of reflection,
No candidate at an election
Did ever labour more, and fume, and ſweat,
To make a fellow change his coat,
And bleſs him with the caſting vote,
Than this dear man to get in Heav'n a ſeat
For ſouls of children, women, and of men: ——
No matter which the ſpecies —— cock or hen!

Thus did he not like that vile Jeſuit think
Who makes us all with horror ſhrink,

A knave high meriting Hell's hotteſt coals;
Who wrote a dreadful book, to prove
That women, charming women, form'd for love,
Have got no ſouls!

Monſter! to think that WOMAN had no ſoul!
Ha! haſt *thou* not a ſoul, thou peerleſs MAID,
Who bidſt my rural hours with rapture roll?
Whoſe beauties charm the ſhepherds and the ſhade!

Yes, CYNTHIA, and for ſouls like thine,
Fate into being drew yon ſtarry ſphere;
Then kindly ſent thy form divine,
To ſhow what wond'rous bliſs inhabits there!

In ſhort, no drayhorſe ever work'd ſo hard,
From vaults, to drag up hogſhead, tun, or pipe,
As this good prieſt, to drag, for *ſmall* reward,
The ſouls of ſinners from the Devil's gripe.

Pleas'd

Pleas'd were the *higheſt* angels to expreſs
Their wonder at his fine addreſs;
And pow'r againſt the FIEND who makes ſuch ſtrife ——
Nay, e'en St. PETER ſaid, to whom are giv'n
The keys for letting people into Heav'n,
He never got more halfpence in his life.

'Twas added that my *nameſake* did declare,
(Peter, the porter of Heav'n gate, ſo truſty;)
That till this prieſt appear'd, ſouls were ſo rare
His bunch of keys was abſolutely ruſty!

Did GENTLEMEN of fortune die,
And leave the CHURCH a good round ſum;
Lo! in the twinkling of an eye
The parſon frank'd their ſouls to kingdom-come!

A letter to the PORTER, or a word,
Inſur'd admittance to the *Lord*.

Nor ſtopp'd thoſe ſouls an inſtant on the road
To take a *roaſt* before they enter'd in;
For had they got the *Plague*, 'twas ſaid that God
Had let them enter without *quarantine*.

Well then! this parſon was ſo much admir'd,
So ſought, ſo courted, ſo deſir'd,
Thouſands with putrid ſouls, like putrid meat,
Came for his holy pickle, to be ſweet:

Juſt as we ſee old hags with jaws of carrion,
Enter the ſhop of Mr. WARREN;
Who diſappoints that highwayman call'd TIME,
(Noted for robbing Ladies of their prime,)
By giving SIXTY FIVE's pale, wither'd mien,
The blooming roſes of SIXTEEN.

Such vaſt impreſſions did his ſermons make,
He always kept his flock awake ——
In ſummer too —— hear, parſons, this ſtrange news,
Ye who ſo often preach to nodding pews!

A neighb'ring

A neighb'ring town, into whoſe people's ſouls
SIN, like a rat, had eat large holes,
Begg'd him to be their tinker —— their holeſtopper ——
For, gentle reader, ſin of ſuch a ſort is,
It ſouls corrodeth juſt as *aqua fortis*
Corrodeth iron, braſs, or copper.

They told him they would give him better pay,
If he'd agree to change his quarters;
Proteſting, when his ſoul ſhould leave its clay,
To rank his bones with thoſe of SAINTS and MARTYRS.

This was a handſome bribe all Papiſts know!
But ſtop —— his pariſh would not let him go ——
Then, ſurly did the other pariſh look,
And ſwore to have the man by *Hook* or *Crook*.

So ſeiz'd him, like a graceleſs throng ——
The prieſt's pariſhioners, who lov'd him *well*;
Rather than to another church belong,
Swore they would ſooner ſee him lodg'd in Hell ——

So violent was their objection!

So very ſtrong, too, their affection!

The LADIES, too, united in the ſtrife;

Proteſting that they "lov'd him as their life,

"So ſweetly he would *look* when *down* to pray'r!

"So happy in a ſermon choice;

"And then he had of nightingales the voice——

"And holy water gave with *ſuch* an air!

"Lord! loſe ſo fine a man!——ſo great a treaſure!

"Yielding ſuch quantities of heavenly pleaſure!

"Forgiving ſins ſo free, too, at confeſſion,

"However carnal the tranſgreſſion,

"In ſuch a charming, love-condemning ſtrain!——

"He really ſeem'd to ſay 'Go ſin again;

"HELL ſhall not throw, my angels, on your ſouls

"So ſweet, a ſingle ſhovelful of coals."

Now

Now in the fire was all the fat :
Juſt as two bulldogs pull a cat,
Both pariſhes with furious zeal contended ——
So heartily the holy man was hugg'd,
So much from place to place his limbs were lugg'd,
That very fatally the battle ended !
In ſhort, by hugging, lugging, and kind ſqueezes,
The man of God was pull'd in fifty pieces !

This work perform'd, the bones were fought for ſtoutly ;
And ſo the fray continued moſt devoutly ——
Lo with an arm, away one raſcal fled ;
This with a leg, and that the head ——
Off with the foot another goes ——
Another ſeizes him and gets the toes.

Nay, ſome, a relick ſo intent to crib,
Fought juſt like maſtiffs for a rib ;
Nay more, (for truth, to tell the whole, obliges)
A dozen battled for his *Os Coccygis* * !*

* The tip of the rump.

Heav'n,

Heav'n, that ſees all things, ſaw the dire diſpute,
In which each pariſh acted like a brute;
Then bade the dead man as a *Saint* be ſought;
Still, to reward him more, his bones enriches
With pow'r o'er Evils, Rheumatiſms, and Itches,
However dreadful, and wherever caught:
Thus, by the grace of HIM who governs thunder,
His very toe nail could perform a *wonder*.

Thus might our Monarch, by this dozen men,
Be hugg'd! —— and then! and then! and then! and then!
Then what? why, then, this direful ill muſt ſpring:
I a good *ſubject* loſe, and thou a KING!

No, Tom; no more to ſtrike us with amaze,
Thy courtly tropes of adulation blaze:
A ſetting ſun art thou, ſo mild thy beam!
Thou (like old OCEAN's heaving wave no more,
That lifts a ſhip and fly with equal roar)
Pour'ſt from thy lyric pipe a *ſober* ſtream.

No

No more we hear the gale of Fame
Wild bluſt'ring with thy MASTER's name:
No more ideal virtues ride ſublime,
(Like feathers) on the ſurge of rhyme.

But lo the cauſe! it was the ROYAL WILL
To bid the tempeſt of his praiſe be ſtill:
No more to let his virtues make a rout,
Blown by thy blaſts like paper kites about ——

Indeed thy Sov'reign in thy verſe ſo fine,
Might juſtly have exclaim'd at many a line,
" In peacock's feathers, lo, this knave arrays me."
And like a King of France of whom I've read,
Our gracious Sov'reign alſo might have ſaid,
" What have I done that he ſhould *praiſe* me?"

With pity have I ſeen thee, SON OF SONG,
Trundling thy lyric wheelbarrow along,
Amidſt ST. JAMES's gapers to unload
The motley maſs of pompous ode;

And wiſh'd the ſack, for verſe the annual prize,
To poets of a leſs renown——
To poor WILL MASON, who in ſecret ſighs
To ſtrut beneath the LAUREAT's leaden crown.

Warm in the praiſe thou might'ſt have been,
Of *thy* great King and *his* great Queen;
But not ſo diabolically *hot*——
A downright devil, or a pepper-pot.

By *Dev'l*, (without thy being born a wizard)
Thou ought'ſt to know I mean a turkey's gizzard;
So chriſtned for its quality, by man,
Becauſe ſo oft 'tis loaded with *kian*——
This dev'l is ſuch a red-hot bit of meat
As nothing but the dev'l himſelf ſhould eat.

A *ſpoon* was large enough, the world well knows!
Why give the pap of praiſe then with a *ladle?*——
Gently thou ſhou'd'ſt have rock'd him to repoſe——
Not like a drunken nurſe o'erturn'd the cradle.

I do

I do not marvel that the King was wrath,
(Knowing himſelf no bigger than a lath)
To find himſelf a tall, gigantic oak——
'Twas too much of a magic-lantern ſtroke.

Ah! where was MODESTY, the charming maid?
Where was the rural vagrant ſtraying,
Not to admoniſh thee, an idle jade,
When thou thy tuneful compliments wert paying?

Yet why this queſtion put I, Tom, to thee? ——
Lord! how we wits forget! —— ſhe was with me.

Dear Modeſty (by very few careſt,)
Oft condeſcends to be my gueſt:
From time to time, the maid my rhyme reviews
And dictates ſweet inſtructions to the muſe.

Yes, frequent deigns my cottage to adorn,
Juſt like that bluſhful damſel call'd MISS MORN ——

Who

Who ſmiling from the dreary caves of night,
Moves from her caſt with ſilent pace and ſlow
O'er yonder ſhadowy mount's gigantic brow,
And to my window ſteals with dewy light,
Then peeping through the panes with cherub mien,
Seems to aſk liberty to enter in.

Now vent'ring on the ſables of my room,
She ſweeps the darkneſs with her ſtar-clad broom:
Now pleas'd a ſtronger ſplendor to diffuſe,
Smiles on the plated buckles in my ſhoes;
Smiles on my breeches, too, of handſome pluſh,
Where George's heads *once* made no gingling ſound,
But where amidſt the pockets all was huſh;
Such awful ſilence reign'd around!
Whoſe fob, which thieves ſo often pick,
Was quite a ſtranger to a watch's click.

Now caſting on my pen and ink a ray
Seeming with ſweet reproof to ſay,

" The lark to Heav'n her grateful mattins ſings:
" Then, Peter, alſo ope thy tuneful throat,
" And, happy in a faſcinating note,
" Riſe and bewitch the beſt of Kings."

Howe'er the world t' abuſe me may be giv'n,
I cannot do without CROWN'D HEADS, by Heav'n!
Bards muſt have ſubjects that their genius ſuit——
And if I've not Crown'd Heads, I muſt be mute.

My verſe is ſomewhat like a game at Whiſt;
Which game, though play'd by people e'er ſo keen,
Cannot with much ſucceſs, alas! exiſt,
Except their hands poſſeſs a King and Queen.

I own, my muſe delights in royal folk:
Lead-mines, producing many pretty pounds!
JOE MILLARS, furniſhing a fund of joke!
Lo, with a fund of joke a court abounds!

At royal follies, Lord! a lucky hit
Saves our poor brain th' expence of wit:

At Princes let but Satire lift his gun,
The more their feathers fly, the more the fun.
E'en the whole world, blockheads and men of letters,
Enjoy a cannonade upon their betters.

And, *vicé verſâ*, Kings and Queens
Know pretty well what ſcandal means,
And love it too —— yes, Majeſty's a grinner:
Scandal that really would diſgrace a ſtable
Hath oft been beckoned to a royal table,
And pleas'd a princely palate more than dinner.

I know the world exclaimeth in this guiſe: ——
" Suppoſe a King not overwiſe,
" (A vice in Kings not very oft ſuſpected)
" Suppoſe he does *this* childiſh thing, and *this*,
" If folly conſtitutes a Monarch's bliſs,
" Shall ſuch by ſaucy poets ſtand corrected?

" Bold

" Bold is the man," old Parſon Calchas * cries,
" Who tells a Monarch where his error lies." ——

" Grant that a King in converſe cannot ſhine,
" And ſharp with ſhrew'd remark a world alarm ;
" What buſineſs, Peter Pindar, is't of thine ?
" Grant puerilities —— pray where's the harm ? "——

To this I anſwer, " I don't think a King
" Will go to hell for ev'ry childiſh thing ——
" Yet mind, I think that one in his great ſtation
" Should ſhow ſublime example to a nation :

" And when an eagle he ſhould ſpring
" To drink the ſolar blaze on tow'ring wing ;
" With daring and undazzled eyes ;
" Not be a ſparrow upon chimneys hopping,
" His head in holes and corners popping
" For flies.

* Vide Homer.

Tom,

'Tom, I'm not griev'd that thou haſt chang'd thy n
And op'd on Windſor wall thy tuneful throat;
For verily it is a rare old maſs!
Nor angry that to WEST thou doſt deſcend;
The King's great painting oracle and friend,
Who teacheth JERVAS how to ſpoil good glaſs.

But, ſon of ISIS, ſince amidſt this ode,
Thou talk'ſt of painting, like an ardent lover,
Of panes of glaſs now daubing over,
Dimming delightfully the great abode;

Speak —— know'ſt thou aught of RAPHAEL's rare *Cartons?*
I have not ſeen them, Tom, for many moons!

Why did'ſt thou not, amidſt thy rhyming fit,
Of thoſe moſt heav'nly pictures talk a bit ——
For which the NATION paid down ev'ry *ſouſe?*
Rare pictures, brought long ſince from HAMPTON COURT,
And by a *ſelf-taught* CARPENTER cut ſhort,
To ſuit the pannels of the QUEEN's old houſe.

So

So ſays report —— I hope it is not true ——
And yet I verily believe it too ;
It is ſo like *ſome people* I could name,
Whoſe *pericraniums* walk a little lame.

Beſhrew me, but it brings to mind
A cutting ſtory, much of the ſame kind!

It happ'd at PLYMOUTH town ſo fair and ſweet,
Where wandering gutlers, wandering gutlers meet,
Making in ſhow'rs of rain a monſt'rous pother ;
Bart'ring, like RAG-FAIR JEWS, with one the other,
With carrots, cabbage leaves, and breathleſs cats,
Potatoes, turnip tops, old rags, and hats :

A town that brings to mind SWIFT's City Show'r ——
Where clouds to waſh its face for ever pour ——
A town where Beautraps under water grin,
Inviting gentle ſtrangers to walk in ;
Where dwell the Lady Naiads of the flood,
Prepar'd to crown their viſitors with mud.

A town where parſons for the *Living* fight,
On every vacancy, with godly might,
  Like wreſtlers for lac'd hats and buckſkin breeches;
Where oft the prieſt who beſt his lungs employs
To make the rareſt diabolic noiſe,
  With ſureſt chance of vict'ry preaches:
Whoſe empty ſounds alone his labours bleſs;
Like cannon fir'd by veſſels in diſtreſs.

A town where, exil'd by the Higher Pow'rs,
The ROYAL TAR with indignation lours;
Kept by his SIRE from London, and from ſin,
To ſay his Catechiſm to Miſtreſs WYNN.

The

The PLYMOUTH CARPENTER and the COFFINS.

IN the laſt war French priſ'ners often died
Of fevers, colds, and more good things beſide:
  Preſents for valour, from damp walls and chinks,
And nakedneſs, that ſeldom ſees a ſhirt;
And vermin, and all ſorts of dirt;
  And multitudes of motley ſtinks,
That might with ſmells of any clime compare
That ever fought the noſe or fields of air.

As coffins are deem'd neceſſary things,
Forming a pretty ſort of wooden wings
  For wafting men, to graves, for t'other world;
Where anchor'd, (doom'd to make no voyages more)
The rudders of our ſouls are put aſhore,
  And all the ſails for ever furl'd.

A carpenter,

A carpenter, firſt couſin to the MAY'R,
Hight maſter SCREW, a man of reputation,
Got leave, through borough int'reſt, to prepare
Good wooden lodgings for the Gallic nation:
I mean, for luckleſs Frenchmen that were dead;
And very well indeed SCREW's contract ſped.

His good friend Death made wonderful demands,
As if they play'd into each other's hands;
As if the Carpenter and Death went ſnacks——
Wiſhing to make as much as e'er they cou'd
By this ſame contract coffin wood,
For ſuch as Death had thrown upon their backs.

This Carpenter, like men of other trades
Whom conſcience very eaſily perſuades
To take from neighbours uſeleſs ſuperfluity;
Reſolv'd upon an economic plan,
Which ſhows that in the character of man
Economy is not an incongruity.

I know

I know ſome monarchs ſay the ſame—whoſe pulſes
Beat high for iv'ry chairs and beds and bulſes.

For lo, this man of economic ſort
Made all his coffins much too ſhort,
Yet ſnugly he accomodates the dead——
Cuts off, with much *ſang froid*, the head,
And then to keep it ſafe as well as warm,
He gravely puts it underneath the arm;
Making his dead man quite a PARIS beau!——
Holding his jowl *en chapeau bras*.

But, Thomas, now to thoſe Cartons of fame——
Do aſk thy Sov'reign in my name
What's to be done with thoſe rare pictures next;
Some months ago, by night, they travell'd down
To the Queen's Houſe in Windſor town,
At which the London folks were vaſtly vex'd.

For if thoſe fine Cartons, as hiſt'ry ſays,
Were (much to this great nation's praiſe)
Bought for the nation's ſole inſpection;
Unaſk'd to ſuffer any man to feel 'em
Or ſuffer any forward dame to ſteal 'em
Would be a national reflection.

Tom, aſk, to STRELITZ if they're doom'd to go;
Becauſe the walls are naked there, I know——
Strelitz a mouſe-hole is, all dark and drear;
And ſhou'd the pictures be inclin'd to ſtray,
Not liking Strelitz, they may loſe their way,
And ramble to ſome Hebrew auctioneer:

Where like poor captur'd negroes in a knot,
The holy wand'rers may be made a lot ——
And like the goods at Garraway's we handle,
Chriſt and the Saints be ſold by *inch of candle!*

Dearly

Dearly beloved Thomas, to conclude!
(I ſee thee ready to bawl out "*amen:*")
Joking apart, don't think me rude
For wiſhing to inſtruct thy lyric pen.

Whether like trout and eels in humble pride,
Along the ſimple ſtream of proſe we glide;
Or ſtirring from below a cloud of mud,
Like whales we flounder through the lyric flood;

Or if a paſt'ral image charm thee more;
Whether the vales of proſe our feet explore,
Or rais'd ſublime on ODE's aërial ſleep,
We bound from rock to rock like goats and ſheep;

Whether we dine with Dukes on fifty diſhes,
Or, poet-like, againſt our wiſhes,
On beef or pork, an œconomic crumb,
(Perchance not bigger than our thumb,

Turn'd

Turn'd by a bit of packthread at the fire,)
To ſatisfy our hunger's keen deſire;
A good old proverb let us keep in view——
Viz. Thomas, "give the dev'l his due."

Whether a Monarch, iſſuing high command,
Smiles us to court, and ſhakes us by the hand;
Or rude bumbailiffs touch us on the ſhoulder,
And bid our tuneful harps in priſon moulder;
Sell not (to meanneſs ſunk) one golden line ——
The Muse's incenſe for a gill of wine.

This were a poor excuſe of thine, my friend——
"Few are the people that my Ode attend:
"I'm like a country clock, poor, lonely thing,
"That on the ſtaircaſe, or behind the door,
"Cries 'Cuckow, Cuckow,' juſt at twelve and four,
"And chimes that vulgar tune "God ſave the King"

Oh!

Oh! if deſerting WINDSOR's lofty tow'rs,
To ſave a ſixpence in his barrack bow'rs,
A Monarch ſhuffles from the world away,
And gives to FOLLY's whims the buſtling day;
From *ſuch* low themes thy promis'd praiſe recall,
And ſing more wonders of the old MUD WALL.

THE END.

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SUBJECTS

FOR

PAINTERS.

BY PETER PINDAR, ESQUIRE.

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" Doit peindre des Sôts." FONTENELLE.

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M.DCC.LXXXIX.

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ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL.

To the READER.

THE rage for hiſtorical Pictures in this kingdom, ſo nobly rewarded by Meſſrs. Boydell and Macklin, hath, with the great encouragement of two or three of the principal Muſes, tempted me to offer ſubjects to the labourers in the graphic vineyard. When Shakeſpeare and Milton are exhauſted, I may preſume that the following Odes, Tales, and Hints, in preference to the labours of any other of our Britiſh bards, may be adopted by the bruſh of Genius. Had I not thus ſtepped forward as the champion of my own merit, which is deemed ſo neceſſary now-a-days for the obtention of public notice, not only by authors, but by têtemakers, perfumers, elaſtic truſs, and Parliament ſpeechmakers, &c., who, in the daily newſpapers, are the heralds of their own ſplendid abilities, I might poſſibly be paſſed by without obſervation, and thus a great part of a poetical immortality be ſacrificed to a pitiful *mauvaiſe honte*.

SCENE, the ROYAL ACADEMY.

PEACE and good will to this fair meeting!—
I come not with hoſtility, but greeting—
  Not eagle-like to ſcream, but dove-like coo it—
I come not with the ſword of vengeance, rhyme,
To flaſh, and act as journeyman to Time—
  The God himſelf is juſt arrived to do it.

To make each feeble figure a poor corſe,
  I come not with the ſhafts of ſatire ſporting;
Then view me not like Stubbs's ſtaring horſe,
  With terror on th' approaching lion ſnorting:
I come to bid the hatchet's labours ceaſe,
And ſmoke with friends the calumet of peace.

Knight of the polar ſtar, or bear, don't ſtart,
And, like ſome long-ear'd creatures, bray "what art?"—
Sir William, ſhut your ell-wide mouth of terror——
I come not here, believe me, to complain
Of ſuch as dar'd employ thy building brain,
And criticiſe an œconomic error *.

I come not here to call thee knave or fool,
And bid thee ſeek again Palladio's ſchool;
Or copy heav'n, who form'd thy head ſo thick,
To give ſtability to ſtone and brick;
No—'twould be cruel now to make a rout——
The very ſtones already have cry'd out.

I come not here, indeed, new cracks to ſpy,
And call thee for the workmanſhip hard names;
To point which wing ſhall next forſake the ſky,
And tumble in the Strand, or in the Thames.

* A large portion of the Royal Academy, raiſed at an extraordinary expence, fell to the ground lately; but as the Knight is a favourite at Court, no harm is done. The Nation is able to rear it again, which will be a benefit ticket in Sir William's way.

Nor

Nor come I here to cover thee with ſhame,
For putting clever Academic men *,
Like calves or pigs, into a pen,
To ſee the King of England and his dame,

'Midſt carts and coaches, golden horſe and foot;
'Midſt peopled windows, chimnies and old walls;
'Midſt marrowbones and cleavers, fife and flute,
Paſſing in pious pilgrimage to Paul's.

Where, as the ſhow of gingerbread went by,
The rain, as if in mockery from the ſky,
Dribbled on ev'ry academic nob,
And waſh'd each pigtail ſmart, and powder'd bob.

Waſh'd many a viſage, black and brown, and fair,
Giving to each ſo picturesque an air;

* Sir William actually gave orders for the non-admiſſion of the Royal Academicians into the Academy, to ſee the Royal proceſſion to St. Paul's, as he had ſome women and children of his acquaintance who wiſhed to ſee the ſhow. Half a dozen boards were conſequently ordered to be put together on the outſide of the building for their reception.

Reſembling

Reſembling that of drooping, rain-ſoak'd fowls,
Or, what's a better picture, parboil'd owls;
Whilſt thou, great Jove upon Olympus, aping,
Didſt ſit majeſtic, from a window gaping.

O, Weſt, that fix'd and jealous eye forbear,
Which ſcowling marks the bard with doubt and fear,
Thy forms are ſacred from my wrath divine;
'Twere cruel to attack ſuch crippled creatures,
So very, very feeble in their natures,
Already gaſping in a deep decline!

I ſeek them not with ſcalping thoughts, indeed,
Too great my ſoul to bid the figures bleed:
No—peace and happineſs attend 'em;
Where'er they go, poor imps, God mend 'em.

I come not to impart to thee the crime
Of over dealing in the true ſublime;

I ſcorn with malice thus thy fame to wound;
Nor cruel to declare, and hurt thy trade,
That too divine effects of light and ſhade
Were-ever 'midſt thy labours to be found.

Nor ſwear to blaſt an atom of thy merit,
That elegance, expreſſion, ſpirit,
Too ſtrongly from the canvaſs blaze;
And damn thee thus with Raphael's praiſe:
Beſides, againſt the ſtream I ſcorn to ruſh;
The world ne'er ſaid, nor thought it of thy bruſh.

Were I to write thy epitaph, I'd ſay,
" Here lies below a painter's clay,
" Who work'd away moſt furiouſly for Kings,
" And prov'd that fire of inclination,
" For pleaſing the great Ruler of a Nation,
" And fire of genius, are two diff'rent things."

Nor come I here t' inform ſome men ſo wiſe,
Who ſhine not yet upon the R. A. liſt,
That limbs in ſpaſms and crack'd, and gogling eyes,
With grandeur cannot well exiſt.

Nay, let it be recorded in my rhyme,
Convulſions cannot give the true ſublime.

St. Vitus might be virtuous to romance——
Peace to the *manes* of that capering Saint;
Yet let me tell the ſons of paint,
Sublimity adorneth not his dance.

Wide ſaucer eyes and dire diſtortion,
Will only make a good abortion.

No, landſcape painters, let your gold ſtreams ſleep——
Sleep, golden ſkies and bulls, and golden cows,
And golden groves and vales, and golden ſheep,
And golden goats, the golden graſs that brouze,

Which with ſuch golden luſtre flame,
As beat the very golden frame.
Peace to the ſcenes of Birmingham's bright ſchool!
Peace to the brighter ſcenes of Pontypool!

Aw'd I approach, ye ſov'reigns of the bruſh,
With Modeſty's companion ſweet, a bluſh,

And heſitation nat'ral to her tongue ;
And eye ſo diffident, with beam ſo mild,
Like Eve's when Adam on her beauties ſmil'd,
And led her bluſhing, nothing loath, along,
To give the lady a green gown ſo ſweet,
On beds of roſes, Love's delicious ſeat.

Yes, ſober, trembling, Quaker-like, I come
To this great dome
To offer ſubjects to the ſons of paint :
Accept the pleaſant tales and hints I bring,
Of Knight and Lord, and Commoner and King;
Sweeter than hiſt'ry of embowell'd ſaint ;
Or martyr beat like Shrovetide cocks with bats,
And fir'd like turpentin'd poor roaſting rats.

Inimical as dogs to pigs,
Or wind and rain to powder'd wigs,
Or mud from kennels to a milk-white ſtocking ;
Hoſtile to Peter's phiz as if a peſt,
Why ſprings the man of hiſt'ry, Maſter Weſt,
And cries, " Off, off ; your tales and hints are ſhocking ;

" Inven-

" Inventions—fabrications—lies—damn'd lies;
" Kings and the world beſides, thy ſpite, deſpiſe.

" Sir, you're a liar, ev'ry body knows it;
" Sir, every ſtupid ſtanza ſhows it:
" Sir, you know nothing of a King and Queen;
" In ſpheres too high their orbs ſuperior roll
" By thy poor little grov'ling, mole-ey'd ſoul,
" Thou outcaſt of Parnaſſus, to be ſeen.

" Sir, they do honour to their god-like ſtation,
" The two firſt luminaries of the nation,
" So meek, good, gen'rous, virtuous, humble, wiſe;
" Whilſt thou a ſavage, a great fool ſo fat,
" Curs'd with a conſcience blacker than my hat,
" Art rival to that fiend the Prince of Lies.

" Go, pour thy venom on my Lear*——
" A whiſper, Hopkins, Sternhold, in thy ear:

* A pretty iron-ſtaring Sketch now in the Exhibition.

" King

" King Lear, to mortify thee, goes
" Where Majeſty delights with Weſt to prate,
" Much more than Miniſters of State,
" Where thou ſhalt never ſhow thy noſe!

" Where Pages fancy it a heinous crime,
" Thou foul-mouth'd fellow, to repeat thy rhyme;
" Where ev'ry Cook, it is my firm belief,
" Would nobly make it a religious point,
" Rather than put thy traſh upon a joint,
" To let the fire conſuming burn the beef.

" There's not a ſhopkeeper in Windſor town
" That would not hang thee, ſhoot thee, ſtab thee, drown,
" That doth not damn thy ſtuff, thy odes and tales;
" That doth not think thy Odes would give diſeaſe
" To ev'ry thing they wrapp'd—to bread, to cheeſe,
" Nay, give contagion to a bag of nails.

" The very Windſor dogs and cats,
" The very Windſor owls and bats,

" Would howl and ſquawl, and hoot and ſhriek to meet
" Like thee a raggamuffin in the ſtreet.

" The ſervant maids of Windſor from each ſhop,
" Some pointing brooms, and ſome a ſcornful mop,
" Their loyal ſentiments would diſembogue,
" And taunting cry, ' There goes a lying rogue.'

" Behold rank impudence thy rhymes inſpire;
" Conſummate inſolence thy verſe provoke!
" Fool! to believe thy muſe a muſe of fire,
" A chimney-ſweeper's drab, a muſe of ſmoke.

" The very bellman's rhymes poſſeſs more merit;
" Nay, Nichols' magazine exceeds in ſpirit:
" A printer's devil with conceit, ſo drunk,
" Who publiſhes for gentleman and trunk;

" Who ſets up author on old Bowyer's ſcraps;
" Bowyer, whoſe pen recorded all the raps
" That hungry authors gave to Bowyer's door,
" To ſwell the curious literary ſtore:

" Who on a purblind antiquarian's back,
" A founder'd, broken-winded hack,
" Rides out to find old farthings, nails, and bones——
" On darkeſt coins the brighteſt legend reads,
" On traceleſs copper ſees imperial heads,
" And makes inſcriptions older than the ſtones.

" Too bids, to give his cuſtomers ſurpriſe,
A Druid altar from a pigſtye riſe.
" Yes, Nichols aping wiſdom through his glaſſes——
" Thee, thee Apollo's ſcavenger, ſurpaſſes.

" Soon ſhall we ſee the Fleet thy carcaſe wring,
" Mean thro' the priſon grate for farthings angling,
" Suſpending feet of ſtockings by a ſtring,
" Or glove or nightcap for our bounty dangling;

" Whilſt iſſuing from thy mouth begrim'd with beard,
" Thy pale noſe poking thro' thy priſon hole,
" The hollow voice of mis'ry will be heard,
" ' Kind ge'mman, pity a poor hungry ſoul:

" ' Have

" ' Have pity on a pris'ner's caſe ſo ſhocking——
" ' Good Lady, put a farthing in the ſtocking!'

" What impudence thus bold a face to puſh!
" Arm'd with a winking light of paltry ruſh,
" As if with Truth's bright torch, into our room;
" To dart on ignorance the fancied rays——
" To bid of barbariſm the empire blaze,
" And kind illumine error's midnight gloom.

" Get out, and pertly don't come troubling *me*;
" A dog is better company than *thee*."

I thank ye—much oblig'd t'ye, Maſter Weſt,
For thoughts ſo kind, and prettily expreſt;
Yet won't I be refus'd, I won't indeed;
You muſt, you ſhall have tale, and ode, and hint;
This memory of mine contains a mint;
And thus, in bold defiance, I proceed.

Yet mind me, as to our bright King and Queen,
Their names are ſacred from the poet's ſpleen——

Peace

Peace to their reign; they feel no more my jokes,
Whether to Hanover they wiſely roam,
Or full as wiſely count their caſh at home,
My ſatire ſhall not hurt the gentlefolks.

Pleas'd in a hut to broil my mutton bone,
I ſigh not for the ven'ſon of a throne:
Nay, ſlavery doth not with my pride agree;
A toadeater's an imp I don't admire;
Nor royal ſmall-talk doth my ſoul deſire——
I've *ſeen* my Sovereigns—that's enough for *me*.

A thouſand themes for canvaſs I could name,
To give the artiſt beef and fame:
Lo! Hodſell in his country ſeat ſo fine,
Where, 'midſt his tulips, grin ſtone apes with parrots,
Where Neptune foams along a bed of carrots,
Inſtead of cleaving through his native brine.

Where Phœbus ſtrikes to cabbages his ſtrings,
Where Love o'er garlick waves his purple wings,
Where Mars to vanquiſh beets heroic leans;
And, arm'd with lightnings, with terrific eyes,
The great and mighty Ruler of the ſkies,
Sublimely thunders through a bed of beans;

Cloſe by whoſe ſide the haymakers are mating,
And Dutchmen to their knees in onions ſkaiting.

A mighty warrior in the Houſe of Lords,
Swallowing, alas! a bitter, bitter pill;
Eating, poor man, his own ſad words,
Exceedingly againſt his noble will;

Whilſt Rawdon by his ſide, with martial face,
Commandeth him to ſwallow with a grace;
Would make an intereſting ſcene, indeed,
And ſhow the courage of King Charles's breed!

How like a Doctor, forcing down the throat
Of ſome poor puling child a doſe of ſalts,
At which its little ſoul revolts,
With wrigling limbs, wry mouths, and piteous note;
Yet forc'd to take the formidable purge,
Or taſte a bitt'rer doſe, the threat'ned ſcourge!

Or Richmond *, watchful of the State's ſalvation,
Sprinkling his ravelins o'er the nation;
Now buying leathern boxes up by tuns,
Improving thus the nature of great guns;
Guns bleſt with double natures, mild and rough,
To give a broadſide, or a pinch of ſnuff.
Or Richmond † at th' enormous reck'ning ſtruck,
At Portſmouth batling hard about a duck.

A cer-

* The Duke abſolutely ordered cannon to be made of leather, from a ſnuff-box-maker, which, at Woolwich, on Saturday the ſecond day of May, 1789, wereſeriouſly tried, and, like many a Nobleman, found too *ſoft*.

† At Portſmouth his Grace, not long ſince, beſpoke a dinner for a few friends; and becauſe no impreſſion had been made on a roaſted duck, Charles Lenox, Duke of Richmond, Earl of March, Maſter General

A certain high and mighty Dutcheſs,
Hugging her huſband in her cat-like clutches,
Biting and tearing him with brandy zeal;
Whoſe flax in heaps is ſeen to fly around,
Whilſt he, pale wight, emits a plaintive ſound,
Like animals that furniſh man with veal;

Would make another pleaſing ſcene,
Showing the mettle of an arrant Quean;
Longing to ſhine a firſt-rate ſtar at Court,
For ſatire's pen, a ſubject of rare ſport;
Longing to purify a luckleſs blood,
Deep-ſtain'd, and ſmelling of its native mud.

General of the Ordnance, Lord Lieutenant and Cuſtos Rotulorum of the county of Suſſex, Duke of Lenox in Scotland, and Aubigny in France, Knight of the moſt noble order of the Garter, &c., thought it a grievous impoſition, and conſequently ordered the landlord of the inn to deduct the eighteen pence, the price of the duck, from the bill, which was done accordingly.

The

The valiant Gloſter at the army's head,
Drawn as the glorious Macedonian youth;
In battle galloping o'er hills of dead,
Would glow with ſuch an air of truth!——
Not on a jackaſs mounted, but a ſteed
Of old Bucephalus's breed.

Saliſb'ry examining the iron hands
Of Fame's and ſweet St. Giles's blackguard bands,
That clap our Kings to Parliament and play——
Saliſb'ry, too, gauging all their gaping throats,
Exciſeman-like, to find the beſt for notes,
That money may'nt be thrown away:

Reſolv'd from thoſe ſame legions of vulgarity,
To get full pennyworths of popularity;
Reſolv'd his maſter ſhall be fairly treated,
And not, as uſual, by his ſervants cheated.

Suppoſe, to give this humour-loving iſle
A pretty opportunity to ſmile,
You paint the Solomon of yon fam'd place *,
Where fair Philoſophy, the heav'nly dame,
By barb'rous uſage cover'd deep with ſhame,
No longer ſhows her exil'd face ;
Where *cent. per cent.* in value riſe,
Toads, tadpoles, graſshoppers, and flies.

Suppoſe you paint Sir Joſeph all ſo bleſt,
With many a paraſitical dear gueſt,
Swol'n by their flatt'ries like a bladder big,
Throwing away of learning ſuch a waſte,
And proving his ſuperior claſſic taſte,
By ſwallowing the *ſumen* of a pig.

Pitt trying to unclench Britannia's fiſt,
Imploring money for a King ;
Telling moſt mournful tales of civil liſt,
The Lady's tender heart to wring,

* The Royal Society.

Tales of expence in Doctors' bills,
High price of blifters, boluſſes and pills,
Long journey to St. Paul's t' oblige the nation,
And give God thanks for reſtoration:
Britannia with arch look the while,
Partaking ſtrongly of a ſmile,
Pointing to that huge dome *, the nation's wealth;
Where *people* ſometimes place their caſh by ſtealth,
And all ſo modeſt with their ſecret ſtore,
Inform the world they're poor, ah, very poor.

Brudenell and Symonds † with each other vying,
Sweet youths! for little Norman's ‡ favours ſighing,
A picturesque effect would form;
That hugging mother for the daughter's charms,
This with the yielding damſel in his arms,
Taking the citadel by ſtorm;

* The Bank of England.

† Lord B. and Sir Richard S.s's conteſt for the charming prize is well known to the Opera Houſe.

‡ A pretty black-eyed Figurante at the Opera.

That

That running with the girl in triumph off,
This with the dog, the mother, and the muff.

A great law Chief, whom God nor Demon ſcares,
Compell'd to kneel and pray*, who ſwore his pray'rs,
The dev'l behind him pleas'd and grinning,
Patting the angry lawyer on the ſhoulder,
Declaring nought was ever bolder,
Admiring ſuch a novel mode of ſinning :

Like this, a ſubject would be reckon'd rare,
Which proves what blood-game infidels can dare ;
Which to my mem'ry brings a fact,
Which nothing but an Engliſh tar would act——

In ſhips of war, on Sundays pray'rs are giv'n ;
For though ſo wicked, ſailors think of heav'n,

* On the thankſgiving day at St. Paul's.

Particu-

Particularly in a ſtorm;
Where, if they find no brandy to get drunk,
Their ſouls are in a miſerable funk,
Then vow they to th' Almighty to reform,
If in his goodneſs only once, once more,
He'll ſuffer them to clap a foot on ſhore.

In calms, indeed, or gentle airs,
They ne'er on week-days peſter Heav'n with pray'rs;
For 'tis amongſt the Jacks a common ſaying,
"Where there's no danger, there's no need of praying."

One Sunday morning all were met
To hear the parſon preach and pray,
All but a boy, who, willing to forget
That pray'rs were handing out, had ſtol'n away;
And, thinking praying but a uſeleſs taſk,
Had crawl'd to take a nap, into a caſk.

The boy was ſoon found miſſing, and full ſoon
The boatſwain's cat ſagacious ſmelt him out;
Gave him a clawing to ſome tune——
This cat's a couſin Germain to the Knout *.

" Come out, you ſculking dog," the boatſwain cry'd,
" And ſave your damn'd young ſinful ſoul:"
He then the moral-mending cat apply'd,
And turn'd him like a badger from his hole.

Sulky the boy march'd on, and did not mind him,
Altho' the boatſwain flogging kept behind him:
" Flog," cried the boy, " flog—curſe me, flog away——
" I'll go—but mind—God d—mn me if I'll *pray*."

* A common puniſhment in Ruſſia.

The

The KING of SPAIN and the HORSE.

IN ſev'nteen hundred ſev'nty eight,
The rich, the proud, the potent King of Spain,
Whoſe anceſtors ſent forth their troops to ſmite
The peaceful natives of the weſtern main,
With faggots and the blood-delighting ſword,
To play the devil, to oblige the Lord!

For hunting, roaſting heretics, and boiling,
Baking and barbecuing, frying, broiling,
Was thought Heav'n's cauſe amazingly to further;
For which moſt pious reaſon, hard to work
They went, with gun and dagger, knife and fork,
To charm the God of mercy with their murther!

I ſay, this King in ſev'nty-eight ſurvey'd,
In tapeſtry ſo rich, pourtray'd

A horſe.

A horſe with ſtirrups, crupper, bridle, ſaddle:
Within the ſtirrup, lo, the Monarch try'd
To fix his foot the palfry to beſtride;
In vain!—he could not o'er the palfry ſtraddle!

Stiff as a Turk the beaſt of yarn remain'd,
And ev'ry effort of the King diſdain'd,
Who 'midſt his labours to the ground was tumbled,
And greatly mortified, as well as humbled.

Prodigious was the ſtruggle of the day,
The horſe attempted not to run away;
At which the poor-chaf'd Monarch now 'gan grin,
And ſwore by ev'ry ſaint and holy martyr,
He would not yield the traitor quarter,
Until he got poſſeſſion of his ſkin.

Not fiercer fam'd La Mancha's knight,
Hight Quixote, at a puppet ſhow,
Did with more valour ſtoutly fight,
And terrify each little ſqueaking foe;

When bold he pierc'd the lines, immortal fray!
And broke their paſteboard bones, and ſtabb'd their hearts
of hay.

Not with more energy and fury
The beauteous ſtreet-walker of Drury
Attacks a ſiſter of the ſmuggling trade,
Whoſe winks, and nods, and ſweet reſiſtleſs ſmile,
Ah, me! her paramour beguile,
And to her bed of healthy ſtraw perſuade;
Where mice with muſic charm, and vermin crawl,
And ſnails with ſilver traces deck the wall.

And now a cane, and now a whip he us'd,
And now he kick'd, and ſore the palfry bruis'd;
Yet, lo, the horſe ſeem'd patient at each kick,
And bore with Chriſtian ſpirit whip and ſtick;
And what exceſſively provok'd this Prince,
The horſe ſo ſtubborn ſcorn'd ev'n once to wince.

Now ruſh'd the Monarch for a bow and arrow,
To ſhoot the rebel like a ſparrow;

And lo, with ſhafts well ſteel'd, with all his force,
Juſt like a pincuſhion, he ſtuck the horſe!

Now with the fury of the chaf'd wild boor,
With nails and teeth the wounded horſe he tore;
Now to the floor he brought the ſtubborn beaſt;
Now o'er the vanquiſh'd horſe that dar'd rebel,
Moſt Indian-like the Monarch gave a yell,
Pleas'd on the quadruped his eyes to feaſt;

Bleſt as Achilles when with fatal wound
He brought the mighty Hector to the ground.

Yet more to gratify his godlike ire,
He vengeful flung the palfry in the fire!
Showing his pages round, poor trembling things,
How dang'rous to reſiſt the will of Kings.

Lord B. and the EUNUCH.

A LORD, moſt muſically mad,
Yet with a taſte ſuperlatively bad,
  Aſk'd a ſqueal eunuch to his houſe one day——
A poor old *ſemivir*, whoſe throat
Had loſt its love-reſounding note,
  Which art had giv'n, and time had ſtol'n away.

" Signor Squalini," with a ſolemn air,
The Lord began, grave riſing from his chair,
  Taking Squalini kindly by the hand;
" Signor Squalini, much I fear
" I've got a moſt unlucky ear,
  " And that 'tis known to all the muſic band.

" Fond of abuſe, each fidling coxcomb carps,
" And, true it is, I don't know flats from ſharps:
" Indeed,

" Indeed, Signor Squalini, 'tis no hum;
" So ill doth muſic with my organs ſuit,
" I ſcarcely know a fiddle from a flute,
" The hautbois from the double drum.

" Now tho' with Lords, a number of this nation,
" I go to op'ras, more through faſhion
" Than for the love of muſic, I could wiſh
" The world might think I had ſome little taſte,
" That thoſe two ears were tolerably chaſte,
" But, Sir, I am as ſtupid as a fiſh.

" Get me the credit of a *Cognoſcente*,
" Gold ſhan't be wanting to content ye."——

" *Braviſſimo!* my Lor," replied Squalini,
With acquieſcent bow, and ſmile of ſuavity;
" De nobleman muſs never look de ninny."——
" True," cry'd the noble Lord, with German gravity.

" My Lor, ven men vant money in der purſe,
" Dey do no vant de vorld to tink dem poor,
" Becauſe, my Lor, dat be von ſhabby curſe;
" Dis all ſame ting wid ignoraunce, my Lor."——
" Right,"

" Right," cry'd his Lordſhip in a grumbling tone,
Much like a maſtiff jealous of his bone.

" But firſt I want ſome technicals, Signor"——
Bowing, the Eunuch anſwered,—" Iſs, my Lor;
" I teaſh your Lorſhip queekly, queekly, all,
" Dere vat be call de *ſoſtenuto* note,
" Dat be ven ſinger oppen vide de troat,
" And den for long time make de ſquawl——
" Muſh long, long note, dat do continue while
" A man, my Lor, can valk a mile.

" My Lor, der likewiſe be de *cromatique*,
" As if de ſinger vas in greef, or ſick,
" And had de colick—dat be ver, ver fine:
" De high, oh, dat muſician call *ſoprano*;
" De low voice, *baſſo*; de ſoff note, *piano*——
" *Bravoura*, queek, bold—here Marcheſi ſhine.

" Dis Mara, too, and Billington, do know——
" *Allegro*, quick; *Adagio*, be de ſlow;

" *Pompoſo*, dat be manner make de roar:
" *Maeſtoſo*, dat be grand and nobel ting,
" Muſh like de voice of Emperor, or de King;
" Or you, my Lor,
" When in de houſe you make de grand oration,
" For ſave, my Lor, de noble Englis nation."

Thus having giv'n his leſſon, and a bow,
With high complacency his Lordſhip ſmil'd:
Unravell'd was his Lordſhip's pucker'd brow,
His ſcouling eye, like Luna's beams, ſo mild:

Such is th' effect, when flatt'ries ſweet cajole
That praiſe-admiring wight yclep'd the ſoul;
And from the days of Adam 'tis the caſe,
That great's the ſympathy 'twixt ſoul and face.

" Signor Squalini," cry'd the Lord,
" The op'ra is begun, upon my word——
" *Allons*, Signor, and hear me—mind,
" As ſoon as ever you ſhall find

" A ſinger's voice above or under pitch,
" Juſt touch my toe, or give my arm a twitch."

" Iſs, iſs, my Lor, (the eunuch ſtraight reply'd)
" I ſheet cloſe by your Lorſhip ſide;
" And den, accordin to your Lorſhip wiſh,
" I give your Lorſhip elbow littel twiſh."

Now to the opera, muſic's ſounds to hear,
The old Caſtrato and the noble Peer
Proceeded——Near the orcheſtra they ſat,
Before the portals of the ſingers' throats!
The critic couple mouſing for bad notes
With all the keeneſs of a hungry cat.

Now came an out-of-tuniſh note——
The Eunuch twitch'd his Lordſhip's coat:
Full-mouth'd at once his Lordſhip roar'd out " pſha!"
The orcheſtra, amaz'd, turn round
To find from whence aroſe the critic ſound,
When, lo! they heard the Lord, and ſaw!

The

The Eunuch kept moſt ſlily twitching,
His frowning Lordſhip all the while,
(Not in the cream of courtly ſtile)
Be-dogging this poor ſinger, that be-bitching,
Uniting too, a hoſt of damning pſhas,
And reap'd a plenteous harveſt of applauſe: ——
Grew from that hour a Lord of tuneful ſkill,
And tho' the Eunuch's dead, remains ſo ſtill.

To

To the ACADEMICIANS.

SUPPOSE you paint the Dev'l with ſmiling mien,
Whiſp'ring deceit to any King or Queen,
'Tis what the prince of ſoot hath often done——
For lo, with many a King and many a Queen,
In cloſe *confab* the gentleman is ſeen——
With ſuch hath Satan oft a world of fun——
More fun, or diadems are much bely'd,
Than all the little under world beſide!

The Dev'l's a fellow of much ſterling humour,
If we may credit public rumour;
And all ſo civil in each act and look,
That whenſoever we incline
On ſome rare diſh of ſin to dine,
We can't employ a nicer cook.

Who, too, ſo generous diſdains
To take a ſixpence for his pains——
  Nay, at our money would be vext;
Happy to pleaſe us *gratis* with his art,
Provided, when from *this* world we depart,
  We join his fire-ſide in the next.

Like Glouceſter, who for pay can leave his party,
Some years ago I join'd his corps ſo hearty,
  Thinking the Prince of Erebus ill treated:
Fir'd by the ſubject in my rhyming mode,
I complimented Satan with an ode,
  Which, for the bruſhmen's ſake, ſhall be repeated.

ODE

ODE TO THE DEVIL.

Ingratum Odi.

PRINCE of the dark abodes! I ween
Your Highneſs ne'er till now hath ſeen
Yourſelf in metre ſhine;
Ne'er heard a ſong with praiſe ſincere,
Sweet warbled on your ſmutty ear,
Before this Ode of mine.

Perhaps the reaſon is too plain,
Thou trieſt to ſtarve the tuneful train,
Of potent verſe afraid;
And yet I vow, in all my time,
I've not beheld a ſingle rhyme
That ever ſpoil'd thy trade.

I've

I've often read thoſe pious whims——
John Weſley's ſweet damnation hymns,
That chant of heav'nly riches.
What have they done?—thoſe heav'nly ſtrains,
Devoutly ſqueez'd from canting brains,
But fill'd John's earthly breeches?

There's not a ſhoeblack in the land,
So humbly at the world's command,
As thy old cloven foot;
Like lightning doſt thou fly, when call'd,
And yet no pickpocket's ſo maul'd
As thou, O Prince of Soot!

What thouſands hourly bent on ſin,
With ſupplication call thee in,
To aid them to purſue it;
Yet, when detected, with a lie
Ripe at their fingers' ends, they cry,
"The Devil *made* me do it."

Behold

Behold the fortunes that are made,
By men through roguiſh tricks in trade!
Yet all to thee are owing——
And tho' we meet it ev'ry day,
The ſneaking raſcals dare not ſay,
This is the *Devil*'s doing.

As to thy company, I'm ſure,
No man can ſhun thee on that ſcore;
The very beſt is thine:
With Kings, Queens, Miniſters of State,
Lords, Ladies, I have ſeen thee great,
And many a grave Divine.

I'm ſorely griev'd at times to find,
The very inſtant thou art kind,
Some people ſo uncivil,
When aught offends, with face awry,
With baſe ingratitude to cry,
" I wiſh it to the devil."

Hath ſome poor blockhead got a wife,
To be the torment of his life,
By one eternal yell;
The fellow cries out coarſely, "Zounds,
"I'd give this moment twenty pounds
"To ſee the jade in hell."

Shou'd Heav'n their pray'rs ſo ardent grant,
Thou never company wouldſt want
To make thee downright mad;
For mind me, in their wiſhing mood,
They never offer thee what's good,
But ev'ry thing that's bad.

My honeſt anger boils to view
A ſnuffling, long-fac'd, canting crew,
So much thy humble debtors,
Ruſhing, on Sundays, one and all,
With deſp'rate pray'rs thy head to maul,
And thus abuſe their betters.

To ſeize one day in ev'ry week,
On thee their black abuſe to wreak,
By whom their ſouls are fed
Each minute of the other ſix,
With ev'ry joy that heart can fix,
Is impudence indeed!

Bluſhing I own thy pleaſing art
Hath oft ſeduc'd my vagrant heart,
And led my ſteps to joy——
The charms of beauty have been mine;
And let me call the merit thine,
Who broughtſt the lovely toy.

No, Satan——if I aſk thy aid,
To give my arms the blooming maid,
I will not, thro' the nation all,
Proclaim thee (like a graceleſs imp)
A vile old good-for-nothing pimp,
But ſay, "'tis thy vocation, Hal."

Since

Since truth muſt out——I ſeldom knew
What 'twas high pleaſure to purſue,
Till thou hadſt won my heart——
So ſocial were we both together,
And beat the hoof in ev'ry weather,
I never wiſh'd to part.

Yet when a child—good Lord! I thought
That thou a pair of horns hadſt got,
With eyes like ſaucers ſtaring!
And then a pair of ears ſo ſtout,
A monſtrous tail and hairy ſnout,
With claws beyond comparing.

Taught to avoid the paths of evil,
By day I us'd to dread the Devil,
And trembling when 'twas night,
Methought I ſaw thy horns and ears,
Then ſung or whiſtled to my fears,
And ran to chace my fright.

And ev'ry night I went to bed,
I ſweated with a conſtant dread,
And crept beneath the rug;
There, panting, thought that in my ſleep
Thou ſlily in the dark wouldſt creep,
And eat me, tho' ſo ſnug.

A haberdaſher's ſhop is thine,
With ſins of all ſorts, coarſe and fine,
To ſuit both man and maid:
Thy wares they buy, with open eyes;
How cruel then, with conſtant cries,
To vilify thy trade!

To ſpeak the truth, indeed, I'm loath—
Life's deem'd a mawkiſh diſh of broth
Without thy aid, old Sweeper:
So mawkiſh, few will put it down,
E'en from the cottage to the crown,
Without thy ſalt and pepper.

O Satan, whatſoever geer
Thy Proteus form ſhall chuſe to wear,
Black, red, or blue, or yellow;
Whatever hypocrites may ſay,
They think thee (truſt my honeſt lay)
A moſt bewitching fellow.

'Tis order'd (to deaf ears alas!)
To praiſe the bridge o'er which we paſs;
Yet often I diſcover
A numerous band who daily make
An eaſy bridge of thy poor back,
And damn it when they're over.

Why art thou then with cap in hand,
Obſequious to a graceleſs band,
Whoſe ſouls are ſcarce worth taking?
O Prince, purſue but my advice,
I'll teach your Highneſs in a trice
To ſet them all a quaking.

Plays, op'ras, maſquerades, deſtroy;
Lock up each charming *fille de joie*;
Give race horſes the glander——
The dice box break, and burn each card——
Let virtue be its own reward,
And gag the mouth of ſlander;

In one week's time, I'll lay my life,
There's not a man, nor maid, nor wife,
That will not glad agree,
If thou wilt charm 'em as before,
To ſhow their noſe at church no more,
But quit their God for thee.

'Tis now full time my ode ſhould end;
And now I tell thee like a friend,
Howe'er the world may ſcout thee;
Thy ways are all ſo wondrous winning,
And folks ſo very fond of ſinning,
They cannot do without thee.

The TENDER HUSBAND.

LO, to the cruel hand of Fate,
My poor dear Grizzle, meek-ſoul'd mate,
Reſigns her tuneful breath——
Tho' dropp'd her jaw, her lip tho' pale,
And blue each harmleſs finger nail,
She's beautiful in death.

As o'er her lovely limbs I weep,
I ſcarce can think her but aſleep——
How wonderfully tame!
And yet her voice is really gone,
And dim thoſe eyes that lately ſhone
With all the lightning's flame.

Death was, indeed, a daring wight,
To take it in his head to ſmite——

To

To lift his dart to hit her;
For as ſhe was ſo great a woman,
And car'd a ſingle fig for no man,
I thought he fear'd to meet her.

Still is that voice of late ſo ſtrong,
That many a ſweet Capriccio ſung,
And beat in ſounds the ſpheres?
No longer muſt thoſe fingers play
Britons ſtrike home, that many a day
Have ſooth'd my raviſh'd ears?

Ah me! indeed I'm much inclin'd
To think I now might ſpeak my mind,
Nor hurt her dear repoſe;
Nor think I now with rage ſhe'd roar,
Were I to put my fingers o'er,
And touch her precious noſe.

Here let me philoſophic pauſe——
How wonderful are Nature's laws,

When Lady's breath retires,
Its fate the flaming paſſions ſhare,
Supported by a little air,
Like culinary fires!

Whene'er I hear the bagpipe's note,
Shall Fancy fix on Grizzle's throat,
And loud inſtructive lungs:
O Death, in her, tho' only one,
Are loſt a thouſand charms unknown,
At leaſt a thouſand tongues.

Soon as I heard her laſt ſweet ſigh,
And ſaw her gently-cloſing eye,
How great was my ſurpriſe!
Yet have I not, with impious breath,
Accus'd the hard decrees of death,
Nor blam'd the righteous ſkies.

Why do I groan in deep deſpair,
Since ſhe'll be ſoon an angel fair?

Ah!

Ah! why my boſom ſmite?
Could grief my Grizzle's life reſtore!——
But let me give ſuch ravings o'er——
Whatever is, is right.

Oh, Doctor! you are come too late;
No more of phyſic's virtues prate,
That could not ſave my lamb:
Not one more bolus ſhall be giv'n——
You ſhall not ope her mouth, by heav'n,
And Grizzle's gullet cram.

Enough of boluſſes, poor heart,
And pills, ſhe took to load a cart,
Before ſhe clos'd her eyes;
But now my word is here a law,
Zounds! with a bolus in her jaw,
She ſhall not ſeek the ſkies.

Good Sir, good Doctor, go away;
To hear my ſighs you muſt not ſtay,

For this my poor loſt treaſure:
I thank you for your pains and ſkill;
When next you come, pray bring your bill;
I'll pay it, Sir, with pleaſure.

Ye friends who come to mourn her doom,
For God's ſake gently tread the room,
Nor call her from the bleſt——
In ſofteſt ſilence drop the tear,
In whiſpers breathe the fervent pray'r,
To bid her ſpirit reſt.

Repreſs the ſad, the wounding ſcream;
I cannot bear a grief extreme——
Enough one little ſigh——
Beſides, the loud alarm of grief,
In many a mind may ſtart belief,
Our noiſe is all a lie.

Good nurſes, ſhroud my lamb with care;
Her limbs, with gentleſt fingers, ſpare;

Her

Her mouth, ah! ſlowly cloſe;
Her mouth a magic tongue that held——
Whoſe ſofteſt tone, at times, compell'd,
To peace, my loudeſt woes.

And, carpenter, for my ſad ſake,
Of ſtouteſt oak her coffin make——
I'd not be ſtingy, ſure——
Procure of ſteel the ſtrongeſt ſcrews;
For who wou'd paltry pence refuſe
To lodge his wife ſecure?

Ye people who the corpſe convey,
With caution tread the doleful way,
Nor ſhake her precious head;
Since Fame reports a coffin toſt,
With careleſs ſwing againſt a poſt,
Did once diſturb the dead.

Farewel, my love, for ever loſt!
Ne'er troubled be thy gentle ghoſt,
That I again will woo——
By all our paſt delights, my dear,
No more the marriage chain I'll wear,
P—x take me if I do!

The

The SOLDIER and the VIRGIN MARY.

A TALE.

A Soldier at Loretto's wond'rous chapel,
To parry from his ſoul the wrath divine,
That follow'd mother Eve's unlucky apple,
Did viſit oft the Virgin Mary's ſhrine;
Who ev'ry day is gorgeouſly deck'd out,
In ſilks or velvets, jewels, great and ſmall,
Juſt like a fine young lady for a rout,
A concert, opera, wedding, or a ball.

At firſt the Soldier at a diſtance kept,
Begging her vote and intereſt in heav'n——
With ſeeming bitterneſs the ſinner wept,
Wrung his two hands, and hop'd to be forgiv'n:
Dinn'd her two ears with Ave-Mary flummery;
Declar'd what miracles the dame could do,
Ev'n with her garter, ſtocking, or her ſhoe,
And ſuch like wonder-working mummery.

What

What anſwer Mary gave the wheedling ſinner,
Who nearly, and more nearly mov'd to win her,
The mouth of hiſt'ry doth not mention,
And therefore I can't tell but by invention.

One day as he was making love and praying,
And pious Aves, thick as herrings, ſaying,
And ſins ſo manifold confeſſing;
He drew, as if to whiſper, very near,
And twitch'd a pretty diamond from her ear,
Inſtead of taking the good lady's bleſſing.

Then off he ſat with nimble ſhanks,
Nor once turn'd back to give her thanks:
A hue and cry the thief purſu'd,
Who, to his coſt, ſoon underſtood
That he was not beyond the claw
Of that ſame long-arm'd giant chriſten'd Law.

With horror did his Judges quake——
As for the tender-conſcienc'd Jury,
They doom'd him quickly to the ſtake,
Such was their dev'liſh pious fury.

However, after calling him hard names,
They aſk'd if ought he had in vindication,
To ſave his wretched body from the flames,
And ſinful ſoul from terrible damnation.

The Soldier anſwer'd them with much *ſang froid*,
Which ſhow'd, of ſin, a conſcience void,
That if they meant to kill him, they might kill:
As for the diamond which they found about him,
He hop'd they would by no means doubt him,
That Madam gave it him from pure good will.

The anſwer turn'd both Judge and Jury pale:
The puniſhment was for a time deferr'd,
Until his Holineſs ſhould hear the tale,
And his infallibility be heard.

The Pope, to all his Counſellors, made known
This ſtrange affair—to Cardinals and Friars,
Good pious gentlemen, who ne'er were known
To act like hypocrites, and thieves, and liars.

The queſtion now was banded to and fro,
If Mary had the pow'r to *give*, or *no*.

That Mary *could not* give it, was to ſay,
The wonder-working Lady wanted pow'r——
This was a ſtumbling block that ſtopp'd the way——
This made Pope, Cardinals, and Friars, low'r.

To ſave the Virgin's credit, lo!
And keep ſecure the di'monds that were left;
They ſaid, ſhe *might*, indeed, the gem beſtow,
And conſequently it might be no theft,

But then they paſs'd immediately an act,
That ev'ry one diſcover'd in the fact,
Of taking preſents from the Virgin's hand,
Or from the Saints of any land,
Should know no mercy, but be led to ſlaughter,
Flay'd here, and fry'd eternally hereafter.

Ladies, I deem the moral much too clear
To need poetical aſſiſtance;
Which bids you not let men approach too near,
But keep the ſaucy fellows at a diſtance;
Since men you find, ſo bold, are apt to ſeize
Jewels from ladies, ev'n upon their knees!

An ODE to eight Cats, belonging to Iſrael Mendez, a Jew.

SCENE, *the Street in a Country Town.*

The TIME, *Midnight—the Poet at his Chamber Window.*

SINGERS of Iſrael, Oh ye ſingers ſweet,
Who, with your gentle mouths from ear to ear,
Pour forth rich ſymphonies from ſtreet to ſtreet,
And to the ſleepleſs wretch the night endear;

Lo! in my ſhirt, on you theſe eyes I fix,
Admiring much the quaintneſs of your tricks;
Your friſkings, crawlings, ſquawls, I much approve;
Your ſpittings, pawings, high-rais'd rumps,
Swell'd tails, and merry-andrew jumps,
With the wild minſtrelſy of rapt'rous love.

How

How ſweetly roll your gooſeb'rry eyes,
As loud you tune your am'rous cries,
And, loving, ſcratch each other black and blue!
No boys in wantonneſs now bang your backs,
No curs, nor fiercer maſtiffs, tear your flax,
But all the moon-light world ſeems made for you.

Singers of Iſrael, you no parſons want
To tie the matrimonial cord;
You call the matrimonial ſervice, cant——
Like our firſt parents, take each other's word:
On no one ceremony pleas'd to fix——
To jump not even o'er two ſticks.

You want no furniture, alas!
Spit, ſpoon, diſh, frying-pan, nor ladle;
No iron, pewter, copper, tin, or braſs;
No nurſes, wet or dry, nor cradle,
Which cuſtom, for our Chriſtian babes, enjoins,
To rock the ſtaring offſpring of your loins.

Nor of the lawyers have you need,
Ye males, before you ſeek your bed,
To ſettle pin-money on Madam:
No fears of cuckoldom, heav'n bleſs ye,
Are ever harbour'd to diſtreſs ye,
Tormenting people ſince the days of Adam.

No ſchools you want for fine behaving,
No powdering, painting, waſhing, ſhaving,
No nightcaps ſnug——no trouble in undreſſing
Before you ſeek your ſtrawy neſt,
Pleas'd in each other's arms to reſt,
To feaſt on Love, heav'ns greateſt bleſſing.

Good gods! ye ſweet love-chanting rams!
How nimble are you with your hams
To mount a houſe, to ſcale a chimney top;
And, peeping down that chimney's hole,
Pour in a tuneful cry, th' impaſſion'd ſoul,
Inviting Miſs Grimalkin to come up:

Who, ſweet obliging female, far from coy,
Anſwers your invitation note with joy,
And ſcorning 'midſt the aſhes more to mope;
Lo! born on Love's all-daring wing,
She mounteth with a pickle-herring ſpring,
Without th' aſſiſtance of a rope.

Dear mouſing tribe, my limbs are waxing cold——
Singers of Iſrael ſweet, adieu, adieu!
I do ſuppoſe you need not now be told
How much I wiſh that I was one of you.

SONG

SONG to DELIA.

FORLORN I ſeek the ſilent ſcene,
To keep the image of my fair;
Pale o'er the fountain's brink I lean,
And view the ſpectre of deſpair.

Why ſhould my heart forget it's woe?
The virgin would have mourn'd for me——
O nymph, th' eternal tear ſhall flow;
Th' ſigh unceaſing breathe of thee.

Forgetful of his parted maid,
Too many an unfeeling ſwain
Forſakes of ſolitude the ſhade,
For Pleaſure's gay and wanton train.

Yet, yet of conſtancy they boaſt!——
Their eaſy hearts their tongues belie——
Who loves, reveres the fair one's ghoſt,
And ſeeks a pleaſure in a ſigh.

Sir J. BANKS and the THIEFTAKERS.

SIR Joſeph, fav'rite of great Queens and Kings,
Whoſe wiſdom, weed and inſect hunter ſings;
And ladies fair applaud, with ſmile ſo dimpling;
Went forth one day, amidſt the laughing fields,
Where Nature ſuch exhauſtleſs treaſure yields,
A ſimpling!

It happen'd on the ſelf-ſame morn ſo bright,
The nimble pupils of Sir Sampſon Wright,
A ſimpling too for plants call'd Thieves, proceeded;
Of which the nation's field ſhould oft be weeded.

Now did a thieftaker ſo ſly,
Peep o'er a hedge with cunning eye,
And quick eſpy'd the Knight with ſolemn air,
Deep in a ditch where watercreſſes grow;
On which he to his comrades cry'd, "See, ho!"
Then jump'd (unſportſman like) upon his hare.

Hare-like Sir Joſeph did not ſqueak, but bawl'd,
With dread prodigiouſly appall'd——
The thieftakers no ceremony us'd;
But taking poor Sir Joſeph by the neck,
They bade him ſpeak;
But firſt with names their captive Knight abus'd.

" Sir, what d'ye take me for?" the Knight exclaim'd——
" A thief," reply'd the runners with a curſe:
" And now, Sir, let us ſearch you, and be damn'd "——
And then they ſearch'd his pockets, fobs, and purſe:

But 'ſtead of piſtol dire, and crape,
A pocket handkerchief they caſt their eye on,
Containing frogs and toads of various ſhape,
Dock, daiſy, nettletop, and dandelion,
To entertain, with great propriety,
The members of his ſage ſociety:

Yet would not alter they their ſtrong belief,
That this their pris'ner was no thief!

" Sirs, I'm no highwayman," exclaim'd the Knight——
" No—there," rejoin'd the runners, " you are right——
" A footpad only—Yes, we know your trade——
" Yes, you're a pretty babe of grace :
" We want no proofs, Old Codger, but your face ;
" So come along with us, Old Blade."

'Twas uſeleſs to reſiſt, or to complain——
In vain, Sir Joſeph pleaded—'twas in vain
That he was highly titled, that he ſwore——
The inſtant that poor Banks his titles counted,
Which to an F. R. S. and Knight amounted,
His guardians laugh'd, and clapp'd, and cry'd " *encore.*"

Sir Joſeph told them, that a neighb'ring Squire
Should anſwer for it that he was no thief :
On which they plumply damn'd him for a lyar,
And ſaid ſuch ſtories ſhould not ſave his beef ;
And if they underſtood their trade,
His *mittimus* would ſoon be made ;
And forty pounds be theirs, a pretty ſum,
For ſending ſuch a rogue to kingdom come.

Now

Now to the Squire mov'd pris'ner Knight and *Co.*
The runners taking him in tow,
Like privateers of Britain's warlike nation,
Towing a French Eaſt-Indiaman, their prize,
So black, and of enormous ſize,
Safe into port for condemnation.

Whether they ty'd his hands behind his back,
For fear the Knight might run away,
And made, indelicate, his breeches ſlack,
We've no authority to ſay.

And now the country people gather'd round,
And ſtar'd upon the Knight in thought profound,
Not on the ſyſtem of Linnæus thinking——
Fancying they ſaw a rogue in ev'ry feature;——
Such is the populace's horrid nature
Tow'rds people thro' misfortune ſinking.

At length, amidſt much mob and mire,
Indeed amidſt innumerable ranks,
Fatigu'd, they reach'd the manſion of the Squire,
To prove th' identity of Joſeph Banks.

Now

Now to the Squire, familiar bow'd the Knight,
Who knew Sir Joſeph at firſt ſight——
What's ſtrongly mark'd, is quickly known agen——
And with a frown that awe and dread commanded,
The thieftakers ſeverely reprimanded
For thus miſtaking gentlemen.

Then bade them aſk a pardon on their knees,
Of him that was a Knight and F. R. S.——
Who, rather than the higher pow'rs diſpleaſe,
Imagin'd that they could not well do leſs——

Then on their knuckles rais'd they hands and eyes,
And crav'd Sir Joſeph's pardon for belief,
That when they jump'd upon him by ſurpriſe,
They took ſo great a *gemman* for a thief,
Hoping to mind th' advice of godly books,
Viz. not to judge of people by their *looks*.

SOLOMON and the MOUSE-TRAP.

A Man in rather an exalted ſtation,
Whoſe eyes are always eyes of admiration,
Without diſtinction, fond of all things novel,
Ev'n from the lofty ſceptre to the ſhovel——
Juſt like ſtray'd bullocks ſaunt'ring through the lanes,
Made frequent curioſity campaigns;
Sometimes caught graſshoppers—now more profound,
Would ſometimes find a pin upon the ground;
Where if the head towards him happ'd to point,
His mind was wonderfully ſtruck——
Indeed he felt a joy in ev'ry joint,
Becauſe it always brings good luck.

This gentleman, *hight* Solomon, one day,
In queſt of novelty purſu'd his way;
Like great Columbus, that fam'd navigator,
Who found the world we've loſt acroſs the water;

But rather on a ſomewhat narrower ſcale,
Lo! on dry land the gentleman ſet ſail——
That day it chanc'd to be his will,
To make diſcoveries at Salthill;
Where bounce he hopp'd into a widow's houſe,
Whoſe hands were both employ'd ſo clever,
Doing their very beſt endeavour
To catch that vile free-booter, Monſieur Mouſe;
Whoſe death ſhe oft did moſt devoutly pray for,
Becauſe he eat the meat he could not pay for:

Reſembling Chriſtians in that ſaving trick,
Who, wanting to obtain good cheer,
Invented an ingenious ſcheme call'd *tick*,
That purchaſes, like money, beef and beer:
Poſſeſs'd of *tick*, for caſh man need not range,
Nor toil in taking or in giving change.

Eager did Solomon ſo curious clap
His rare round optics on the wondrous trap

That

That did the duty of a cat ;
And always fond of uſeful information,
Thus wiſely ſpoke he with vociferation,
" What's that ? — What, what ? hæ, hæ ; what's that ?"

To whom, reply'd the miſtreſs of the houſe,
" A trap, an't pleaſe you, Sir, to catch a mouſe."

" Mouſe !—catch a mouſe !" ſaid Solomon with glee—
" Let's ſee—let's ſee—'tis comical—let's ſee——
" Mouſe !—mouſe !"—then pleas'd his eyes began to roll—
" Where, where doth he go in ?" he marveling cry'd——
" There," pointing to the hole, the dame reply'd.——
" What here ?" cry'd Solomon ; " this hole, this hole?"

Then in he puſh'd his finger 'midſt the wire,
That with ſuch pains that finger did inſpire,
He wiſh'd it out again with all his ſoul :
However, by a little ſquawl and ſhaking,
He freed his finger from its piteous taking——
That is to ſay, he got it from the hole.

" What

" What makes the mouſe, pray, go into the trap?
" Something (he cry'd) that muſt their palates pleaſe."—
" Yes, (anſwer'd the fair woman) Sir, a ſcrap
" Of ruſty bacon, or of toaſted cheeſe."

" Oh! oh! (ſaid Solomon) oh! oh! oh! oh!
" Yes, yes, I ſee the meaning of it now——
" The mouſe goes in, a rogue, to ſteal the meat,
" Thinking to give his gums a pretty treat."
Then laugh'd he loudly, ſtretch'd his mouth a mile,
Which made the muſcles of the widow ſmile.

" Let's ſee, let's ſee," cry'd Solomon—" let's ſee—
" Let me, let me, let me, let me, let me, let me."
Then took he up ſome bacon, and did clap
A little ſlice ſo clever in the trap.
Thus did he by his own advice,
Induce himſelf to bait a trap for mice!

Now home he hied ſo nimbly, whelm'd with glory,
And told his family the wondrous ſtory

About the widow's cheeſe and bacon ſcrap!
Nought ſuffer'd he to occupy his head,
Save mouſe ideas, till he went to bed,
Where bleſt he dreamt all night about the trap.

Here let me pauſe, and Heav'n's great goodneſs chaunt——
How kind it is in gracious Heav'n to grant
To full-grown gentlefolks of lofty ſtation,
A pow'r of reliſhing moſt trifling things,
Pleaſures ordain'd for brats in leading ſtrings,
By way of happy harmleſs relaxation!

Next day the man of wiſdom came,
All glorious, to the houſe of this fair dame,
To know if Maſter Mouſe had ſmelt to bacon;
When, lo! to fill with joy his eager eyes,
And load thoſe ſtaring optics with ſurpriſe,
A real mouſe was abſolutely taken!

Not more did Rodney's joy this man's ſurpaſs,
When in his cabin firſt he ſaw De Graſſe!

Not more the hair-brain'd Macedonian boy,
Leap'd, like a Bedlamite, for joy,
  Than Solomon to ſee the mouſe in jail!
Not Alexander, foe of great Darius,
(Men that with rich compariſon ſupply us)
  When bleſt he caught the Perſian by the tail.

Around the room the mouſe he bore,
Inſulting the poor pris'ner o'er and o'er;
Laughing and peeping through the wire,
As if his eyes and mouth would never tire!

How like to Tamerlane the great,
Poſſeſs'd of moſt unlucky Bajazet,
  Who kept the vanquiſh'd hero in a cage;
Mock'd him before his mighty hoſt,
With cruel names and threats, and grin and boaſt,
  And daily thus indulg'd imperial rage!

Now o'er the widow's cat, poor watching puſs,
  He triumph'd too, and aſk'd the cat,
When he would act heroically thus——
  And if he dar'd to venture on a rat.

To whom the cat, as if in anſwer, mew'd,
Which made the man of wiſdom cry, "Oh! oh!"
As if with knowledge of cat ſpeech endu'd,
He thought that puſs had anſwer'd "No."
On which he laugh'd, and much enjoy'd the joke——
Then told the widow what the cat had ſpoke.

Six days the man of wiſdom went
Triumphant to Salthill, with big intent,
To catch the bacon-ſtealing mouſe:
Six mice ſucceſſively proclaim'd his art,
With which, ſafe pocketed, he did depart,
And ſhow'd to all his much-aſtoniſh'd houſe.

But pleaſures will not laſt for aye;
Witneſs the ſequel of my lay——
The widow's vanity, her ſex's flaw,
Much like the vanity of other people—
A vapour, like the blaſt that lifts a ſtraw,
As high, or higher, than Saint Martin's ſteeple:

This

This vanity then kidnapp'd her diſcretion,
  Deſign'd by God Almighty for her guard;
And of its purpoſe got the full completion,
  And all the widow's future glories marr'd:

For, lo! by this ſame vanity impell'd,
  And to a middle-ſiz'd balloon,
With *gas* of conſequence ſublimely ſwell'd,
  She burſted with th' important ſecret ſoon.

Loud laugh'd the tickled people of Salthill——
  Loud laugh'd the merry Windſor folks around——
This was to Solomon an ugly pill!——
  Her fatal error ſoon the widow found——
For Solomon relinquiſh'd mouſe campaign,
Nor deign'd to bait the widow's trap again!

PETITION to TIME,

In Favour of the Dutcheſs of Devonſhire.

TOO long, O Time, in *Bienſéance*'s ſchool,
Have I been bred to *call* thee an old fool;
Yet take I liberty to let thee know,
That I have always *thought* thee ſo:
Full old art thou to have more ſenſe——
Then, with an idle cuſtom, Time, diſpenſe.

Thou really acteſt now, like little miſſes,
Who, when a pretty doll they make,
Their curious fingers itch to take
The pretty image all to pieces:
Thus, after thou haſt form'd a charming fair,
Thou canſt not quit her for thy ſoul,
Till, meddling, thou haſt ſpoil'd her bloom and air,
And dimm'd her eye, with radiance taught to roll.

But

But now forbear ſuch doings, I deſire——
Hurt not the form that all admire——
Oh, never with white hairs her temple ſprinkle——
Oh, ſacred be her cheek, her lip, her bloom,
And do not, in a lovely dimple's room,
Place a hard mortifying wrinkle.

Know, ſhouldſt thou bid the beauteous Dutcheſs fade,
Thou, therefore, muſt thy own delights invade;
And know, 'twill be a long, long while,
Before thou giv'ſt her equal to our iſle——
Then do not with this ſweet *chef d'œuvre* part,
But keep, to ſhow the triumph of thy art.

OECONOMY.

OECONOMY's a very uſeful broom;
Yet ſhould not ceaſeleſs hunt about the room
To catch each ſtragling pin to make a plumb——
Too oft Oeconomy's an iron vice,
That ſqueezes ev'n the little guts of mice,
That peep with fearful eyes, and aſk a crumb.

Proper Oeconomy's a comely thing——
Good in a ſubject—better in a king;
Yet puſh'd too far, it dulls each finer feeling——
Moſt eaſily inclin'd to make folks mean;
Inclines them too to villany to lean,
To over-reaching, perjury, and ſtealing.

Ev'n when the heart ſhould only think of grief,
It creeps into the boſom like a thief,
And ſwallows up th' affections all ſo mild——
Witneſs the Jeweſs, and her only Child.

The JEWESS and her SON.

POOR Miſtreſs Levi had a luckleſs ſon,
Who, ruſhing to obtain the foremoſt ſeat,
In imitation of th' ambitious great,
High from the gall'ry, ere the play begun,
He fell all plump into the pit,
Dead in a minute as a nit:
In ſhort, he broke his pretty Hebrew neck;
Indeed and very dreadful was the wreck!

The mother was diſtracted, raving, wild——
Shriek'd, tore her hair, embrac'd and kiſs'd her child——
Afflicted ev'ry heart with grief around:
Soon as the ſhow'r of tears was ſomewhat paſt,
And moderately calm th' hyſteric blaſt,
She caſt about her eyes in thought profound:
And being with a ſaving knowledge bleſs'd,
She thus the playhouſe manager addreſs'd:——

" Sher, I'm de moder of de poor Chew lad,
" Dat meet miſhfartin here ſo bad——
" Sher, I muſs haf de ſhilling back, you know,
" Aſs Moſes haf nat ſee de ſhow."

But as for Av'rice, 'tis the very devil;
The fount, alas! of ev'ry evil;
The cancer of the heart—the worſt of ills:
Wherever ſown, luxuriantly it thrives;
No flow'r of virtue near it thrives——
Like Aconite, where'er it ſpreads, it kills.

In ev'ry ſoil behold the poiſon ſpring!
Can taint the beggar, and infect the king.

The mighty Marlb'rough pilfer'd cloth and bread;
So ſays that gentle ſatirift Squire Pope;
And Peterborough's Earl upon this head,
Affords us little room to hope,
That what the Twitnam bard avow'd,
Might not be readily allow'd.

The Earl of PETERBOROUGH and the MOB.

THROUGH London ſtreets upon a day,
The Earl of Peterborough took his way,
All in his pompous coach—perhaps to dine——
The mob of London took it in their head,
This was the Duke of Marlborough, ſo dread
To Frenchmen on the Danube and the Rhine.

Unable ſuch high merit to reward,
The mob reſolv'd to ſhow a great regard;
And ſo uniting, join'd their forces
To draw his carriage, and diſmiſs the horſes.

The Earl from out his carriage pok'd his face,
And told the mob that he was not his Grace;
Then bid them be convinc'd and look:
Hard of belief, as ev'n the hardeſt Jew,
They told him that they better knew,
Then ſwore by G—— he was the Duke:

Then

Then threw their hats in air with loud huzzas,
And form'd a thunder of applauſe.

Loud bawl'd the Earl that they were all deceiv'd——
Loud bawl'd the mob he ſhould not be believ'd——
"Zounds!" cry'd the Earl, "be converts then this minute;"
So throwing ſixpence to them, "there, there, there,
"Take that," cry'd Peterborough, with a ſneer——
"Now if you think I'm *he*, the devil's in it."

ODE

ODE to a DISTRESSED BEAUTY.

SWEET girl, forbear to droop thy head with ſhame—
What tho' the parſon did not tie the knot?
What tho' the boy ſhould come?—he'll bring thee fame—
The world's an aſs, and cuſtom is a ſot——
Hold up thy head, and meet mankind with pride,
And throw thy bluſhes and thy fears aſide.

EVE had no parſon—for no prieſt was Adam,
And yet not out of countenance was Madam;
Her modeſty receiv'd no grievous ſhocks,
When Maſter Cain was put upon the ſtocks;
Nor when, t' increaſe the number at her table,
She ſat about the frame of Maſter Abel.

Once more, then, do not be afraid;
Without thy boy, a wonder may be miſſing——
A likeneſs of my charming maid,
The boy may do a credit to thy kiſſing.

Thou putt'ſt me of the morning much in mind,
Who ſeems afraid to peep upon mankind——
So ſlow her motions! all ſo very ſlow!
And then her cheeks ſo deep with crimſon glow:

But ſafe deliver'd of her boy, the SUN,
The luſty lad, ſo proud his race to run,
Mounts high exulting in his birth;
Dries up her tears, her bluſhes puts to flight,
Tow'rs in bold triumph o'er the cloud of night,
And pours a flood of radiance o'er the earth.

Then let me kiſs away thy tears——
Oh! ceaſe thy ſighs, and be a happy mother;
And when this chopping boy appears,
Suppoſe we give the lad a little brother?

The GENTLEMAN and his WIFE.

PEOPLE may have too much of a good thing——
Full as an egg of wiſdom thus I ſing!

A Man of ſome ſmall fortune had a wife,
Sans doute, to be the comfort of his life;
And pretty well they bore the yoke together:
With little jarring liv'd the pair one year;
Sometimes the matrimonial ſky was clear,
At times 'twas dark and dull, and hazy weather.

Now came the time when miſtreſs in the ſtraw
Did, for the world's ſupport, her ſcreams prepare;
And Slop appear'd, with fair obſtetric paw,
To introduce his pupil to our air;
Whilſt in a neighb'ring room the huſband ſat,
Muſing on this thing now, and now on that;

Now

Now ſighing at the ſorrows of his wife;
Praying to Heav'n that he could take the pain;
But recollecting that ſuch pray'rs were vain,
He made no more an offer of his life.

As thus he mus'd in ſolemn ſtudy,
Ideas ſometimes clear, and ſometimes muddy,
In Betty ruſh'd with comfortable news——
"Sir, Sir, I wiſh you joy, I wiſh you joy——
"Madam is brought to bed of a fine boy——
"As fine as ever ſtood in ſhoes."

"I'm glad on't, Betty," cry'd the maſter——
"I pray there may be no diſaſter;
"All's with your miſtreſs well, I hope?"
Quoth ſhe, "All's well as heart can well deſire
"With Madam and the fine young Squire;
"So likewiſe ſays old Doctor Slop."

Off Betty hurried faſt as ſhe could ſcour,
Faſt and as hard as any horſe
That trotteth fourteen miles an hour——
A pretty tolerable courſe.

Soon happy Betty came again,
Blowing with all her might and main;
Juſt like a grampus, or a whale;
In ſounds, too, that would Calais reach from Dover——
" Sir, Sir, more happy tidings; 'tis not over——
" And Madam's briſker than a nightingale:

" A fine young lady to the world is come,
" Squawling away juſt as I left the room——
" Sir, this is better than a good eſtate."——
" Humph," quoth the happy man, and ſcratch'd his pate.

Now looking up—now looking down;
Not with a ſmile, but ſomewhat like a frown——
" Good God," ſays he, " why was not I a cock,
" Who never feels of burd'ning brats the ſhock;
" Who, Turk-like, ſtruts amidſt his madams picking,
" Whilſt to the hen belongs the care
" To carry them to eat, or take the air,
" Or bed beneath her wing the chicken?"

Juſt as this ſweet ſoliloquy was ended,
He found affairs not greatly mended;
For in bounc'd Bet, her rump with rapture jigging——
"Another daughter, Sir—a charming child."——
"Another!" cry'd the man, with wonder wild;
"Zounds! Betty, aſk your miſtreſs if ſhe's *pigging*."

The

The PARSON-DEALER.

WHAT pity 'tis, in this our goodly land,
That 'mongſt the apoſtolic band,
So ill divided are the loaves and fiſhes!
Archbiſhops, Biſhops, Deans, and Deacons,
With ruddy faces blazing juſt like beacons,
Shall daily cram upon a dozen diſhes;
Whilſt half th' inferior Caſſocks think it well
Of beef and pudding ev'n to get the *ſmell.*

A plodding Hoſtler willing to be maſter,
And riſe in this good world a little faſter,
Left broom and manger at the Old Blue Boar;
Meaning by *pars'ning* to ſupport a table,
Lo, of Divines he kept a liv'ry ſtable——
A pretty ſtud indeed—about a ſcore.

Of

Of diff'rent colours were his Goſpel hacks——
Some few were whites, indeed—but many blacks:
That is, ſome tolerable—many ſad:
And verily, to give the Devil his due,
The man did decency purſue,
Which ſhows he was not *quite* ſo bad.

For, lo! to dying perſons of nobility,
He ſent his parſons of gentility
To give the neceſſary pray'r——
To parting people of a mean condition,
Wanting a ſoul phyſician,
He ſuited them with blackguards to a hair.

To ſuch as were of mild diſorders dying,
Viz. of the doctor, gouts, or ſtones, or gravels,
He ſent *good* prieſts—of manners edifying—
To comfort ſinners on their travels:

But to low people in infectious fever,
Or any other dangerous one in vogue,
Such was his honeſty, the man for ever
Moſt ſcrupulouſly ſent a rogue.

It happen'd on a day when Fate was raging,
Crimp-like, for other regions, troops engaging,
When clergymen were buſy all as bees;
A poor old dying woman ſent
To this ſame parſon-monger compliment,
Begging a clergyman her ſoul to eaſe.

Unluckily but one was in the ſtall,
And *he* the very beſt of all!——
What ſhould be done?
Neceſſitas non habet legs——
So to the prieſt he goes and begs
That he would viſit the Old Crone.

" Sir," quoth the parſon, " I agreed
" To go to *gentlefolks* in time of need,
" But not to ev'ry poor old louſy ſoul."——
" True," cry'd the patron; " to be ſure 'tis true;
" But, parſon, do oblige me—prithee do——
" Let's put her decently into the hole:

" All my black tribe, you know, are now abroad——
" I'd do it, if I could, myſelf, by G—d;
" Then what a dickens can I do or ſay?——
" Go, mumble, man, about a pray'r and half;
" Tell the old b——ch her ſoul is ſafe;
" Then take your fee and come away!!!"

BIEN-

BIENSÉANCE.

THERE is a little moral thing in France,
Call'd by the natives *bienſéance* ;
Much are the Engliſh mob inclin'd to ſcout it,
But rarely is *Monſieur Canaille* without it.

To *bienſéance* 'tis tedious to incline,
In many caſes ;
To flatter, *par example*, keep ſmooth faces
When kick'd, or ſuff'ring grievous want of coin.

To vulgars, *bienſéance* may ſeem an oddity——
I deem it a moſt portable commodity ;
A ſort of magic wand ;
Which, if 'tis us'd with ingenuity,
Although an utenſil of much tenuity,
In place of ſomething ſolid, it will ſtand.

For verily I've marvell'd times enow
To ſee an Engliſhman, the ninny,
Give people for their ſervices a guinea,
Which Frenchmen have rewarded with a bow.

Bows

Bows are a bit of *bienſéance*
Much practis'd too in that ſame France;
Yet call'd by Quakers, children of inanity;
But as they pay their court to peoples' vanity,
Like rolling-pins they ſmooth where'er they go
The ſouls and faces of mankind like dough!
With ſome, indeed, may *bienſéance* prevail
To folly—ſee the under-written tale.

The Petit Maitre, and the Man on the Wheel.

AT Paris ſometime ſince, a murd'ring man,
A German, and a moſt unlucky chap,
Sad, ſtumbling at the threſhold of his plan,
Fell into Juſtice's ſtrong trap.

The bungler was condemn'd to grace the wheel,
On which the dulleſt fibres learn to feel;
His limbs *ſecundum artem* to be broke
Amidſt ten thouſand people, p'rhaps, or more;
Whenever Monſieur Ketch apply'd a ſtroke,
The culprit, like a bullock, made a roar.

A flip-

A flippant *petit maitre* ſkipping by,
Stepp'd up to him, and check'd him for his cry——
" Boh!" quoth the German; " an't I' pon de wheel?
" D'ye tink my nerſs and bons can't feel?"

" Sir," quoth the beau; " don't, don't be in a paſſion;
" I've nought to ſay about your ſituation;
" But making ſuch a hideous noiſe in France,
" Fellow, is contrary to *bienſéance*."

The Triumph of Iſis, or Dr. Chapman's Theſis.

OXFORD's Vice Chancellor, a man
Who fear'd the Lord, and lov'd the courtier clan,
By virtue of his trade a Theſis * order'd,
Which curs'd the terrible aſſaſſination
Intended for the Monarch of our nation
By Marg'ret Nicholſon, in mind diſorder'd;
That likewiſe prais'd the royal peep
On Oxford and the arts ſo deep.

So violent was Doctor Chapman's zeal,
He quite forgot latinity and graces:
Poor Priſcian's head, whoſe wounds he cannot heal,
Was broken in half a dozen places.

Yet tho' a ſimple Doctor, how amazing!
He ſat the Univerſity a blazing——

* A Latin Theſis is annually given out by the Vice Chancellor for the ſubject of a Poem, and twenty pounds allotted to the prize candidate.

Such

Such was the kindling zeal that he inherits——
A farthing candle in a caſk of ſpirits!

Richards of Trinity, who won the prize,
Now ſtrutted victor forth with ſcornful eyes;
Bringing to mind the bards and tuneful dames
Who vied for conqueſt at th' Olympic games.

Forth march'd, too, *Vice—videlicet*, the Doctor,
Who, purring for preferment, ſlily *mouſes*,
Attended by each dog-whipper, call'd Proctor,
And *eke* the heads and tails of all the houſes.

Forth march'd the Nobles in their Sunday's geer;
Forth ſtrutted, too, each beadle, like the Peer,
With ſilver ſtaffs, blue gowns, and velvet caps——
A ſet of very pompous-looking chaps!

Whilſt Hayes *, who ſticks like ſtag-hounds to a haunch,
Mov'd on in all the majeſty of paunch:

* The organiſt.

To

To greet of all our ears the trembling drums,
The piper play'd 'the conqu'ring hero comes.'

Loud groan'd the organ through his hundred pipes,
As if the poor machine had got the gripes;
As if, too, 'twas the organ's firm perſuaſions,
He oft had roar'd on more ſublime occaſions.

Now Chapman took, 'midſt great compeers, his ſtation—
Crew open'd ſubject in a fair oration——
Then clapp'd was Crew—to him applauſe was news——
Now 'gan the bard his poem to recite,
And, ſoaring, bade poor common ſenſe good night,
So lofty were the pinions of his muſe!

Thick as the pattering hail his praiſes ſhow'r——
So ſtrong his Poetry's mechanic pow'r,
High mounts the Monarch by his tuneful lever;
His muſe's magnifying art ſo great,
Behold his George, an Alfred form complete;
Small Peg, Goliah, and her knife a cleaver!

Now back the fable bodies mov'd again,
  Like beetles all ſo thick, a crawling hoſt;
Whilſt contemplation wrapp'd the loyal train,
  Expecting, by the next day's poſt,
To ſee their acts in pompous print diſplay'd,
And wreathes of glory crown the cavalcade!

A SERIOUS REFLECTION.

How uſeleſs was th' above! each perſon grieves,
  And, with the grieving Doctor, cries out ſhame,
That ſo much loyal zeal for nought ſhould flame——
  Not ev'n obtain a pair of coarſe lawn ſleeves,
Which poor Saint David giveth to ſupport
The holy oil-of-fool men of a Court.

ODE to PATIENCE.

SWEET daughter of Religion, modeſt fair,
Thy hands upon thy boſom ſo *tranquille*,
With eyes to Heav'n, with ſo divine an air,
So calmly ſmiling, ſo reſign'd thy will;
Oh ſent to teach us, and our paſſions cool,
I wiſh thou hadſt a little larger ſchool.

Lo, man, ſo great his want of grace,
If he but cuts a pimple on his face
When ſhaving;
Like man bewitch'd he jumps about,
Kicks up a moſt infernal rout,
And ſeemeth abſolutely raving;
And, lo, all this for want of thy tuition——
Thus travel ſouls of people to perdition!

Stand at my ſide, oh ſtoic dame——
On ſtarling Martyn bid me cry out "ſhame,"

Inſtead of knocking the dull fellow down;
When up the ninnyhammer ſtarts to preach,
And impudently interrupts a ſpeech
Of orators of fair and firſt renown,
Juſt like the owl that ſcares the moonlight hour,
Whilſt Philomela warbles from her bow'r.

And, oh! attend me when my eyes
View dedications fill'd with fulſome lies,
In praiſe of *gen'rous* Queens and Kings;
Heav'n ſwell the fountains of their hearts,
That ſeldom water the poor arts,
However ſweetly adulation ſings:

Eke, when I hear that ſtupid Parſon H—,
God's houſe with ev'ry nonſenſe fill,
And then with blaſphemy each ſentence cramm'd;
And when I hear th' impoſtor cry,
" I've news, you raggamuffins, from the ſky;
" I'm come to tell ye, that you'll all be damn'd:

" I'm

" I'm come from God, ye ſtrumpets—come from God—
" I'm God Almighty's ſervant—hear my voice."——
Which if it were ſo, would be vaſtly odd,
Since Heav'n would ſhow bad judgement in the choice.

Dead all his money-loving ſoul's deſires,
When ſubtle Hawkeſb'ry talks of patriot fires,
And yielding places up to ſave the nation;
When of importance braggeth ſimple Leeds;
When Gloſter's far-fam'd wife for meekneſs pleads;
And Gloſter's Duke breathes war and deſolation;

When Brudenell talks of elegance and eaſe;
When Thurlow turns the firſt of devotees,
And to aſtound the million, builds a church;
When royal folks of pureſt friendſhip boaſt,
Make generoſity their conſtant toaſt,
Yet leave poor pining merit in the lurch;

When wonders thro' his ſpyglaſs Marlb'rough views,
And ſends to Banks the great, th' important news,

Freſh

Freſh from his *Cranium*'s philoſophic fogs;
When Dick deſcants on any thing but croute,
When Thomſon ought performs beyond a ſcout,
And Mawbey talks of any thing but hogs;
Sweet PATIENCE, ſooth me with thy ſaint-like note,
Or, driv'n to madneſs, I ſhall cut my throat!

To a NEST of LORDS.

BEDCHAMBER utenſils, you ſeem diſtreſs'd,
And ſwear with horror that my rhymes moleſt
Of certain folks ſo great the ſweet repoſe;
Running about with horrors, groans, and ſighs,
And floods, produc'd by onions, in your eyes,
So ſtrong your friendſhip, and ſo vaſt your woes!

Dear humming Lords, on friendſhip bray no more,
Nor thus the bard's depravity deplore;
Lo! like yourſelves each man his trumpet bears,
In tame credulity's wide-gaping ears,
Of friendſhip the ſublimity to ſound——
Friendſhip! in dictionaries only found!

Perchaunce, my Lords, in foreign parts you've been——
Perchaunce your optics fair Verſailles have ſeen;
Likewiſe the Vatican, with all its ſtate,
And *eke* th' Eſcurial, pride of Spain conſeſt;
But, 'midſt thoſe ſcenes, did e'er your eyeballs bleſt
See a pig hanging in a gate?

If

If e'er you did this laſt great fight behold,
You need not, Lords, ſo ſapient, to be told
What moſt untuneful notes the pris'ner makes:
Indeed the hog his mouth and lungs employs
In raiſing ſuch ear-crucifying noiſe,
As if he really was tranfix'd with ſtakes.

Now near him ſhould there happen to be hogs
Paſſing their happy hours amidſt the bogs,
Grunting ſoft things to their own fleſh and blood;
That is, unto their ſweethearts and their brides,
Lying like antient Romans on their ſides,
And dining on the dainties of the mud;

Forgetting love, and dainty mud ſo fatt'ning,
In which they had been batt'ning,
Up leaps the herd of ſwine for his protection;
Juſt like the herd that had the devil,
Away they ſcamper, all ſo civil,
Reſolving or to free him or to die——
Such is of ſwine the friendly quality,
Altho' proverbial for brutality!

But when at Newgate to be hung,
A Chriſtian pours a dying ſong,
I grant that numbers haſten to the wretch,
Moſt pig-like—but, alas! lift not a hand
To keep him longer in the land,
And ſnatch him from the talons of Jack Ketch.

No; on the contrary, ſo fond their eyes
Of ſeeing how a brother dies,
I, from the bottom of my ſoul, believe
They would not wiſh him a reprieve.

Thus, were your good friend Pitt condemn'd to ſwing——
Nay, ev'n were *greater people* I could name,
For whom with goodly zeal you ſeem to flame——
I don't believe you'd wiſh to cut the ſtring,
Were you but tolerably ſure
The next in pow'r would give you ſixpence more.

Learn then, my Lords, (tho' with contempt you treat 'em)
Friendſhip from hogs, as well as eat 'em.

At length my ſubjects end, and now
To Folly let me make my beſt Court bow——
O Goddeſs, ſtill monopolize the GREAT:
Then oft, to pleaſe the palate of the times,
The Muſe ſhall ride to market with her rhymes,
And thrive upon her Helicon eſtate.

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A

POETICAL EPISTLE

TO A

FALLING MINISTER.

[PRICE HALF A CROWN.]

A

POETICAL EPISTLE

TO A

FALLING MINISTER;

ALSO

AN IMITATION

OF THE

TWELFTH ODE OF HORACE.

By PETER PINDAR, Esquire.

——— Hunc tu Romane caveto
Hic niger eſt ———

A NEW EDITION.

LONDON:

Printed for G. KEARSLEY, at Johnson's Head, No. 46, Fleet Street.

M.DCC.LXXXIX.

ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL.

EPISTLE

TO A

FALLING MINISTER.

BLIND to an artful Boy's inſidious wiles,
Why reſts the Genius of the QUEEN OF ISLES?——
Whilſt LIBERTY in irons ſounds th' alarm,
Why hangs ſuſpence on VIRTUE's coward arm?——
Whilſt TYRANNY prepares her jails and thongs,
Why ſleeps the ſword of JUSTICE o'er our wrongs?——
Oh! meanly founding on a Father's fame,
To Britain's higheſt ſeat a daring claim;

Oh! if thy race one bluſh could ever boaſt,
And that lorn ſign of Virtue be not loſt;
Now on thy viſage let the ſtranger burn,
And glow for deeds that bid an Empire mourn.

Drawn from a Garret by the ROYAL SIRE,
Warm'd like the viper by his friendly fire,
What hath thy gratitude *ſublimely* done? ——
Fix'd, like the ſnake, thy fang upon the *Son!*

Yes — thou moſt gen'rous Youth, thy hoſtile art
Hath lodg'd a pois'nous ſhaft in BRITAIN's Heart!
Thy arm hath dragg'd the column to the ground,
The ſacred wonder of the realms around!
To make ſnug, comfortable habitations
For thee and all thy pitiful relations.
Barbarian-like — how like thoſe ſons of ſpoil,
Whoſe impious hands on hallow'd ſtructures toil ——

Baſe

Baſe throng, that through PALMYRA's Temple digs,
To form a lodging for themſelves and pigs!

Oh! if Ambition prompts thy ſoaring ſoul
To live the theme of future times with R-LLE;
Thrice happy Youth, like *his* ſhall ſhine thy name,
Who gave th' Epheſian wonder to the flame!

Sick at the name of R----, (to thee though dear)
The name abhorr'd by HONOUR's ſhrinking ear,
I draw reluctant from thy venal throng,
And give it mention, though it blaſts my ſong.

How cou'dſt thou bid *that* R-LLE, deſpis'd by all,
On helpleſs beauty like a maſtiff fall:
Then meanly to correct the brute pretend,
And claim the merit of the * FAIR ONE's Friend?

* A moſt wanton and illiberal attack made by this man on Mrs. F---h-----t in the Houſe of Commons, exceeds all precedent.

Is

Art thou the YOUTH on whom the Virtues ſmile?
The boaſted Saviour of our ſinking Iſle?
O'er ſuch, OBLIVION, be thy wing diſplay'd!
Oh! waft them from the gibbet to thy ſhade!

Yet what expect from *thee*, whoſe icy breaſt,
A ſtranger to their charm, the LOVES deteſt? ——
Thee, o'er whoſe heart their faſcinating pow'r
Ne'er knew the triumph of one ſoft'ned hour?
To give thy flinty ſoul the tender ſigh,
Vain is the radiance of the brighteſt eye!
In vain for thee of beauty blooms the roſe:
In vain the ſwelling boſom ſpreads its ſnows ——
A *Joſeph* thou, againſt the ſex to ſtrive ——
Dead to thoſe charms that keep the world alive!

In vain thy malice pours its frothy tide ——
In vain the virtues of thy PRINCE to hide ——

Thou

Thou and thy Imps, to dim his riſing ray,
Urge clouds on clouds to thwart the golden day!
Mad toil! — I ſee his ORE ſuperior paſs,
That ſmiles triumphant on the ſable maſs.

O ----! a Siſter Kingdom damns thy deeds,
And pities hapleſs Britain as ſhe bleeds.
HIBERNIA ſcorns each meanly treach'rous art
Hatch'd by the baſe r-b——n of thy heart,
That crawls an aſpic bloated black with fate,
To pour a dire contagion through the State.
She, with an honeſt voice, her PRINCE approves,
And nobly truſts the virtues that ſhe loves;
Deteſts a hangman's unremitting toil
To break upon the wheel a happy Iſle;
Who yet to puſh the guilt and folly further,
Suborns Addreſſes to applaud the murther!

Who but muſt laugh to ſee thy boaſted friends,
On whoſe poor rotten trunks thy *all* depends!
See BUTE's mean Paraſite, thy ſpaniel, creep,
Whoſe Argus' eyes of av'rice never ſleep;
A cloſe State leech, who, ſticking to the nation,
As adders deaf to Honour's execration,
Sucks from its throat the blood by night, by day,
Nor till the State expires will drop away.

Yet ſee another FIEND, with ſcowling eye,
Who draws from NATURE's ſoul her deepeſt ſigh;
Aſham'd her hand ſhould uſher into light
What Fate ſhould whelm with everlaſting night!

Loſt by his arts, behold the beauteous MAID *,
Whom INNOCENCE herſelf could ne'er upbraid,

* The melancholy circumſtance alluded to here, the family of Dr. Lynch, of Canterbury, can beſt explain.

Sunk

Sunk a pale victim to the gaping tomb,
Whilſt all but *he* with grief ſurvey'd her doom;
Whoſe heart diſdain'd to feel — whoſe eye ſevere,
Compaſſion never melted with a tear!

Yet left in ſilence to himſelf alone,
Aghaſt he heaves the conſcience-wounded groan!
At ev'ry ſound how horror heaves the ſigh!
How dangers thicken on his ſtraining eye!
He ſees her *Phantom*, form'd by treach'rous Love,
Droop in the grot, and pine amid the grove:
He marks her mien of woe, her cheek ſo pale,
And trembles at her ſhrieks that pierce the gale!
At night's deep noon what fears his ſoul invade!
How wild he ſtarts amidſt the ſpecter'd ſhade!
And dreading ev'ry hopeleſs hour the laſt,
He hears the call of Death in ev'ry blaſt!

Such are thy Colleagues *, O thou *patriot* Boy!
Whoſe heads and hearts thy virtues dare employ;
Who, crouching at thy heels, like bloodhounds wait
To faſten on the vitals of the State!
Such are the miſcreants who would rule the realm!
Such the black pirates that would ſeize the helm!

Had not I known thee, ----, the Muſe had ſworn,
That, bleſt to ſee the State to atoms torn,
Hell with her hoſt had drawn each damned plan,
And for the murder nurs'd thy dark Divan.

Speak — Hath thy heart with mad ambition fir'd,
Like CROMWELL's, hot for pow'r, to thrones aſpir'd?

* We muſt not forget, however, Meſſieurs their Graces of R. and G., Harry D., *cum plurimis aliis*, though they have not the honour of being mentioned in our poetical calendar.

Then

Then may that *young*, *old* trait'rous boſom feel
The rapid vengeance of ſome virtuous ſteel;
Or what, to boſoms not quite flint, is worſe,
May Heav'n with hoary age a Rebel curſe ——
From ſweet ſociety behold him torn,
Condemn'd, like CAIN, to walk the world forlorn.

Thus rous'd to anger for my Country's wrong,
The Muſe for vengeance panting pour'd her *ſong* ——
But, ah! in vain I wiſh'd the bleſſing mine,
To plant a ſcorpion's ſting in ev'ry line.

Now Prudence gently pull'd the Poet's ear,
And thus the Daughter of the BLUE-EY'D MAID *,
In Flatt'ry's ſoothing ſounds, divinely ſaid,
" O PETER! eldeſt born of PHOEBUS, hear ——

* Minerva.

" Whoſe verſe could raviſh Kings, relax the claw
" Of that gaunt, hungry ſavage chriſt'ned LAW ——
" Indeed thou wanteſt worldly wiſdom, PETER,
" To mix a little oft'ner with thy metre ——
" Lo! if thine eye DAME FORTUNE's ſmile purſues,
" To oily adulation prompt the MUSE.

" Give for the future all thy rhymes to praiſe;
" Strike to the glorious PITT thy ſounding lyre ——
" Thy head may then be crown'd with WARTON's bays,
" And mutton twirl with ſpirit at the fire."

" PRUDENCE," quoth I, " indeed — indeed I can't ——
" Don't aſk me to turn rogue and ſycophant!"

Now with a ſmile, firſt couſin to a grin,
DAME PRUDENCE anſwer'd, bridling up her chin ——

" Sweet

" Sweet, harmleſs, pretty, conſcientious Pigeon!
" Ah! PETER, well I ween thou art not rich ——
" Know that thou'lt die like beggars in a ditch ——
" Know, too, that Hunger is of no religion.

" Sit down and make a Horace imitation,
" Like POPE, and let the ſtanza glow
" With praiſe of *Meſſieurs* PITT and Co.,
" The preſent worthy Rulers of the Nation."

With purs'd-up, puritanic mouth ſo prim,
Thus ſpoke DAME PRUDENCE to the BARD of Whim;
Who, with politeneſs ſeldom running o'er,
For inſpiration ſcratch'd his tuneful ſconce,
To pleaſe DAME ORACLE, for once ——
A DAME, ſome ſay, he never ſaw before.

IMITA-

IMITATION OF HORACE,

(ODE XII. BOOK I.)

On Meſſieurs PITT *and* CO.

MUSE, having dropp'd Sir JOSEPH and the KING,
What ſort of gentry ſhall we deign to ſing?
What high and mighty name that all adore?
What miniſterial wight that bribes each CIT,
Wolf-like to howl for homage to KING PITT,
And ſet each ſmoky alehouſe in a roar;
That ſends to counties, borough-towns, his crimps,
Alias his vote-ſeducing pimps,
To bribe the mob with brandy, beer, and ſong,
To put their greaſy fiſts to Court Addreſſes,
Full of profeſſions kind, and ſweet careſſes,
And with a fiddle lead the logs along.

Shall

Shall DORNFORD, king of wine, and mum, and perry,
Be crown'd with lyric bays, with Maſter MERRY;
Two ſages who, in diff'rent places born,
CHICK LANE and BLACK-BOY ALLEY did adorn?

Or, Muſe, ſuppoſe we ſing KING PITT himſelf,
The greateſt man on earth — a cunning elf,
Who driveth, JEHU-like, the CHURCH and STATE:
And, next to Royal PITT, we'll ſing the DAME,
Of open, gen'rous, charitable fame,
Lamenting ſad a MONARCH's hapleſs fate;
Who, though transfix'd by Sorrow's dart ſo cruel,
So prudent, numbers each Bank note and jewel!

Nor ſhall we by old Bacchus WEYMOUTH paſs,
A jolly fellow o'er his glaſs ——
Nor, SWELLENBERG, ſhalt thou a ſhrimp appear,
Whoſe palate loves a dainty diſh,
Whoſe teeth in combat ſhine with fleſh and fiſh,
Whoſe Strelitz ſtomach holds a butt of beer;

Who ſoon ſhalt keep a faleſhop for good places,
For which ſo oft the people ſquabble,
From gaping Coblers to their gaping Graces,
And thus provide for great and little rabble.

I'll ſing how calmly C----N takes the bit,
And trots ſo mildly under MASTER PITT;
And TH----W, too, whom none but PITT could tame,
Who, bleſt with Maſter BILLY's fineſt ſaddle,
No longer makes our brains with neighing addle——
No longer now JOB's war horſe ſnorting flame;
But that ſlow Brute whom few or none revere,
Fam'd for his fine baſe voice and length of ear;

Yet now ſo gentle, you may ſmooth his noſe——
Poor CH--C-LLOR * will make no riot——
Calm in his ſtall his aged limbs repoſe,
And pleas'd he eats his oats and hay in quiet!

* The name of the horſe.

This

This Pair, ſo tame, amid the courtier throng,
Shall drag their Maſter William's coach along,
And raiſe the wonder of the million!
Juſt like two bull-dogs in a country town,
That gallop in their harneſs up and down,
With MONSIEUR MONKEY for poſtillion.

We'll ſing the Brothers of our loving Queen,
Fine hungry, hearty youths as e'er were ſeen;
Who, if once try'd, would ſhine, I make no doubt—
And chiefly he who merits high rewards,
Who, wrigling to the Hanoverian guards,
Kept the poor PRINCE of BRUNSWICK out,
Although ſo brave a Prince, and ſpilt his blood
So freely for the King of England's * good.

* This is ſcarcely credible, but it is nevertheleſs true.—The Prince of Brunſwick's Genius was forced to yield to the ſuperior one of the Queen's Brother!

We'll

We'll ſing, too, Maſter R-LLE, who, fond of fame,
High-daring, from the land of dumplings came,
To bear the MINISTER — to be his aſs ——
Like Conj'ror BALAAM's reas'ning brute,
That carry'd BALAAM, BALAK to ſalute,
And curſe the Iſraelites, alas!

And lo! as did the Lord ——
Who op'd the mouth of BALAAM's beaſt;
So hath our Lord, Squire PITT, upon my word,
Op'd MASTER R-LLE's, to give the houſe a feaſt!

Yet, hang it! DEV'NSHIRE is by ARAM * beat ——
A circumſtance that wrings the Poet's ſoul ——
For BALAAM's Jackaſs made a ſpeech quite neat,
Which never yet was done by PITT's poor R----.

* Balaam's Country Seat.

Or

Or ſhall I ſing old CORNWALL's death,
Or fierce Sir BULLFACE, who reſign'd his breath
With Brother CORNWALL in the ſelf-ſame year ——
A downright bear!
Who bade a MONARCH, like a boy at ſchool,
Not ſpend his money like a f---?

We too might ſing the King of Swine,
Sir JOSEPH! peerleſs in the fat'ning line.

We too may BRUDENELL ſing, who, ſome time ſince,
Admir'd and lov'd, ador'd and prais'd his PRINCE;
Follow'd him, ſpaniel like, about;
Swore himſelf black, poor fellow, in the face,
That he would ten times rather loſe his place
Than leave him — Thus ſaid he with phiz devout:
But when it came to paſs His HIGHNESS try'd him,
This falſe APOSTLE, PETER like, deny'd him!

We'll ſing LORD GALLOWAY, a man of note,
Who turn'd his Taylor, much enrag'd, away,
Becauſe he ſtitch'd a ſtar upon his coat
So ſmall, it ſcarcely threw a ray ——
Whereas he wiſh'd a planet huge to flame,
To put the moon's full orb to ſhame ——
He wanted one ſo large, with rays ſo thick,
As to eclipſe the ſtar of Sir JOHN DICK!
Sir JOHN, who got his ſtar, ſo bright and ſtout,
For making ſuper-excellent *ſour krout* *.

Or, Muſe, ſuppoſe we ſing the SP--KER's wig,
In which, 'tis ſaid, a world of wiſdom lies;
Which, to a headpiece ſcarcely worth a fig,
Importance gives, that greatly doth ſurpriſe,

* This honour of the ſtar was really conferred on him by the EMPRESS OF RUSSIA for furniſhing the Ruſſian fleet, in the Mediterranean, with the above cabbage manufacture, to ſharpen their courage for a maſſacre of the poor Turks.

When

When through the chaos of the houſe he bawls
For ORDER that oft flies St. Stephen's walls;
Driv'n by a hoſt of ſcrapes, and hawks, and hums,
And blowing noſes, that diſtract her drums.

For, Muſe, we can't well ſing poor GR----LLE's head,
  Becauſe it wanteth eyes — imperfect creature! —
Again — its lining hap'neth to be lead —
  Such are the whimſicalities of Nature:
And thus this ſpeaking headpiece is, no doubt,
As dark *within* as *certés* 'tis *without!*

Yet was this Youth proclaim'd a pretty ſprig,
A very promiſing, a thriving twig,
That by his parents dear was ſaid would be,
In time, a very comely tree,
And what thoſe parents dear would alſo ſuit,
Produce enormous quantities of fruit,

By

By God's good grace, and much good looking after ——
A thought that now convulſeth us with laughter!

Suppoſe we chaunt old WILLIS and his whip,
At which the human hide revolts;
Who bids, like graſshoppers, his pupils ſkip,
And breaks mad gentlemen like colts;
Or trains them, like a pointer, to his hand ——
And ſuch the mighty Conjuror's command,
He, by the magic of ſticks, ropes, and eyes,
Commands wild Folly to be tame and wiſe.

Or grant we throw away a verſe or two
Upon the BEDCHAMBER's moſt idle IMPS ——
Thoſe Lords of gingerbread — a gaudy crew,
Sticking together juſt like ſocial ſhrimps;
Regardleſs who the State Coach drives,
So *they* may lead good merry, lazy lives;
Pleas'd e'en from devils to receive their pay,
So they, like moths, may flutter life away!

PITT

PITT ſhall the Houſe of Commons rule,
And *eke* of poor INCURABLES the ſchool;
And pour on ſuch the vengeance of his ſpleen
As meanly think of HASTINGS and the -----!
On di'monds PITT and Co. ſhall largely feaſt,
Knock down the Nabobs, and exhauſt the Eaſt!

O LADY! whoſe great wiſdom thinketh fit
To ſpread thy petticoat o'er WILLIAM PITT!
This WILLIAM PITT and Thou, without a joke,
Will turn out moſt extraordinary folk!

PITT and the PETTICOAT ſhall rule together,
Each with the other vaſtly taken;
Make, when they chuſe, or fair or filthy weather,
And cut up kingdoms juſt like bacon!

THUS having finiſh'd, PRUDENCE, with a ſtare,
Exclaim'd, "Rank irony — thou wicked Poet."——
Quoth I, "My little Preſbyterian Fair,
"I know it."——
"Ah!" quoth the Dame again, with lifted eyes,
"When will this ſtupid world be wiſe?"

"Ah! had the PRINCE his proper int'reſt felt,
"And like BUCEPHALUS, the famous, knelt
"To take PITT ALEXANDER on his back,
"He might have ambled prettily along,
"And very rarely felt his Rider's thong ——
"Juſt now and then a gentle ſmack,
"T' inform his Royal colt what Being rode him,
"And with ſuch dignity beſtrode him.

"Yes — had His HIGHNESS but vouchſaf'd to *ſtoop*,
"With *heav'n-born* PITT he might have eat his ſoup,
"Joy'd in the full poſſeſſion of his wiſhes,
"And with his ſervant ſhar'd the loaves and fiſhes!"

ODE

ODE XII. Lib. I. Ad AUGUSTUM.

QUEM virum aut heroa lyra vel acri
Tibia ſumes celebrare, Clio?
Quem deum? cujus recinet jocoſa
Nomen imago,

Aut in umbroſis Heliconis oris,
Aut ſuper Pindo, gelidove in Hæmo?
Unde vocalem temere inſequutæ
Orphea ſylvæ,

Arte materna rapidos morantem
Fluminum lapſus, celereſque ventos,
Blandum & auritas fidibus canoris
Ducere quercus.

Quid

Quid prius dicam ſolitis Parentis
Laudibus? qui res hominum ac deorum,
Qui mare & terras, variiſque mundum
Temperat horis?

Unde nil majus generatur ipſo,
Nec viget quidquam ſimile aut ſecundum:
Proximos illi tamen occupavit
Pallas honores.

Prælius audax neque te ſilebo
Liber, & ſævis inimica virgo
Belluis: nec te metuende certa,
Phœbe, ſagitta.

Dicam & Alceiden; puerosque Ledæ,
Hunc equis, illum ſuperare pugnis
Nobilem: quorum ſimul alba nautis
Stella refulſit,

Defluit

Defluit ſaxis agitatus humor:
Concidunt venti, fugiuntque nubes:
Et minax, quod ſic voluere, ponto
Unda recumbit.

Romulum poſt hos prius, an quietum
Pompilî regnum memorem, an ſuperbos
Tarquinî faſces, dubito, an Catonis
Nobile lethum.

Regulum, & Scauros, animæque magnæ
Prodigum Paulum, ſuperante Pœno,
Gratus inſigni referam Camœna,
Fabriciumque.

Hunc, & incomtis Curium capillis,
Utilem bello tulit, & Camillum
Sæva paupertas, & avitus apto
Cum lare fundus.

Creſcit occulto velut arbor ævo
Fama Marcelli: micat inter omnes
Julium ſidus, velut inter ignes
Luna minores.

Gentis humanæ pater atque cuſtos,
Orte Saturno; tibi cura magni
Cæſaris fatis data: tu ſecundo
Cæſare regnes.

Ille ſeu Parthos Latio imminentes
Egerit juſto domitos triumpho,
Sive ſubjectos Orientis oris
Seras & Indos:

Te minor latum reget equus orbem:
Tu gravi curru quaties Olympum,
Tu parum caſtis inimica mittes
Fulmina lucis.

THE END.

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M.DCC.LXXXIX.

LYRIC ODES.

ODE I.

Peter puffeth away—Diſplayeth his learning—Praiſeth the Reviewers—Deſcribeth himſelf moſt pathetically—Conſoleth himſelf—Diſliketh the road to the Temple of Fame by means of a piſtol, poiſon, or a rope—Addreſſeth great folks—Giveth the King a broad hint—Aſketh a queer queſtion—Maketh as queer an apoſtrophe to GENIUS.

SONS of the Bruſh, I'm here again!
At times a Pindar, and Fontaine,
Caſting poetic pearl (I fear) to ſwine!
For hang me if my laſt year's Odes
Paid rent for lodgings* near the gods,
Or put one ſprat into this mouth divine.

* The attic ſtory, or, according to the vulgar phraſe, garret.

For odes, my Cousin had rump-ſteaks to eat!
So ſays Pauſanias—loads of dainty meat!
And this the towns of Greece, to give, thought fit:
The beſt hiſtorians, one and all, declare,
With the moſt ſolemn air,
The poet might have guttled till he ſplit.

How different far, alas! *my* worſhip's fate!
To ſooth the horrors of an empty plate,
The grave poſſeſſors* of the critic throne,
Gave me, in truth, a pretty treat——
Of flattery, mind me, not of meat;
For they, poor ſouls, like me, are ſkin and bone.

No, no! with all my lyric pow'rs,
I'm not like Mrs. Cosway's *Hours*,†

* See the Reviews for laſt year.

† A ſublime picture this! the expreſſion is truly Homerical.—The fair artiſt hath, in the moſt ſurpriſing manner, communicated to canvaſs the old Bard's idea of the *brandy-fac'd hours*.———See the Iliad.

Red

Red as cock-turkies, plump as barn-door chicken:
Merit and I are miſerably off——
We both have got a moſt conſumptive cough;
Hunger hath long our harmleſs bones been picking.

Merit and I, ſo innocent, ſo good,
Are like the little children in the wood——
And ſoon, like them, ſhall lay us down and die!
May ſome good chriſtian bard, in pity ſtrong,
Turn redbreaſt kind, and with the ſweeteſt ſong
Bewail our hapleſs fate with wat'ry eye!

Poor Chatterton was ſtarv'd——with all his art!
Some conſolation this to my lean heart——
Like him, in holes too, ſpider-like, I mope;
And there my Rev'rence may remain, alas!
The world will not diſcover it, the aſs!
Until I ſcrape acquaintance with a rope.

Then up your Walpoles, Bryants, mount like bees;
Then each my pow'rs with adoration fees——
Nothing their kind civilities can hinder——
When, like an Otho, I am found;
Like Jacob's ſons, they'll look one t'other round,
And cry, "Who would have thought this a young Pindar?"

Hanging's a diſmal road to fame——
Piſtols and poiſon juſt the ſame——
And what is worſe, one can't come back again——
Soon as the beauteous gem we find,
We can't diſplay it to mankind,
Though won with ſuch wry mouths and wrigling pain.

Ye Lords and Dukes ſo clever, ſay,
(For you have much to give away,
And much your gentle patronage I lack,)
Speak, is it not a crying ſin,
That Folly's guts are to his chin,
Whilſt *mine* are ſlunk a mile into my back?

Oft

Oft as his ſacred Majeſty I ſee,
Ah! George (I ſigh) thou haſt good things with thee,
Would make me ſportive as a youthful cat;
It is not that my ſoul ſo loyal
Would wiſh to wed the Princeſs Royal,
Or be Archbiſhop——no! I'm not for that.

Nor really have I got the grace
To wiſh for Laureat Whitehead's place;
Whoſe odes Cibberian——ſweet, yet very manly,
Are ſet with equal ſtrength by Mr. Stanley.

Would not one ſwear that Heav'n *lov'd* fools,
There's ſuch a number of them made;
Bum-proof to all the flogging of the ſchools,
No ray of knowledge could their ſkulls pervade?
Yet, take a peep into thoſe fellows' breeches,
We ſtare like congers, to obſerve their riches.

O Genius! what a wretch art thou,
Thou canſt not keep a mare nor cow,
With all thy compliment of wit ſo friſky!
Whilſt Folly, as a mill-horſe blind,
Beſide his compter, gold can find,
And Sundays ſport a *ſtrumpet* and a *whiſky!*

ODE

ODE II.

Peter beginneth to criticiſe—Addreſſeth the Britiſh Raphael—*Promiſeth Mr.* Weſt *great things, and like great folks breaks his word—Laugheth at the figure of King* Charles—*Laſheth that of* Oliver Cromwell; *and ridiculeth the picture of Peter and John galloping to the Sepulchre——Underſtandeth plain-work, and juſtly condemneth the ſhortneſs of the ſhirts of Mr.* Weſt's *Angels——Concludeth with making that Artiſt a handſome offer of an American Immortality.*

NOW for my criticiſm on paints,
Where bull-dogs, heroes, ſinners, ſaints,
Flames, thunder, lightning, in confuſion meet!——
Behold the works of Mr. WEST!——
That artiſt firſt ſhall be addreſt——
His pencil with due reverence I greet——

Still bleeding from his laſt year's wound,
Which from my doughy lance he found;
Methinks I hear the trembling painter bawl,
" Why doſt thou perſecute me, *Saul?*"

Weſt,

Weſt, let me whiſper in thy ear——
Snug as a thief within a mill,
From me thou haſt no cauſe to fear,
To panegyric will I turn my ſkill;
And if thy *picture* I am forc'd to blame,
I'll ſay moſt *handſome* things about the *frame*.

Don't be caſt down——inſtead of gall,
Molaſſes from my pen ſhall fall:
And yet, I fear thy gullet it is ſuch,
That could I pour all Niagara down,
Were Niagara praiſe, thou wouldſt not frown,
Nor think the thund'ring gulph one drop too much.

Ye gods! the portrait of the King!
A very *Saracen!* a glorious *thing!*
It ſhows a *flaming pencil*, let me tell ye——
Methinks I ſee the people ſtare,
And, anxious for his life, declare,
" King George hath got a fireſhip in his belly."

Thy

Thy Charles!—what muſt I ſay to that?
Each face unmeaning, and ſo flat!—
Indeed firſt couſin to a piece of board——
But, Muſe, we've promis'd in our lays,
To give our *Yankey* painter praiſe;
So, Madam, 'tis but fair to keep your word.

Well then, the Charles of Mr. Weſt,
And Oliver, I do proteſt,
And eke the witneſſes* of reſurrection;
Will ſtop a hole, keep out the wind,
And make a properer window-blind,
Than great Correggio's†, us'd for horſe protection.

They'll make good floor cloths, taylors' meaſures,
For table coverings, be treaſures,

* Correggio's beſt pictures were actually made uſe of in the royal ſtables in the North, to keep the wind from the tails of the horſes.

† Peter and John.

With butchers, form for flies moſt charming flappers;
And Monday mornings at the tub,
When queens of ſuds their linen ſcrub,
Make for the blue-nos'd nymphs delightful wrappers.

Weſt, I forgot laſt year to ſay,
Thy *Angels* did my delicacy hurt;
Their linen ſo much coarſeneſs did diſplay:
What's worſe, each had not above half a ſhirt.
I tell thee, cambrick fine as webs of ſpiders,
Ought to have deck'd that brace of heavenly riders,

Could not their ſaddle-bags, pray, jump
To ſomewhat longer for each rump?
I'd buy much better at a Wapping ſhop,
By vulgar tongues baptiz'd a ſlop!
Do mind, my friend, thy hits another time,
And thou ſhalt cut a figure in my rhyme:

Sublimely

Sublimely tow'ring 'midſt th' Atlantic roar,
I'll waft thy praiſes to thy native* ſhore;
Where *Liberty*'s brave ſons their pœans ſing,
And every ſcoundrel convict is a *king*.

* America.

ODE

ODE II.

The Poet addreſſeth Mr. Gainſborough—*Exhibiteth great Scripture erudition—Condemneth Mr.* Gainſborough's *Plagiariſm—Giveth the Artiſt wholſome advice—Praiſeth the Corniſh Boy; and ſayeth fine things to* Jackſon.

NOW, GAINSBOROUGH, let me view thy ſhining labours,
Who, mounted on thy painting throne,
On other bruſhmen look'ſt contemptuous down,
Like our great admirals on a gang of ſwabbers.

My eyes broad ſtaring wonder leads
To yon dear neſt* of royal heads!
How each the ſoul of my attention pulls!
Suppoſe, my friend, thou giv'ſt the frame
A pretty little Bible name,
And call'ſt it *Golgotha, the Place of Skulls?*

* A frame full of heads, in moſt *humble* imitation of the Royal Family.

Say,

Say, didſt thou really paint 'em? (to be free)
An angel finiſh'd Luke's tranſcendent line——
Perchance that civil angel was with thee——
For let me periſh if I think them thine.

Thy dogs* are good!——but yet, to make thee ſtare,
The piece hath gain'd a number of deriders——
They tell thee, Genius in it had no ſhare,
But that thou foully ſtol'ſt the curs from *Snyders*.

I do not blame thy borrowing a hint,
For, to be plain, there's nothing in't——
The man who ſcorns to do it, is a log:
An eye, an ear, a tail, a noſe,
Were modeſty, one might ſuppoſe;
But, z---ds! thou muſt not ſmuggle the *whole dog*.

* A picture of boys ſetting dogs to fight.

O GAINSBOROUGH, Nature plaineth ſore,
That thou haſt kick'd her out of door,
Who in her bounteous gifts hath been ſo free,
To cull ſuch genius out for thee——
Lo! all thy efforts without her are vain!
Go find her, kiſs her, and be friends again.

Speak, Muſe, who form'd that matchleſs head,
The Corniſh Boy*, in tin mines bred;
Whoſe native genius, like his diamonds, ſhone
In ſecret, till chance gave him to the *ſun?*
'Tis JACKSON's portrait——put the laurel on it,
Whilſt to that tuneful ſwan I pour a ſonnet.

* OPIE.

SONNET,

SONNET,

To JACKSON, of EXETER.

ENCHANTING harmoniſt! the art is thine,
Unmatch'd, to pour the ſoul-diſſolving air,
That ſeems poor weeping Virtue's hymn divine,
Soothing the wounded boſom of Deſpair!

I ſay, what minſtrel of the ſky hath given
To ſwell the dirge, ſo muſically lorn?
Declare, hath dove-ey'd Pity left her heaven,
And lent thy happy hand her lyre to mourn?

So ſad,——thy ſongs of hopeleſs hearts complain,
Love, from his Cyprian iſle, prepares to fly;
He haſtes to liſten to thy tender ſtrain,
And learn from thee to breathe a ſweeter ſigh.

ODE

ODE V.

The great Peter, by a bold Pindaric jump, leapeth from Sonnet to Gull-catching.

READER, doſt know the mode of catching Gulls?
If not, I will inform thee——Take a board,
And place a fiſh upon it for the fools——
A ſprat, or any fiſh by Gulls ador'd:

Thoſe birds, who love a lofty flight,
And ſometimes bid the ſun good night;
Spying the glittering bait that floats below;
Sans cérémonie, down they ruſh,
(For Gulls have got no manners) on they puſh;
And what's the pretty conſequence, I trow?
They ſtrike their gentle jobbernowls of lead
Plump on the board——then lie like boobies dead.

Reader,

Reader, thou need'ſt not beat thy brains about,
To make ſo plain an application out——
There's many a painting puppy, take my word,
Who knocks his ſilly head againſt a *board*——
That might have help'd the ſtate——made a good jailor,
A nightman, or a tolerable taylor.

ODE VI.

Peter diſcovereth more ſcriptural erudition—Groweth ſarcaſtic on the Exhibition—Giveth a wonderful account of St. Dennis—*Bluſheth for the honour of his country—Talketh ſenſibly of the* Duc de Chartres *and the* French *King.*

" FIND me in Sodom out," (exclaim'd the Lord)
" Ten *Gentlemen*, the place ſhan't be un*town'd*——
" That is, I will not burn it ev'ry board :"——
The dev'l a Gentleman was to be found!
But this was rather hard, ſince Heav'n well knew
That every fellow in it was a *Jew*.

This houſe is nearly in the ſame condition——
Scarce are *good things* amid thoſe wide abodes——
Find me ten pictures in this Exhibition,
That ought not to be d——n'd, I'll burn my Odes!

And

And then the world will be in fits and vapours,
Juſt as it was for poor Lord *Mansfield*'s papers*.

St. Dennis, when his jowl was taken off,
Hugg'd it, and kiſs'd it——carried it a mile——
This was a pleaſant miracle enough,
That maketh many an unbeliever ſmile.

" 'Sblood! 'tis a lie!" you roar——Pray do not ſwear,
You may believe the wond'rous tale indeed!
Speak, hav'n't you ſaid that many a picture here
Was really done by folks without a *head?*
And hav'n't you ſworn this inſtant, with ſurpriſe,
That he who *did* that *thing*, had neither hands nor eyes?

* To the irreparable loſs of the public, and that great law expounder, burnt! burnt in Lord George Gordon's religious conflagration.——The newſpapers howled for months over their aſhes.——*Ohe jam ſatis eſt.*

How,

How is it that ſuch miſerable ſtuff
The walls of this ſtupendous building ſtains?
The Council's ears with pleaſure I could cuff;
Mind me—I don't ſay, batter out their *brains*.
What will Duke *Chartres* ſay when he goes home,
And tells King *Lewis* all about the room?

Why, viewing ſuch a ſet of red-hot heads,
Our Exhibition he will liken *Hell* to;
Then to the *Monarch*, who both *writes* and *reads*,
Give hand-bills of the *wondrous Katterfelto*.
Swearing th' Academy was all ſo flat,
He'd rather ſee the *Wizard* and his *cat*.

ODE

ODE VII.

The Britiſh Peter *elegantly and happily depicteth his great Couſin of* Thebes—*Talketh of Fame—Horſewhippeth the Painters for turning their own Trumpeters.*

A DESULTORY way of writing,
A hop and ſtep and jump mode of inditing,
My great and wiſe relation, Pindar, boaſted:
Or, (for I love the bard to flatter)
By jerks, like boar-pigs making water,
Whatever firſt came in his ſconce,
Bounce, out it flew, like bottl'd ale; at once,
A cock, a bull, a whale, a ſoldier roaſted.

What ſharks we mortals are for fame!
How poacher-like we hunt the game!

No matter, for it, how we play the fool——
And yet, 'tis pleaſing our own laud to hear,
And really very natural to prefer
One grain of praiſe to pounds of ridicule.

I've loſt all patience with the trade——
I mean the painters——who can't ſtay
To ſee their works by criticiſm diſplay'd,
And hear what *others* have to ſay;
But calling Fame a vile old lazy ſtrumpet,
Sound their own praiſe from their own *penny** trumpet.

Amidſt the hurly-burly of my brain,
Where the mad Lyric muſe, with pain,
Hammering hard verſe her ſkill employs,
And beats a tinman's ſhop in noiſe;

* At the beginning of the Exhibition, the public papers ſwarmed with thoſe ſelf-adulators.

Catching

Catching wild tropes and ſimiles,
That hop about like ſwarms of fleas——
We've *loſt* SIR JOSHUA——Ah! that charming elf,
I'm griev'd to ſay, hath this year loſt *himſelf*.

Oh! *Richard*, thy *St. George** ſo brave,
Wiſdom and Prudence could not ſave
From being foully murder'd, my good friend;
Some weep to ſee the woeful figure;
Whilſt others laugh, and many ſnigger,
As if their mirth would never have an end.

Prithee accept th' advice I give with ſorrow——
Of poor St. George the uſeleſs armour borrow,
To guard thy own poor corpſe—don't be a mule——
Take it—e'en now thou'rt like a hedgehog, *quill'd*,
(Richard, I hope in God thou art not *kill'd)*
By the dire ſhafts of merc'leſs ridicule.

* See Mr. Coſway's picture of Prudence, Wiſdom, and Valour arming St. George.

Pity

Pity it is! 'tis true 'tis pity!
As Shakeſpeare lamentably ſays,
That thou, in this obſerving City,
Thus run'ſt a wh-r-ng after PRAISE:
With *ſtrong deſires* I really think thee fraught;
But, *Dick*, the nymph, ſo coy, will not be caught.

Yet, for thy conſolation, mind!
In this thy wounded pride may refuge find——
Think of the *Sage* who wanted a fine *piece*:
Who went, *in vain*, five hundred miles at leaſt,
On Laïs, a ſweet *fille de joie*, to feaſt——
The Mrs. *Robinſon* of Greece.

Prithee give up, and ſave the paints and oil,
And don't whole acres of good canvaſs ſpoil:
Thou'lt ſay, "Lord! many hundreds do like *me*."
Lord! ſo have fellows *robb'd*—nay, further,
Hundreds of villians have committed *murther*;
But, *Richard*, are theſe precedents for *thee?*

ODE

ODE VIII.

Peter *groweth ironically facetious.*

NATURE's a coarſe, vile, daubing jade——
I've ſaid it often, and repeat it——
She doth not underſtand her trade——
Artiſts, ne'er mind *her* work, I hope you'll *beat it*.

Look now, for heav'n's ſake, at her ſkies!
What are they?—Smoke, for certainty, I know;
From chimney-tops, behold! they riſe,
Made by ſome ſweating cooks below.

Look at her dirt in lanes, from whence it comes——
From hogs, and ducks, and geeſe, and horſes' bums——
Then tell me, *Decency*, I muſt requeſt,
Who'd copy ſuch a dev'liſh naſty *beaſt?*

Paint by the yard——your canvaſs ſpread,

Broad as the main-ſail of a man of war——

Your Whale ſhall eat up ev'ry other Head,

Ev'n as the Sun licks up each ſneaking Star!

I do aſſure you, *bulk* is no bad trick——

By bulky *things* both *men* and *maids* are taken——

Mind, too, to lay the paints like mortar thick,

And make your picture look as red as bacon.

All folks love *ſize*; believe my rhyme;

Burke ſays, 'tis *part* of the *ſublime.*

A Dutchman, I forget his name,—*Van Grout*,

Van Slabberchops, *Van Stink*, *Van Swab*,——

No matter, though I cannot make it out——

At calling names I never was a dab:

This

This Dutchman then, a man of taſte,
Holding a cheeſe that weigh'd a hundred pound,
Thus, like a Burgomaſter, ſpoke with judgement *vaſt*,
" No poet like my broder ſtep de ground:

" He be de beſteſt poet, look!
" Dat all de vorld muſt pleaſe;
" Vor he heb vrite von book,
" So *big* as all dis *cheeſe!*"

If at a *diſtance* you would paint a pig,
Make out each ſingle briſtle on his back:
Or if your meaner ſubject be a wig,
Let not the caxon a *diſtinctneſs* lack;
Elſe, all the Lady Critics will ſo ſtare,
And, angry vow, " 'Tis not a bit like hair!"

Be ſmooth as glaſs——like DENNER, finiſh high;
Then every tongue commends——
For people judge not *only* by the eye,
But *feel* your merit by their finger ends:
Nay! cloſely *noſing*, o'er the picture dwell,
As if to try the *goodneſs* by the *ſmell*.

Claude's diſtances are too confus'd——
One floating ſcene—nothing made out——
For which he ought to be abus'd,
Whoſe works have been ſo cry'd about.

Give me the pencil, whoſe amazing ſtyle
Make's a bird's beak appear at twenty mile;
And to my view, eyes, legs, and claws will bring,
With ev'ry feather of his tail and wing.

Make all your trees alike, for nature's *wild*——
Fond of variety, a wayward child——

To

To blame your taſte ſome blockheads may preſume;
But mind that ev'ry one be like a broom.
Of ſteel and pureſt ſilver form your waters,
And make your clouds like rocks and alligators.

Whene'er you paint the moon, if you are willing
To gain applauſe——why paint her like a ſhilling?
Or SOL's bright orb—be ſure to make him glow
Preciſely like a guinea, or a Jo*.
In ſhort, to get your pictures prais'd and ſold,
Convert, like Midas, *every thing* to *gold.*

I ſee, at excellence, you'll come at *laſt*——
Your clouds are made of very brilliant ſtuff;
The blues on China mugs are now ſurpaſs'd,
Your ſun ſets yield not to brick walls, nor buff.

* A Portugal coin, *vulgarly* called a Johannes.

In ſtumps of trees your art ſo finely thrives,
They really look like golden-hafted knives!
Go on, my lads—leave nature's diſmal hue,
And ſhe, ere long, will come and copy *you*.

ODE

ODE IX.

The ſublime Peter *concludeth in a ſweat.*

THUS have I finiſh'd, for this time,
My Odes, a little wild and rambling——
May people bite like gudgeons at my rhyme!
I long to ſee them ſcrambling——
Then very ſoon I'll give 'em more (God willing)
But this is full ſufficient for a *ſhilling**.
For ſuch a trifle, *ſuch a heap!*
Indeed I ſell my goods too *cheap.*

Finiſh'd! a diſappointed artiſt cries,
With open mouth, and ſtraining eyes;
Gaping for praiſe, like a young crow for meat——
"Lord! why you have not mentioned *me!*"
Mention *thee!*
Thy *impudence* hath put me in a *ſweat*——
What rage for fame attends both great and ſmall!
Better be *d--n'd*, than mention'd *not at all!*

* Now Eighteen Pence with additions.

THE END.

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M,DCC,LXXXIX.

TO THE

REVIEWERS.

FATHERS of Wiſdom, a poor wight befriend!
Oh hear my ſimple prayer in ſimple lays:
In *formâ pauperis* behold I bend,
And of your Worſhips aſk a little praiſe.

I am no cormorant for fame, d'ye ſee;
I aſk not *all* the laurel, but a *ſprig!*
Then hear me, Guardians of the ſacred Tree,
And ſtick a leaf or two about my wig.

In ſonnet, ode, and legendary tale,
Soon will the preſs my tuneful works diſplay;
Then do not damn 'em, and prevent the ſale;
And your petitioner ſhall ever pray.

My labours damn'd, the Muſe with grief will groan——
The cenſure dire my lantern jaws will rue!
Know I have teeth and ſtomach like your own,
And that I wiſh to *eat* as well as you.

I never ſaid, like murderers in their dens,
You ſecret met in cloud-capp'd garret high,
With hatchets, ſcalping knives in ſhape of pens,
To bid, like Mohocks, hapleſs authors die:

Nor ſaid, (in your Reviews, together ſtrung)
The limbs of butcher'd writers, cheek by jowl,
Look'd like the legs of flies on cobwebs hung
Before the hungry ſpider's dreary hole.

I ne'er declared, that, frightful as the Blacks,
In greaſy flannel caps you met together,
With ſcarce a rag of ſhirt about your backs,
Or coat or breeches to keep out the weather.

Heav'n knows I'm innocent of all tranſgreſſion
Againſt your honours, men of claſſic fame!
I ne'er abus'd your critical profeſſion,
Whoſe *dictum* ſaves at once or damns a name.

I never queſtion'd your profound of head,
Nor *vulgar*, call'd your wit, your manners *coarſe*;
Nor ſwore on butcher'd authors that you fed
Like carrion crows upon a poor dead horſe.

I never ſaid, that, pedlar like, you ſold
Praiſe by the ounce, or pound, like ſnuff or cheeſe;
Too well I knew you ſilver ſcorn'd and gold—
Such droſs, a ſage Reviewer ſeldom ſees!

I never hinted that, with half a crown
Books have been ſent you by the ſcribbling tribe;
Which fee hath purchas'd pages of renown:
No, for I knew you'd ſpurn the *paltry* bribe.

I ne'er averr'd, you critics to a man,
For pence, would ſwear an owl excell'd the lark;
Nor call'd a coward gang, your grave Divan,
That ſtabb'd, like baſe aſſaſſins, in the dark.

I never prais'd, or blam'd, an author's book,
Until your wiſe opinions came abroad;
On theſe with holy rev'rence did I look;
With you I prais'd, or blam'd, ſo help me G—d!

The fam'd Longinus all the world muſt know:
The gape of wonder Ariſtarcus drew,
As well as Alexander's tutor, lo!
All! all great critics, gentlemen, like *you*.

Did any aſk me, "Pray, Sir, your opinion
"Of thoſe Reviewers, who ſo bold beſtride
"The world of learning, and with proud dominion,
"High on the backs of crouching authors ride?"

Quick

Quick have I anſwer'd, in a rage, " Odſblood!
" No works like theirs ſuch criticiſm convey:
" Not all the timber of Dodona's wood
" E'er pour'd more ſterling oracle than *they*."

Did others cry, " Whate'er their brains indite,
" Be ſure is excellent——a partial crew!
" With Iö Pæans uſher'd to the light,
" And prais'd to folly in the next Review:"

This was my anſwer to each ſnarling elf,
(My eyeballs fill'd with fire, my mouth with foam)
" Zounds! is not juſtice due to one's dear ſelf?
" And ſhould not charity begin at home?"

Full often I've been queſtion'd with a ſneer——
" Think you one could not bribe 'em?" " Not a nation.'
" A beef-ſteak, with a pot or two of beer,
" Might ſave a little volume from damnation."

Furious I've anſwer'd, " Lo! my Lord Carliſle
" Hath begg'd, in vain, a ſeat in Fame's old temple;
" Though *you* applaud, their wiſdoms will not ſmile;
" And what they diſapprove is curſed ſimple.

" Could gold ſucceed, enough the peer might raiſe,
" Whoſe wealth would buy the critics o'er and o'er:
" 'Tis merit only can command their praiſe,
" Witneſs the volumes of Miſs Hannah More *.

" The *Search for Happineſs*, that beauteous ſong,
" Which all of us would give our ears to own;
" The *Captive*, *Percy*, that like muſtard ſtrong,
" Make our eyes weep, and underſtandings groan †."

Hail Briſtol town! Bœotia now no more,
Since Garrick's Sappho ſings, though rather ſlowly.
All hail Miſs Hannah! worth at leaſt a ſcore,
Ay, twenty ſcore, of Chatterton and Rowley.

* A Lady talked of for her poetical productions, and emphatically called by a certain claſs of readers, the tenth Muſe.

† A pair of tragedies.

Men

Men of prodigious parts are moſtly ſhy;
Great Newton's ſelf this failing did inherit;
Thus, frequent, *you* avoid the public eye,
And hide, in lurking holes, a world of merit.

Yet oft your cautious modeſties I ſee,
When from your bow'r with bats you wing the dark:
And Sundays, when no catchpoles prowl for prey,
On æther dining in St. James's Park.

Meek Sirs! in frays you chooſe not to appear,
A circumſtance moſt natural to ſuppoſe,
And therefore hide your precious heads, for fear
Some angry bard, abus'd, ſhould pull your noſe.

The world's loud plaudit, lo! you don't deſire,
Nor do you haſtily on books decide;
But firſt at ev'ry coffee-houſe enquire,
How, in its favour, runs the public tide.

There, Wiſdom, often with a critic's wig,
The face demure, knit brows, and forehead ſcowling,
I've ſeen o'er pamphlets, with importance big,
Mouſing for faults, or, if you'll have it, *owling*.

Herculean Gentlemen! I dread your drubs;
Pity the lifted whites of both my eyes!
Strung with new ſtrength beneath your maſſy clubs,
Alas! I ſhall not an Antæus riſe.

Lo, like an elephant along the ground,
Great Caliban, the giant Johnſon ſtretcht!
The Britiſh Roſcius too your clubs confound,
Whoſe fame the fartheſt of the ſtars hath reach'd.

If ſuch ſo eaſy ſink beneath your might,
Ye Gods! I may be done for in a trice:
Hurl'd by your rage to everlaſting night——
Crack'd with that eaſe a beggar cracks his lice.

If,

If, awful Sirs, you grant me my petition;
With brother pamphlets ſhall my pamphlet ſhine;
And ſhould it chance to paſs a firſt edition,
In capitals ſhall ſtare your praiſe divine.

Quote from my work as much as e'er you pleaſe
For extracts, lo! I'll put no angry face on;
Nor fill a hungry lawyer's fiſt with fees,
To trounce a Bookſeller like furious Maſon *.

Sage Sirs! if favour in your ſight I find,
If fame you grant, I'll bleſs each gen'rous giver:
Wiſh you found coats, good ſtomachs, maſters kind †,
Gallons of broth, and pounds of bullock's liver.

* The conteſt between Mr. Maſon and a Bookſeller is generally known.

† The Bookſellers.

The following Addreſs to the REVIEWERS was written for a poetical Friend, in 1778, who had ſuffered by their Severity:

'TIS hard, Meſſieurs Reviewers, 'pon my ſoul,
You thus ſhould lord it o'er the world of wit;
No higher court your ſentence to controul,
You hang, or you reprive, as you think fit!

Whether, in calf, your labours of the year
Rank with immortal bards, or boxes line;
Or, torn for ſecret ſervices, oh dear!
Are offer'd up at Cloacina's ſhrine:

Whether you look all roſy round the gills,
Or hatchet-fac'd like ſtarving cats ſo lean;
Whether your criticiſm each pocket fills
With halfpence, keeping you cloſe ſhav'd and clean:

Whether in gorgeous raiment you appear,
Or tatters ready from your backs to fall;
Whether with pompous wigs to guard each ear,
Or whether you've no wigs or ears at all:

Whether you look like gentlemen or thieves,
I hate uſurpers of the critic throne;
Therefore his compliments the poet gives,
And humbly hopes you'll let his lines alone:

Stay till he aſks your thoughts, ye forward ſages;
Officiouſneſs the modeſt bard abjures:
'Tis ſurely pert to meddle with *his* pages,
Who never deign'd to look in one of *yours*.

THE END.

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AND A

LITTLE LORD.

By PETER PINDAR, Esquire.

——————— Torrens dicendi copia multis,
Et ſua mortifera eſt facundia!———

JUVENAL.

Full many a Wight hath ſuffer'd for a Song,
And curs'd his volubility of Tongue.

That PETER may not THUS have Cauſe to ſay
With JUVENAL, poor Fellow, let us pray!

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MY LORDS,

YOUR *UNCOMMON ATTENTION* to my late Publications demands a Return of Gratitude. Permit me to preſent to your Lordſhips the following Lyric Trifles, which, if poſſeſſed of Merit ſufficient to preſerve them from Oblivion, will inform Poſterity that you exiſted.

I am, my Lords,

&c. &c. &c.

PETER PINDAR.

EXPOSTULATORY ODES.

ODE I.

MOST noble Peers, there goes an odd report,
That you, prime fav'rites of an *honeſt* court,
Are hunting treaſon 'midſt my publications——
Hunting, like bloodhounds, with the keeneſt noſes,
Which hound-like hunting nat'rally ſuppoſes
The bard dares ſatirize the King of Nations.

Ye ſharp ſtate mouſers, with your watering jaws,
God keep me from the vengeance of your claws:
An Aſiatic fight may be renew'd;
What feathers flying, what a field of blood,

'Twixt falcon Burke and Sheridan, ſo brave,
And heron Haſtings, ſuch a dainty diſh,
So wont to cram on Aſiatic fiſh,
The largeſt, fatteſt of the eaſtern wave!

Yes, yes, I hear that you have watch'd my note,
And wiſh'd to ſqueeze my tuneful throat;
When Thurlow your deſigns moſt wiſely ſcouted,
Swearing the poet ſhould not yet be knouted.

Thus when grimalkin in its cage eſpies
A linnet or canary bird, ſo ſweet;
The ſcoundrel lifts, ſo ſanctified, his eyes,
Contriving how the warbler's back to greet:

He ſquints, and licks his lips, ſtalks round, and round,
Twinkling with miſchief fraught his tyger tail;
Now on his rump he ſits, in thought profound,
Looks up with hungry wiſhes to aſſail;
When ſudden enters maſter with a roar,
And kicks the ſcheming murderer to door.

ODE II.

RIGHT honeſt watchdogs of the ſtate,
I like to ſmile at Kings, but treaſon hate——

Moſt buſy Jenkinſon, Bute's once beſt friend,
A praiſe that ſtamps a character divine!
Believe not thus the Poet can offend;
Ye gods! can Peter pour th' unloyal line?

I Peter, perpetrate ſo foul a thing!
I offer miſchief to ſo good a King!
Now be it known to all the realms around,
I would not loſe my liege for twenty pound!

Mild Oſborne, ſofter than the down of gooſe,
I beg you will not let ſuſpicion looſe——
If ſo—of hiſtory I'll turn compiler——
Divulge ſome tame amours with Miſtreſs C-yl-r;

So

So tame, indeed, ſo ſingularly ſtupid,
As gave a bluſh to little pimping Cupid!

O Heav'ns! can Jenkinſon and Oſborne long,
Foes to the muſe, to cut out Peter's tongue?
Arm'd with the Jove-like thunders of the crown,
To knock with thoſe dread bolts a ſimple Poet down?

Lo! into life againſt my will I tumbled,
And, ſays my nurſe, I made a horrid clatter;
Kick'd, ſprawl'd, and ſputter'd, gap'd, and cried, and grumbled,
Quite angry, ſeemingly, with Mother Nature;

Who, *queen-like*, thinking all ſhe does is right,
Againſt my wiſhes lugg'd me into light;
And what is harder, and worſe manners ſtill,
She'll kick me out of it againſt my will.

Yet ſince on this world's theatre I'm thrown,
Which with my temper now begins to ſuit;
And ſince its *drama* pleaſes, I muſt own
I ſhould be ſorry to remain a mute;

Inclin'd

Inclin'd to ſay, like Beckford*, undeterr'd,
" By G— I'll ſpeak, and d-mme I'll be heard."

My Lords, I fain would live a little longer,
For lo! deſire, as to a boſom wife,
Undoubtedly the greateſt bliſs of life,
Hath taken deeper root and ſtronger.

Would HE who made the world look down, and ſay,
" Peter, wilt live on earth a thouſand years?"
" Lord, Lord," I ſhould delighted roar away,
" Ten thouſand, if to thee it meet appears."
" So long! what for?" the Deity might cry,
" O great Divinity," quoth I,

* The Houſe of Commons frequently reſounded with thoſe emphatic expreſſions of the late angry patriotic alderman, when gentlemen, by ſcraping, hemming, coughing, and groaning, (to adopt the phraſeology of my old friend Dr. Johnſon) meant to oppugn the impetuoſity of pecuniary arrogance, and annihilate the ebullition of pertinaceous loquacity.

" A thouſand reaſons; principally one,
" To ſee the preſent Prince of Wales,
" Whom many an aſpic tongue aſſails,
" Aloft on Britain's envied throne.

" Where half the monarchs that have ſat before
" Have only ſat to eat, and drink, and ſnore;
" To damn the credit of the age,
" And load with ſolly hiſt'ry's bluſhing page."

And, Jenkinſon, ſhould thy hard face behold
A GEORGE the FOURTH upon the throne,
Adieu at once thy age of gold!
Behold thy hopes of higher honours gone!

Then get thyſelf an Earldom quick, quick, quick,
For fear of Fortune's wild vagaries;
Thus ſhall thy daughters all, like muſhrooms thick,
Riſe Lady JOANS and MADGES, NELLS and MARYS.

ODE

ODE III.

I OWN I love the PRINCE—his virtues charm——
I know the youth receiv'd from heav'n a heart:
In friendſhip's cauſe I know his boſom warm,
That maketh *certain folk* with wonder ſtart.

'Tis true that from my ſoul the man I hate,
Immers'd in mammon, and by mis'ry got;
Who, to complete his dinner, licks his plate,
And wiſhes to have ev'ry thing for nought:

Who if he gam'd, the dice would meanly cog;
Rob the blind beggar's ſcrip, and ſtarve his dog——
And that there are ſuch wretches near a throne,
Degraded nature tells it with a groan.

Perdition catch the money-graſping wretch,
With hook-like fingers ever on the ſtretch;

Who

Who ſighing, vents on Charity a curſe,
That aſks for WANT a penny from his purſe:

The heart that lodges in that miſer's breaſt,
For money feels the hunger of the ſhark;
Reſembling, too, the ruſty iron cheſt
That holds his idol—cloſe, and hard, and dark.

Give me the youth who dares at times unbend,
And ſcorning Moderation's prude-like ſtare,
Can to her teeth, and to the world, declare,
Ebriety a merit with a friend.

When friendſhip draws the corks, and bids the dome
With mirth and ſallies of the ſoul reſound:
When friendſhip bids the bowl o'erflowing foam,
Till morning eyes the board with plenty crown'd;
Behold the VIRTUES that ſublimely ſoar,
Inſtead of meanly damning, cry "*Encore.*"

ODE

ODE IV.

WITH you, my Lords, I'm ev'ry thing that's evil ;
There's ſcarce a crime I've not committed ;
The very eſſence of the devil ;
Deſerving by the dæmon to be ſpitted ;

Juſt like a turkey, gooſe, or duck,
Prepar'd by Joan the cook to go to fire ;
So wanton have you both been pleas'd to pluck
The ſwan that imitates his Theban fire.

Of ev'ry quality am I bereft,
Not ev'n the ſhadow of a virtue left ;
Not one ſmall moral feather in my wings,
When dead, to lift me to the King of Kings.

My Lords, beware—by mouthing oft my name
Unwiſely, you may damn me into fame :

By letting thus your ſpleen on PETER looſe,
He builds triumphal arches on abuſe!

In vain the bard turns oculiſt, and tries
To purge the film from this world's darken'd eyes:
In vain to Printers and to Printer's devils
I fly, and advertiſe to cure King's Evils:
With huge contempt you look on me, alack!
My *noſtrums* curſe, and call the Bard a quack.

In general, authors are ſuch coward things,
They fear to ſpeak their ſentiments of Kings,
Till thoſe ſame Kings are dead, and then the crowd,
Juſt like a pack of hounds, hiſtorian, bard,
With throats of thunder run his mem'ry hard,
And try to tear him piecemeal from his ſhroud.

Now, if we wiſh a Monarch to reclaim,
In God's name let us ſpeak before he's dead,
Or elſe 'tis ten to one we miſs our aim,
By ſtaying till the Fates have cut his thread:

After this operation of their knife,

I ne'er knew reformation in my life.

And yet, what is the greateſt King when dead,

When duſt and worms his eyes and ears o'erſpread,

And low he lies beneath the ſtone?

The man who millions call'd his own,

Howe'er his ſpectre may be willing,

Cannot give change t'ye for a ſhilling!

ODE

ODE V.

YOUR taunting voices now, my Lords, I hear,
And thus they grate the poet's loyal ear :
" Bard, we are both ſuperior to thy lays——
" Deaf to thy cenſure, and deſpiſe thy praiſe.

" Know that our Monarch lifts his head ſublime,
" Beyond the reach of groveling rhyme,
" An Atlas hiding midſt the thickeſt clouds;
" Whilſt thou, a beetle, doom'd to buz below,
" In circles, envious rambling to and fro,
" Survey'ſt the ſhining miſt his head that ſhrouds.

" Thy rhymes, inſulting Kings with pigmy pride,
" Are like the ſea's mad waves that make a pother,
" Wild ruſhing on ſome promontory's ſide,
" One noiſy blockhead following another.

" The

" The ſtately promontory ſeems to ſay,
" Aſpiring fools, go back again, go home:
" At once the ſhoulder'd bullies daſh'd away,
" Sink from his ſtately ſide in fruitleſs foam.

" Thou, with rabſcallions like thyſelf,
" A poor opiniated elf,
" Letting on Kings thy pen licentious looſe,
" Art like an impudent lane gooſe,
" Who, as the trav'ler calmly trots along,
" Starts from amongſt his flock, an ill-bred throng,
" Waddling with pok'd-out neck, and voice ſo coarſe,
" As if to ſwallow up the man and horſe:
" With rumpled feathers to the ſteed he ſteals,
" And, like a coward, ſnaps him by the heels;
" Then to his gang with out-ſtretch'd pinions hobbling,
" The fool erect returns *Te Deum* gobbling,
" And from each brother's greeting gullet draws
" The mingled triumph of a coarſe applauſe,

" As if the trotting enemies were beaten,
" And man and palfry kill'd and eaten.

" Poor rogue, thou haſt not got the trifling ſpirit
" To own thy King e'er did one act of merit."

My Lords, with great ſubmiſſion to your ſenſe,
Giving the lie, yet hoping no offence;
An act is his my heart with rapture hails——
George gave the world the Prince of Wales;
A Prince, who when he fills Old England's throne,
The virtues and fair ſcience ſhall ſurround it;
And when he quits the ſceptre, all ſhall own
He left it as *unſullied* as he found it.

ODE

O D E VI.

GREAT was the Bard's deſire to ſing the Queen,
Vaſt in her ſoul, majeſtic in her mien;
But fierce George Hardinge* ſwore if pens or pen
Of woman, women, man, or men,
In any wiſe or ſhape, in ode or tale,
Dar'd mention that ſuperior Lady, lo!
The law ſhould deal them *ſuch* a blow!——
Hang, pill'ry, or confine for life in jail!

And as a kite, on whom the ſmall birds ſtare,
That tow'ring critic of the air,
Is oft beſet by tribes of rooks and crows,
Amidſt the cryſtal fields of heav'n;
By whoſe hard beaks and wings, no common foes,
Sad knocks to gentle kite are giv'n;

* Sollicitor to the Queen.

Surrounded thus amidſt that lofty hall,
Nam'd Weſtminſter, the gentle bard
Might of the fable legions taſte the gall:
He therefore wiſely means to play his card:
The Poet's *quidlibet audendi* waves,
And thus his hide an old companion ſaves.

Ah, me! the legiſlators of Parnaſſus,
In liberty, though Engliſhmen, ſurpaſs us!
What's found at Hippocrene, the Poet's SPA,
Is not at Weſtminſter found law!

Parnaſſus never with rare Genius wars;
But aiding, lifts his head to ſtrike the ſtars:
At Weſtminſter how diff'rent is his fate?
Where if he ſoars ſublime, and boldly ſings,
The ſheers of law, like Fate's, ſhall ſnip his wings,
And bid him warble through an iron grate.

Perchaunce

Perchaunce law neckcloths, form'd of deal or oak,
Like marriage, often an unpleaſant yoke,
Shall rudely hug his harmleſs throat,
And ſtop his Apollinian note;
The empire of fair poetry o'erturning,
And putting every muſe in mourning.

O D E VII.

YOU tell me both, with grievous malice carping,
On one dull tune eternally I'm harping——
You would have ſaid to MILTON juſt the ſame;
Who through twelve books the head of Satan maul'd——
Such names the prince of darkneſs call'd,
As muſt have made you roar out ſhame.

You would (or greatly I miſtake) have ſaid,
" What! Milton, always plaguing the poor Devil,
" For ever beating Nick about the head;
" How canſt thou be ſo dev'liſhly uncivil?

" Was not *one* book ſufficient for thy ſpleen,
" But muſt thou to a mummy beat him,
" And, like a pickpocket, ſo barb'rous treat him
" Through books a dozen or fourteen?"

Suppoſe

Suppoſe theſe things you could have mutter'd,
And glorious MILTON, like a ninny,
Had anſwer'd, "There is ſenſe and reaſon in ye—
"Thank ye, kind Gentlemen, for all you've utter'd;
"The hint you offer not amiſs is;
"I'll tear my Paradiſe to pieces."

Suppoſe I aſk you what had been the evil?
Believe me, ſomething to the world's ſad coſt——
By ſuch civility to ſpare the Devil,
My Lords, a ſecond Iliad had been loſt.

Thus from poor Peter take the GREAT away;
Of fun you rob him of cart-loads——
What would his cuſtomers all do and ſay?
P'rhaps, curſe you for the loſs of Odes.

You'll

You'll ſay, " Let ſatire meaner ſubjects look."
Well, JENKY *, grant my ſatire flies at *you*,
Who'd buy my melancholy vulgar book?——
Adieu fair fame, and fortune's ſmiles adieu!

But if we daring trim a royal jacket,
Lord! what a buying, reading, what a racket!
How ſpruce the metamorphos'd bard appears!
With what a confidence he pricks his ears!
Who juſt before, in piteous chop-fall'n plight,
Look'd of the woeful face, LA MANCHA'S KNIGHT!

Who runs to ſee a monkey in a trap?
But let the noble lion grace the gin,
Lo! the whole world is out to ſee him ſnap,
To hear him growl, and triumph o'er his grin!

* Here ſeemeth to be a contradiction; but when the reader is informed that JENKY cannot without mockery be ranked amongſt the GREAT, the myſtery ſtands explained.

Cut off the head of a great Lord,
Not wiſer than the head of a great gooſe,
Tow'r Hill at once with gapers will be ſtor'd,
As if the world was all broke looſe;

But when a little villain haps to ſwing,
What a poor ſolitary ſtring!
How few by curioſity are fetch'd
To ſee the rope of juſtice ſtretch'd!

Scarce any but the hangman and the prieſt
To do their duty at the culprit's ſide,
With hemp and prayrs his neck and ſoul aſſiſt,
And wiſh the lonely trav'ler a good ride.

O D E VIII.

HARK! hark! I hear you courtier pair exclaim,
" This Peter is the moſt audacious dog;
" The fellow hath no rev'rence for a name——
" A King to him is ſcarce above a log."
Sometimes *below** a log, Sirs, if you pleaſe;
A bold aſſertion, to be prov'd with eaſe.

But, goodly Gentlemen, I do deſire ye,
T'avoid in this affair minute enquiry
Concerning their reſpective merit;
I fear leſs prudence will be ſeen than ſpirit;
Logs univerſally are uſeful things;
A *poſtulatum* not allow'd to Kings.

" For us, on Honour's pinnacle," you cry,
" Whoſe heads are nearly level with the ſky,

* A few foreign Monarchs juſtify the Poet's aſſertion.

" High baſking in the blaze of regal pow'r;
" This Peter, ſeldom from rank pride exempt,
" Calls us, with ſcowling eyes of fix'd contempt,
" A pair of jackdaws perch'd upon a tow'r.

" Archbiſhops, biſhops, ſervants of the Lord,
" Head ſervants, too, who preach the pureſt word,
" With waving hands enforcing goodly matter,
" No more by him, the ſcorner, are accounted
" Than ſweepers on their chimneys mounted,
" That wield their bruſh, and to the vulgar chatter."

True, my dear Lords—for merit only warm,
Rank and fine trappings long have ceas'd to charm——
And yet, their eyes the ſtupid million bleſs,
For barely getting ſights of rank and dreſs!

When Judges a campaigning go,
And on their benches look ſo big,
What gives them conſequence, I trow,
Is nothing but a buſhel wig:

Yet

Yet bumpkins, gaping with a bullock ſtare,
See learning lodg'd in ev'ry hair.
But heads, not hair, my admiration draw;
Not wigs, but wiſdom, ſtrikes *my* ſoul with awe.

ODE

ODE IX.

THE man who printeth his poetic fits,
Into the Public's mouth his head commits;
Too oft a lion's mouth, of danger full,
Or flaming mouth of PHALARIS's bull;
He pours the ſad repentant groan in vain,
The cruel world but giggles at his pain.

For lo! our world, ſo ſavage in its nature,
Would rather ſee a fellow under water,
Or, from the attic ſtory of a houſe
Fall down ſouſe
Upon a ſet of curſed iron ſpikes;
Than ſee him with the blooming laſs he likes,
Bleſt on a yielding bed of down or roſes,
Where LOVE's fond couples often join their noſes.

Upon me what a hoſt I've got!
Who by their black abuſes boil their pot.
Ay, that's the reaſon—wide-mouth'd hunger calls,
And from the hollows of each ſtomach bawls!

Thus the poor ſilk-worms, born to bleſs mankind,
Whilſt for the ſhiv'ring world the robe they ſpin,
In ev'ry ring a thouſand inſects find,
Gnawing voraciouſly their harmleſs ſkin.

And thus the lambs, whoſe uſeful fleeces treat
With coats and blankets people of all ſtations,
By preying maggots are beſet,
Harb'ring whole ſtinking nations;
Which from their backs the crows ſo kindly pick,
Enough to make a Chriſtian ſick.

Oh, would ſome critic crow but eat the pack
Now neſtling in my lyric back,
That daily in their hoſts increaſe,
And try to ſpoil the fineſt fleece.

Why

Why am I perſecuted for my rhymes,
That kindly try to cobble Kings and times?

To mine, Charles Churchill's rage was downright rancour.
He was a firſt-rate man of war to *me*,
Thund'ring amidſt a high tempeſtuous ſea;
I'm a ſmall cockboat bobbing at an anchor;
Playing with patereroes that alarm,
Yet ſcorn to do a bit of harm.

My ſatire's blunt—his boaſted a keen edge——
A ſugar hammer mine—but his a blackſmith's ſledge!

And then *that* Junius!—what a ſcalping fellow;
Who dar'd ſuch treaſon and ſedition bellow!

Compar'd to them, whoſe pleaſure 'twas to ſtab,
Lord! I'm a melting medlar to a crab!
My humour of a very diff'rent ſort is——
Their ſatire's horrid hair cloth, mine is ſilk——
I am a pretty nipperkin of milk;
They two enormous jugs of *aqua fortis*.

Compar'd

Compar'd to their high floods of foaming ſatire,
My rhyme's a rill—a thread of murmuring water;
A whirlwind they, that oaks like ſtubble heaves——
I, zephyr whiſp'ring, ſporting through the leaves.

And ſuch all candid people muſt conclude it——
The world ſhould ſay of Peter Pindar's ſtrain,
" In *him* the courtly Horace lives again——
" *Circum præcordia Petrus ludit.*"

Which eaſy ſcrap of Latin thus I render——
No man by Peter's verſe is harſhly bitten;
Like lambkins bleats the bard ſo ſweet and tender,
And playful as the ſportive kitten.

So chaſte his *ſimiles*, ſo ſoft his ſtile,
That ev'n his bitt'reſt enemies ſhould ſmile;
He biddeth not his verſe in thunder roar——
His lines perpetual ſummer—ſunſhine weather——
He tickles only—how can he do more,
Whoſe only inſtrument's a feather?

ODE X.

LIKE children, charm'd with Praiſe's ſugar'd ſong,
How much the Great admire the cringing throng;
And how moſt *lovingly* the men they hate,
Who to the ſtubbornneſs of conſcience born,
Tenacious of the rights of nature, ſcorn
To hold the cenſer to the noſe of State!

Too many a weak-brain'd man, and ſilly dame,
Are made ridiculous by fulſome fame;
Rais'd on high pedeſtals in rich attire,
For half the globe to laugh at, not admire.

You bid the bard in panegyric ſhine;
With courtly adulation load the line:
Sirs, adulation is a fatal thing—
Rank poiſon for a ſubject, or a King.

My Lords, I do declare that it requires
A brain well fortified to bear great flatt'ries;
Such very dangerous maſk'd batt'ries,
That keep on great men's brains ſuch ceaſeleſs fires!——
I hope that God will give ſuch great men grace
To know the gen'ral weakneſs of the place.

Pray do not fancy what I utter ſtrange——
The love of flatt'ry is the ſoul's rank mange,
Which, though it gives ſuch tickling joys,
Inſtead of doing ſervice, it deſtroys:
Juſt as the mange to lapdogs' ſkins apply'd,
Though pleaſing, ſpoils the beauty of the hide.

A ſonnet now and then to pleaſe the fair,
With flatt'ry ſpic'd a little, does no harm——
That talks of flames, perfections, hope, deſpair,
And hyperbolically paints each charm.

P'rhaps to a fault at times, my muſe's art,
By admiration ſwell'd, hath ſoar'd too high;
But Cynthia knew the lover's partial art,
And chid her poet for the tuneful lie.

Perhaps too loud the bard hath ſtruck the lyre;
And when th' enthuſiaſt, with a lover's fire,
More bright than angels, gave the nymph to glow;
By Truth's delightful dictates ſolely ſway'd,
Ought of his fav'rite Cynthia to have ſaid,
"She triumphs only o'er the world *below*."

ODE XI.

MY Lords, I won't conſent to be a bug,
To batten in the royal rug,
And on the backs of Monarchs meanly crawl,
And more, my Lords, I hope I never ſhall.
Yet certain vermin I can mention, love it,
You know the miſerables that can *prove* it.
I cannot, Papiſt-like, (a dupe to Kings)
Create divinities from wooden things.

Somewhere in Aſia—I forget the place—
Ceylon I think it is——Yes, yes, I'm right;
There Kings are deem'd of heav'nly race,
And blaſphemy it is their pow'r to ſlight.

Like

Like crouching ſpaniels down black Lords muſt lie,
Whene'er admitted to the Royal eye,
And ſay, whene'er the mighty Monarch chats
To thoſe black Lords about their wives and brats,
That happen in the world to tumble;
" Dread Sire, your ſlave and bitch my wife,
" Hath brought to bleſs your dog ſo humble,
" One, two, three, four, five puppies into life;
" All ſubject to your godlike will and pow'r,
" To hang or drown in half an hour."

This is too ſervile, I muſt dare confeſs—
'Twixt man and man the diff'rence ſhould be leſs.

I own I brought two wond'ring eyes to town,
Got bent by mobs my ribs like any hoop,
To ſee the mighty man who wore a crown—
To ſee the man to whom great courtiers ſtoop.

Much had I read, which *certés* ſome time ſince is,
My bible ſo replete with Kings and Princes,
And thought Kings taller than my pariſh ſteeple;
I thought too, which was natural enough,
Jove made their ſkins of very diff'rent ſtuff
From that which clothes the bones of common people.

But mark! by ſtaring, gaping ev'ry day,
The edge of admiration wore away,
Like razors' edges rubb'd againſt a ſtone;
Kings ceas'd to be ſuch objects of devotion,
I ſaw the Beings ſoon without emotion,
And thought like mine their bodies fleſh and bone.

Like many thouſands, I was weak enough
To think Jove kept a ſoul and body ſhop—
Like mercers had variety of ſtuff,
For ſuch whoſe turn it was to be made up;

And

And that he treated with great liberality
Folks born to figure in the line of quality;
Giving ſouls ſuperfine, and bones and bloods,
In ſhort, the choiceſt of cœleſtial goods:

But on the lower claſſes when employ'd,
It ſtruck me, that he work'd with much *ſang froid*,
Not caring one braſs farthing for the chaps;
Forming them juſt as girls themſelves amuſe
In making workbags, pincuſhions, and ſhoes——
VIDELICET—from ſcraps.

Now can't I give a thimblefull of praiſe,
E'en to an Emp'ror, if uncrown'd by merit;
A ſtarving principle, 'faith, now a-days,
And unconnected with the courtier's ſpirit——
You, Sirs, I think, can give it with a ladle,
And rock of grinning idiotiſm the cradle.

ODE XII.

So much abus'd, I loſe my lyric merit——
Evaporated half its ſpirit;
Reduc'd from alcohol to phlegm:
From ſolid pudding to whipp'd cream!

There was a time when not one bit afraid
Of ought the people roar'd, or ſung, or ſaid;
I careleſſly my fav'rite trade purſued;
Invok'd Apollo, and the Muſes woo'd:
And with the ſtoiciſm that ſooths a ſtone,
I ſat me down and pick'd my mutton bone.

Thus when amidſt the tumbling world of waves
The cloud-wrapp'd Genius of the tempeſt raves,
And midſt the hurrying maſs of ſpecter'd gloom,
FATE mounted on the wild wing of the blaſt,
Shouts deſolation through the twilight waſte,
And, thund'ring, threats a ſyſtem's doom;

Lo! with light wing a gull the billows ſweeps,
Sports on the ſtorm, and mocks the bellowing deeps;
Now on the mountain ſurge compos'd he ſquats,
Adjuſts his feathers, and looks round for ſprats.

I now may ſay with righteous David, "Lord,
"With foes I'm ſore encompaſſed about;"
And rhyme like Sternhold, once for verſe ador'd,
"I wote not when I ſhall get out;
"So craftily the heathen me aſſail,
"My canticle doth not a whit avail."

Lo! almoſt ev'ry one at Peter's head
Levels his blunderbuſs, and takes a pop——
Bounce on my dear *os frontis* falls the lead,
But harmleſs yet, thank God, I've ſeen it drop:

Yet by and by ſome luckleſs ſhot
May knock about the brains of tuneful Peter——
Thouſands will ſmile to ſee him go to pot,
And mock him in his grave with ſhameleſs metre:

Not ſo our gracious King and Queen, I know it——
They've pity, if not pence to give a poet.

Patient as Job, when Satan, all ſo vile,
  Betting his ſkin againſt the Lord's,
Adding a moſt contemptuous ſmile,
  As well as moſt indecent words,
Cover'd the man of UZ with boils,
At which with horror ev'ry heart recoils:

Yes, patient as the man of UZ am I,
Though forc'd on envy's burning coals to fry.

Seek I the court?—Lords, Lordlings fly the place——
The ladies, too, ſo full of loyal grace,
  Turn their gay backs when there I ſhow my head;
As happen'd at St. James's t'other day,
When up the ſtairs I took my ſolemn way,
And fill'd the fine-dreſs'd gentlefolks with dread.

Off

Off Brudenell flew, and with his ſtar ſo blazing ;

Off flew the frighten'd Sir John Dick, ſo ſtout,

Who won his blazing ſtar by means amazing——

By manufacturing four crout.

Off flew with this great crout-compoſing Dick,

Thomſon and Saliſb'ry, Harcourt, and Gold-ſtick ;

Such was the terror at the man of rhymes,

As though he enter'd to divulge their crimes.

Thus on a bank upon a ſummer's day,

Of ſome fair ſtream of Eaſt or Weſtern Ind,

When puppies join in wanton play,

Free from the ſlighteſt fear of being ſkinn'd ;

If from that ſtream, which all ſo placid flows,

A ſly old alligator pokes his noſe ;

P'rhaps with a wiſh to taſte a ſlice of cur;
At once the dogs are off upon the ſpur;
Nor once behind them caſt a courtly look,
To compliment the monarch of the brook.

ODE

ODE XIII.

DESERTED in my utmoſt need by fate,
Like fam'd Darius, great and good;
Fall'n, fall'n, poor fellow, from a large eſtate;
Forc'd, forc'd to brouſe, like goats, the lanes for food!

Alas! deſerted quite by ev'ry friend;
And what than friendſhip can be ſweeter?
Lo! not a ſoul will kind aſſiſtance lend;
Lo! ev'ry puppy lifts his leg at Peter!

Like ſome lone inſulated rock am I,
Where midſt th'Atlantic vaſt, old Æol raves;
Shook by the thunders of each angry ſky,
And roll'd on by the ruſhing world of waves!

So hard, indeed, the critic tempeſt blows,
I ſcarce can point againſt the gale my noſe——

A ſtorm more violent was never ſeen!
So dread the war!—indeed it muſt be dread,
When from his ſhop John Nichols pops his head,
And pours the thunders of his Magazine.

For heavier artill'ry ne'er was play'd:——
And yet, not all th'artill'ry is his own;
Hayley, a cloſe ally, in ambuſcade
Behind, aſſiſts the war of furious John.

John Nichols, with Will. Hayley for his Squire,
Are ſerious things, howe'er the world may laugh——
And therefore dread I much to face the fire
Of this intrepid *Hudibras* and *Ralph*.

You too, my Lords, combin'd with thoſe dread foes
To tear the bard to pieces for his rhymes,
Is very cruel, Heav'n well knows,
And does no ſort of credit to the times.

Yet let me feel myſelf—I'm not yet dead,
Though maul'd ſo terribly about the head:
By Printer's Devils and allies ſurrounded:
P'rhaps, like the Pruſſian Monarch, I may riſe
Herculean, to the world's ſurprize,
And ſee my enemies conſounded.

Full many a cock hath won ten pound,
Though ſeeming dead, ſtretch'd out amidſt the pit——
Leap'd up, and giv'n his foe a fatal wound——
Then why not mine, ye Gods, the lucky hit?

ODE

ODE XIV.

WITH your good leave, my Lords, I'll now take mine,
Not deem'd, *perchaunce*, a poet quite divine——
Perchaunce with beaſts at Epheſus I've warr'd,
Like that prodigious orator St. Paul,
And for my ſtanzas, p'rhaps both great and ſmall,
You kindly wiſh me feather'd well, and tarr'd.

You think I loathe the name of King, no doubt——
Indeed, my Lords, you never were more out:
I am not of that envious claſs of elves;
Though Dame M'Auley turns on Kings her tail;
With great *reſpect* the ſacred names I hail,
That is, of Monarchs who *reſpect* themſelves.

But ſhould they act with meanneſs, or like fools,
The muſe ſhall place a fool's cap on their ſkulls.

Stubborn

Stubborn as many a King, indeed, I am——
That is, as ſtubborn as a halter'd ram:
A change in Peter's life you muſt not hope:
To try to waſh an aſs's face,
Is really labour to miſplace;
And really loſs of time, as well as ſope.

ODE XV.

PRAY let me laugh my; Lords, I muſt, I will——
My Lords, my laughing muſcles can't lie ſtill:
Unpoliſh'd in the ſupple ſchools of France,
I cannot burſt to pleaſure complaiſance.

Care to our coffin adds a nail, no doubt;
And ev'ry grin, ſo merry, draws one out:
I own I like to laugh, and hate to ſigh,
And think that riſibility was giv'n
For human happineſs, by gracious heav'n,
And that we came not into life to cry:

To wear long faces, juſt as if our Maker,
The God of goodneſs, was an undertaker,
Well pleas'd to wrap the ſoul's unlucky mien
In ſorrow's diſmal crape or bombaſin.

Methinks

Methinks I hear the Lord of Nature ſay,

" Fools, how you plague me! go, be wiſe, be gay;

" No tortures, penances, your God requires——

" Enjoy, be lively, innocent, adore,

" And know that Heav'n hath not one angel more

" In conſequence of groaning nuns and friars.

" Heav'n never took a pleaſure or a pride

" In ſtarving ſtomachs, or a horſewhipp'd hide.

" Mirth be your motto—merry be your heart;

" Good laughs are pleaſant innoffenſive things;

" And if their follies happen to divert,

" I ſhall not quarrel at a joke on Kings."

ODE

ODE XVI.

If Monarchs (the ſuggeſtion, p'rhaps, of liars)
Turn houſebreakers, and rob the nuns and friars;
Steal pictures, crucifixes, heav'nly chattels,
To purchaſe ſwords and guns and ſouls for battles:

In ſpite of all the world may ſay and think,
If Empreſſes will punk-like kiſs and drink:

If Kings will ſell the hares and boars they kill,
And ſnipe and partridge blood for mammon ſpill,
Denying thus themſelves a dainty diſh,
And go themſelves to market with their fiſh:

Pleas'd with the vulgar herd to join their name,
If Kings, ambitious of a blackſmith's fame,
Not wondrouſly ambitious in their views,
Inſtead of mending empires, make horſe ſhoes:

Dead to fair ſcience, if to vagrant hogs,
To toymen, conjurors, and dancing dogs,
Great Princes, pleas'd, a patronage extend;
Whilſt modeſt genius pines without a friend:

Diſmiſſing grandeur as an idle thing,
If on bob wigs, ſlouch'd hats, and thread-bare coats,
Upon vulgarity a Monarch doats,
More pleas'd to look a coachman than a King:

If with their bullocks Kings delight to battle;
On hard horſe chefnuts make them dine and ſup,
Reſolv'd to ſtarve the nice-mouth'd cattle
Until they eat the chefnuts up;
Poor fellows, from the nuts who turn away,
And think it dev'liſh hard they can't have hay:

If Kings will mount old houſes upon rollers,
Converting ſober manſions into ſtrollers,
Heraclitus's gravity can't bear it——
I muſt laugh out, and all the world muſt hear it.

ODE XVII.

JUST one word more, my Lords, before we part——
Do not vow vengeance on the tuneful art;
'Tis very dang'rous to attack a poet——
Alſo ridiculous—the end would ſhow it.
Though not to *write*—to *read* I hear you're able:——
Read, then, and learn inſtruction from a fable.

The PIG and MAGPIE,

A FABLE.

COCKING his tail, a ſaucy prig,
A Magpie hopp'd upon a Pig,
To pull ſome hair, forſooth, to line his neſt;
And with ſuch eaſe began the hair attack,
As thinking the fee ſimple of the back
Was by himſelf, and not the Pig, poſſeſt.

The Boar look'd up as thunder black to Mag,
Who, ſquinting down on him like an arch wag,
Inform'd Mynheer ſome briſtles muſt be torn;
Then buſy went to work, not nicely culling;
Got a good handſome beakfull by good pulling,
And flew without a "Thank ye" to his thorn.

The Pig ſet up a diſmal yelling;
Follow'd the robber to his dwelling,
Who, like a fool, had built it midſt a bramble:
In manfully he ſallied, full of might,
Determin'd to obtain his right,
And midſt the buſhes now began to ſcramble.

He drove the Magpie, tore his neſt to rags,
And, happy on the downfall, pour'd his brags:

But

But ere he from the brambles came, alack!
His ears and eyes were miſerably torn,
His bleeding hide in ſuch a plight forlorn,
He could not count ten hairs upon his back.

This is a pretty tale, my Lords, and pat:
To folks like you, ſo clever, *verbum ſat*.

THE END.

ODE UPON ODE;

OR,

A PEEP AT ST. JAMES'S;

OR,

NEW-YEAR'S DAY;

OR,

WHAT YOU WILL.

By PETER PINDAR, Esq.

Quo me cunque rapit Tempestas, deferor Hospes. HORACE.

Just as the Maggot bites, I take my Way—
To Painters now my Court respectful pay;
Now (ever welcome!) on the Muse's Wings,
Drop in at Windsor, on the Best of Kings;
Now, at St. James's, about Handel prate,
Hear Odes, see Lords and Squires, and smile at State.

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M.DCC.LXXXIX.

ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL.

ADVERTISEMENT.

READER,

I THINK it neceſſary to inform thee, if thou haſt not read Mr. Warton's Ode, that I mean not to ſay that he hath, *TOTIDEM VERBIS*, ſung what I have aſſerted of him; I therefore beg that my Ode may be conſidered as an Amplification of the ingenious Laureat's Idea.

PROËMIUM.

KNOW, Reader, that the LAUREAT's poſt ſublime
Is deſtin'd to record, in handſome rhyme,
The deeds of Britiſh Monarchs, twice a year:
If *great*—how happy is the tuneful tongue!
If *pitiful*—(as Shakeſpeare ſays) the ſong
"Muſt ſuckle fools, and chronicle ſmall beer."

But Bards muſt take the *uphill* with the *down*;
Kings cannot always Oracles be hatching:
Maggots are oft the tenants of a crown——
Therefore, like thoſe in cheeſe, not worth the catching.

O gentle Reader! if, by God's good grace,
Or (what's more ſought) good intereſt at Court,
Thou get'ſt, of Lyric Trumpeter, the place,
And hundreds are, like gudgeons, gaping for't;
Hear! (at a palace if thou mean'ſt to thrive)
And of a ſteady coachman learn to drive.

Whene'er employ'd to celebrate a King,
Let Fancy lend thy Muſe her loftieſt wing——
Stun with thy minſtrelſy th' affrighted ſphere;
Bid thy voice thunder like a hundred batteries;
For common ſounds, conveying common flatteries,
Are zephyrs whiſp'ring to the Royal ear.

Know—glutton-like, on praiſe each Monarch crams:
Hot ſpices ſuit alone their pamper'd nature:
Alas! the ſtomach, parch'd by burning drams,
With mad-dog terror ſtarts at ſimple water.

Fierce is each royal *mania* for applauſe;
And, as a horſe-pond wide, are Monarch maws—
  Form'd therefore on a pretty ample ſcale:
To ſound the *decent* panegyric note,
To pour the *modeſt* flatt'ries down their throat,
  Were offering ſhrimps for dinner to a whale.

And mind, whene'er thou ſtrik'ſt the lyre to Kings,
To touch to Abigails of Courts, the ſtrings;
  Give the Queen's Toad-eater a handſome ſop,
And ſwear ſhe always has more grace
Than ev'n to ſell the *meaneſt* place—
  Swear too, the woman keeps no Title-ſhop;

Sells not, like Jews in Paul's Church-yard their ware,
Who on each paſſenger for cuſtom ſtare;
And, in the happy tones of traffick, cry,
"*Sher! vat you buy, Sher?—Madam! vat you buy?*"

Thus,

Thus, Reader, ends the Prologue to my Ode!
The true-bred Courtiers wonder whilſt I preach——
And, with grave vizards, and ſtretch'd eyes to God,
Pronounce my Sermon a moſt impious ſpeech:
With all my ſpirit——let them damn my lays——
A Courtier's curſes are exalted praiſe.

I HEAR a ſtartled Moraliſt exclaim,
"Fie, PETER, PETER! Fie for ſhame!
"Such counſel diſagrees with my digeſtion."
Well! well! then, my Old SOCRATES, to pleaſe thee,
For much I'm willing of thy qualms to eaſe thee,
I'll nobly take the other ſide the queſtion.

Par

Par Exemple:

FAIR Praiſe is ſterling gold—all ſhould deſire it——
Flatt'ry, baſe coin—a cheat upon the nation;
And yet, our vanity doth much admire it,
And really gives it all its circulation.

FLATT'RY's a ſly inſinuating ſcrew—
The World—a bottle of Tokay ſo fine—
The engine always can its cork ſubdue,
And make an eaſy conqueſt of the wine.

FLATT'RY's an ivy wriggling round an oak—
This oak is often honeſt blunt JOHN BULL—
Which ivy would its great ſupporter choak,
Whilſt JOHN (ſo thick the walls of his dark ſcull
Deems it a pretty ornament, and ſtruts—
Till Maſter IVY creeps into JOHN's guts;
And gives poor thoughtleſs JOHN a ſet of gripes:
Then, like an organ, opening all his pipes,
JOHN roars; and, when to a conſumption drain'd,
Finds out the knave his folly entertain'd.

PRAISE is a modeſt, unaſſuming maid,
As ſimply as a Quaker beauty dreſt:——
No oſtentation hers—no vain parade:
Sweet Nymph! and of few words poſſeſt;
Yet, heard with rev'rence when ſhe ſilence breaks,
And dignifies the man of whom ſhe ſpeaks.

FLATT'RY's a pert French Milliner—a jade
Cover'd with *rouge*, and flauntingly array'd—
Makes ſaucy love to ev'ry man ſhe meets,
And offers ev'n her favours in the ſtreets.

And yet, inſtead of heeding public hiſſes——
Divines ſo grave—Philoſophers can bear her;
What's ſtranger ſtill, with childiſh rapture hear her——
Nay, court the ſmiling harlot's *very kiſſes*.

O D E.

RICH as Dutch cargoes from the fragrant Eaſt,
Or cuſtard-pudding at a city feaſt,
  Tom's incenſe greets his Sovereign's hungry noſe:
For, bating Birth-day torrents from Parnaſſus,
And New-year's ſpring-tide of divine molaſſes,
  Fame in a ſcanty rill to Windſor flows!

Poets (quoth tuneful Tom) in ancient times,
Delighted all the country with their rhymes;——
  Sung Knights and barbed ſteeds with valour big:
Knights who encounter'd witches—murder'd wizards,
Flogg'd Pagans, till they grumbled in their gizzards:
  Rogues! with no more religion than a pig:—

Knights who illumin'd poor dark ſouls,
Through pretty little well-form'd eyelet holes,
By pious pikes and godly lances made——
Tools! that work'd wonders in the holy trade;

With battle-axes fit to knock down bulls,
And therefore qualified (I wot) full well,
With force the ſacred Oracles to tell
Unto the thickeſt unbelieving ſculls:——

Knights, who, ſo famous at the game of Tourney,
Took boldly to the Holy Land a journey,
To plant, with ſwords, in hearts, the Goſpel ſeeds;
Juſt as we hole for cucumbers, hot-beds,
Or pierce the boſom of the ſullen earth,
To give to radiſhes or onions birth:——

Knights, who, when tumbled on the hoſtile field,
And to an enemy oblig'd to yield,
Could neither leg, nor arm, nor neck, nor nob, ſtir:
Poor devils! who, like alligators hack'd,
At length by hammers, hatchets, ſledges, crack'd,
Were dragg'd from coats of armour——like a lobſter.

Great

Great (ſays the Laureat) were the Poet's puffings
On idle daring red-croſs raggamuffins,
Who, for their childiſhneſs, deſerv'd a birch:
Quoth Tom, A worthier ſubject now, thank God!
Inſpires the lofty Dealer in the Ode,
Than blockheads battling for old Mother Church.

Times (quoth our courtly Bard) are alter'd quite——
The Poet ſcorns what charm'd of yore the ſight——
Goths, Vandals, caſtles, horſes, mares:——
The poliſh'd Poet of the preſent day,
Doth in his taſty ſhop diſplay,
Ah! vaſtly prettier-colour'd wares.

——The Poet "moulds his harp to manners mild,
Quoth Tom——to Monarchs, who, with rapture wild,
Hear their own praiſe with mouths of gaping wonder,
And catch each crotchet of the Birth-day thunder:
Crotchets that ſcorn the praiſe of *common* folly——
Though not moſt *muſical*—moſt *melancholy*.
Ah! crotchets doom'd to charm our ears no more,
Although by Mr. Parsons ſet in *ſcore*.
Drear and eternal ſilence doom'd to keep,
Where the dark waters of oblivion ſleep—
To ſpeak in humbler Engliſh—doom'd to reſt,
With Court addreſſes, in a muſty cheſt.

Yet all the Lady *Amateurs* declar'd,
They were the *charming'ſt* things they ever heard:
As for example—all the angels GIDEONS——
That is, my Lady, and her daughters fair,
With coal-black eyebrows, and ſweet Hebrew air—
The lovely produce of the two religions:

Thus, in their virtues, fox hounds beſt ſucceed,
When ſportſmen very wiſely croſs the breed:
And thus with nobler luſtre ſhines the fowl
Begot between a game-hen and an owl.

Sir Sampſon too declar'd, with voice divine,
"*Dat ſhince he haf turn Chreeſtian, and eat hog,*
"*He nebber did hear mooſhic half ſho fine*;
"*No! nebber ſhince he lefs de Shinnygogue.*"

His Grace of Queenſb'ry too, with eyes though dim,
And one deaf ear, was there in wonder drown'd!
Liſt'ning, in attitude of Corp'ral Trim,
He rais'd his thin grey curl to catch the ſound:

Then ſwore the airs would never meet their matches,
But in his own immortal glees and catches *.

* Though not a PURCELL, his Grace is admitted, by many of his muſical gueſts, to be a very pretty catchmaker.

Yet

Yet were thoſe crotchets all condemn'd to reſt
In the dark boſom of a muſty cheſt!

Crotchets that form'd into ſo ſweet an air,
As charm'd my Lady Mayoreſs and Lord Mayor;
Who thought (and really they were true believers)
The muſic equall'd marrowbones and cleavers.

Strains! that the Reverend Biſhops had no qualms
In ſaying, that they equall'd David's Pſalms;
But not ſurpaſs'd in melody the bell
That mournful ſoundeth an Archbiſhop's knell;
Strains! that Sir Joſeph Mawbey deem'd divine,
Sweet as the quavers of his fatteſt ſwine.

E'en great * Lord Brudenell's ſelf admir'd the ſtrain,
In all the tuneful agonies of pain;
Who, winking, beats with duck-like nods the time,
And call'd the muſic and the words ſublime.

Yes, this moſt lofty Peer admir'd the Ode;
A Peer who, too, delights in Opera-dancing;
Thus ſagely both thoſe uſeful arts advancing,
And nobly ſpreading Britain's fame abroad.

* A prodigious *Amateur*—without his Lordſhip there can be no rehearſal.

So much by dancing is his Lordſhip won,
Behind the Op'ra ſcenes he conſtant goes,
To kiſs the little finger of COULON *,
To mark her knees, and many-twinkling toes.

Too, all the other Lords, with whiſpers ſwarming,
Cried *bravo! bravo!* charming! *bravo!* charming!
And Majeſty itſelf, to muſic bred,
Pronounc'd it "Very, very good, indeed!"
Indulging, p'rhaps, the *very* nat'ral dream,
That all its charms were owing to the *theme*.

Not but ſome ſmall degree of harmleſs pleaſure
Might in the brace of R-y-l boſoms riſe,
To think they heard it without waſte of treaſure;
As ſixpences are lovely in their eyes.

For, not long ſince, I heard a forward dame
Thus, in a tone of impudence, exclaim——
"Good God! how Kings and Queens a ſong adore!
"With what delight they order an *encore!*

* A firſt dancer at the Opera.

"When

" When that ſame ſong, *encor'd*, for *nothing* flows!
" This MADAM MARA to her ſorrow knows."
" To Windſor, oft, and *eke* to Kew,
" The R—y—l mandate MARA drew.
" No cheering drop the Dame was aſk'd to ſip—
" No bread was offer'd to her quiv'ring lip:
" Though faint, ſhe was not ſuffer'd to ſit down,—
" Such was the *goodneſs—grandeur* of the Cr—n!

" Now tell me, will it ever be believ'd,
" How much for ſong and chaiſe-hire ſhe receiv'd?
" How much pray, think ye?"—Fifty guineas—" No."
Moſt ſurely Forty.—" No, no."—Thirty.—" Poh!
" Pray, gueſs in reaſon,—come, again."—
Alas! you jeer us—Twenty at the leaſt;
No man could ever be ſo great a b——ſt
As not to give her twenty for her pain.—
" To keep you, then, no longer in ſuſpence,
" For MARA's chaiſe-hire and unrivall'd note,
" Out of their *wonderful* benevolence,
" Their bounteous M——ies gave—not a groat."

" Aye!"

" Aye!" cry'd a ſecond ſland'rer, with a ſneer,
" I know a ſtory like it——You ſhall hear——
" Poor Mrs. Siddons, *ſhe* was order'd out——
" To wait upon their M-j---ies, to *ſpout*——
" To read old Shakeſpeare's *As you like it* to 'em;
" And how to mind their ſtops, and commas, ſhew 'em:
" She read——was told 'twas very, very fine,
" Excepting here and there a line,——
  " To which the Royal wiſdom did object——
" And which in all the pride of emendation,
" And partly to improve her reputation,
  " His M-j---y thought proper to correct:

" Then turning to the Partner of his Bed,
  " On tiptoe mounted by ſelf-approbation,
    " A very modeſt elevation!
" He cried " Mind, Charly, *that*'s the way to read."

" The Actreſs reading, ſpouting——out of breath,
" *Stood* all the time——was nearly tir'd to death;
" Whilſt both their M-j---ies, in Royal ſtyle,
" At perfect eaſe were *ſitting* all the while.

" Not

" Not offer'd to her was one drop of beer,
" Nor wine, nor chocolate, her heart to cheer:
" Ready to drop to earth, ſhe muſt have ſunk,
" But for a child, that at the hardſhip ſhrunk——
" A little PRINCE, who mark'd her ſituation,
" Thus, pitying, pour'd a tender exclamation:

" La! MRS. SIDDONS is quite faint indeed,
" How pale! I'm ſure ſhe cannot longer read:
" She ſomewhat wants, her ſpirits to repair,
" And would, I'm ſure, be happy in a *chair*."

" What follow'd——Why, the R-y-l pair aroſe
" Surly enough——one fairly may ſuppoſe!
" And to a room adjoining made retreat,
" To let her, for one minute, *ſteal* a ſeat."

" At length the actreſs ceas'd to read and ſpout
" Where generoſity's a crying ſin:
" Her curt'ſy dropp'd——was nodded to——came out——
" So rich!"——How rich?——" As rich as ſhe *went in*."

Such

Such are the ſtories twain!——Why, grant the fact,
Are PRINCES, pray, like *common folks* to act?

Should MARA call it *cruelty*, and blame
Such R-y-l conduct, I'd cry, Fie upon her!
To Mrs. SIDDONS freely ſay the ſame——
Sufficient for *ſuch people* is the *honour!*

E'en I, the BARD, expect no gifts from KINGS,
Although I've ſaid of them ſuch *handſome* things——
Nay, not their eye's attention, whoſe bright ray
Would, like the SUN, illumine my poor lay,
And, like the Sun, ſo kind to procreation,
Increaſe within my brain the maggot nation.
So much for idle tales.——Now, MUSE, thy ſtrain
Digreſſive, turn to Drawing-Rooms again.

There too was PITT, who ſcrap'd and bow'd to ground;
And whiſper'd Majeſty, 'twas vaſtly fine;——
Then wiſh'd ſuch harmony could once be found
Where *he*, each day, was treated like a ſwine
By that arch-fiend CHARLES FOX, and his vile party——
Villains! in nought but black rebellion hearty;

 Fellows!

Fellows! who had the impudence to place
The *ſacred ſceptre* underneath the *mace*,
And twiſted ropes, with malice diſappointed,
To hamper or to hang the LORD'S ANOINTED.

To whom a certain SAGE ſo earneſt cry'd,
" Don't mind——don't mind——the rogues their aim
have miſs'd——
" Don't fear your place, whilſt I am well ſupply'd——
" But mind, mind poverty of Civil Liſt.

" Swear that no K——'s ſo poor upon the globe;
" Compare me——yes, compare me to poor JOB.
" What, what, PITT—hæ? We muſt have t'other grant——
" What, what? You know, PITT, that my old dead
AUNT
" Left not a ſixpence, PITT, theſe eyes to bleſs,
" But from the pariſh ſav'd that fool at *Heſſe*.

" But mind me---hæ, to plague her heart when dying,
" I was a conſtant hunter---Nimrod ſtill;
" And when in ſtate as dead's a mack'rel lying,
" I car'd not, for I knew the Woman's *Will.*

" And three days after ſhe was dead,
" Which ſome folks thought prodigiouſly profane,
" I took it---yes---I took it in my head,
" To order *Sir John Brute* at Drury Lane;—
" Had ſhe reſpected *me*, I do aver,
" I ſhou'd have ſtay'd at home, and thought of *her*."

" And mind---keep GEORGE as poor as a church mouſe——
" Vote not a halfpenny for Carleton Houſe——
" This may appear like wonderful barbarity——
" But mind, Pitt, mind---he gains in popularity.

" I ſee him o'er his Father try to riſe——
" And mount an eagle to the ſkies——
" But poverty will check his daring flight——
" Beſides, ſhould GEORGE receive a grant——
" He gets the golden orbs I want——
" Then Civil-Liſt deficiences, good night!

" And hæ! that wicked * ſon-in-law of BROWN,
" Loſing all ſort of rev'rence for a Crown,
" Hath ſent me a bill ſo dread——
" What's very ſtrange too, PITT, I'll tell ye more——
" The raſcal came into my houſe, and ſwore
" 'Twas a juſt bill, and that he *muſt* be paid;
" Yes, that he wou'd, he ſwore---(how ſaucy! PITT)——
" Or ſend a lawyer to me with a *writ*.

" Down ſent I RAMUS to him o'er and o'er,
" To ſay that BROWN had *gain'd* enough——
" And bid him to the Palace come no more
" To peſter Majeſty with bills and ſtuff.

" What—PITT, pray don't you think I'm right—quite
" right?"

On which the Premier, with a fault'ring bow,
Star'd in the face by TRUTH—looking I don't know how,
Hem'd out a faint aſſent—Heav'ns, how polite!

* Mr. Holland, who married a daughter of the late *Capability* Brown, and who hath ſeveral times *impertinently* troubled the Palace with a bill of two thouſand pounds, due for work done by his father-in-law in the Royal gardens.

How

How pretty 'twas in PITT, what great good ſenſe,
Not to give Majeſty the leaſt offence!
Whereas, the CHANCELLOR, had *he* been there,
Whoſe tutor, one would think, had been a bear;
Thinking a Briton to no forms confin'd,
But born with privilege to ſpeak his mind;
Had anſwer'd with a thund'ring tongue,
" I think your Majeſty d-mn-tion wrong——
" I know no *moral* or *preſcriptive* right
" In Kings to * * * a ſubject of a mite:——
" Give him his juſt demand—it is but fit——
" Such littleneſſes look extremely odd——
" Before *me* ſhould the matter come, by G d
" Your Majeſty will curſedly be *bit*——
" Kings by a ſenſe of honour ſhould be ſway'd——
" Holland *muſt*, *will*, by G-d he *ſhall*, be paid."

Lord ROCHFORD, too, the gentle youth! was there,
Whoſe ſweet *falſetto* voice is often ſported
In glees and catches; ſo that all who hear,
Believe a pretty *ſemi-vir* imported.

There

Anxious to pleaſe the royal pair,
Lord SALISBURY prais'd the words and air;
My Lord — who boaſts a pretty tuneful palate,
Who kindly teaches coblers how to ſing,
Inſtructs his butler, baker, on the ſtring,
And with Apollo's laurel crowns his valet *.

" A cobler, baker, chang'd to a muſician,
" Butlers, and lick-trenchers!" my reader roars;
" The ſacred art is in a ſweet condition —
" A pretty way of rubbing out old ſcores!

" God bleſs his generoſity and purſe: —
" Soon probably his grandmother, or nurſe,
" May to the happy band unite their notes —
" Perchance, the liſt reſpectable to grace,
" His Lordſhip's fav'rite *horſe* may ſhow his face,
" And earn, as chorus ſinger, all his oats."

* His Lordſhip made ſome *ſad* appointments to His Majeſty's band — ignorant, unmuſical rogues, who receive the ſalary, and thrum by proxy: however he hath behaved better *lately*, and made atonement, by giving SHIELD, DANCE, BLAKE, PARKE, and HACKWOOD, to the band.

There too, that cloſe attendant on the KING,
Sir CHARLES *, the active, elegant and ſupple,
Join'd with the happy *Beings* of the ring,
And bow'd and ſcrap'd before the ſceptred couple;
Pour'd high *encomium* on the birth-day din,
And won the *meed* of many a royal grin.

Sir Charles! the moſt polite, devoted man,
Form'd perfectly upon the Courtier plan;
Watches each motion of the royal lips,
And round His Majeſty ſo lively ſkips:

Keen as a hawk, obſerves his Sovereign's eye,
Explores its wants, and dwells upon its ſtare,
As if he really was to live or die
According to th' appearance of the glare:
Hops, dances, of true courtlineſs the type,
Juſt like a pea on a tobacco pipe.

Oft will His Sacred M-----y look down,
With aſpect conſcious of a glorious Crown;

* Sir Charles Thompſon.

Look

Look down with ſurly grandeur on the Knight,
As if ſuch ſervile homage was his *right*;
And by a *ſtare*, inform the fearful thing,
The diff'rence 'twixt a ſubject and a King.

Thus when a little fearful puppy meets
A noble Newfoundland dog in the ſtreets,
He creeps, and whines, and licks the lofty brute;
Curls round him, falls upon his back, and then
Springs up and gambols—friſks it back agen,
And crawls in dread ſubmiſſion to his foot;
Looks up, and hugs his neck, and ſeems t'intreat him,
With ev'ry mark of terror, not to eat him.

The Newfoundland dog, conſcious of his might,
Cocks high his tail and ears, his ſtate to ſhow;
Then lifts his leg (a little unpolite)
And almoſt drowns the Supplicant below;

Then ſeems, in full-blown majeſty, to ſay,
" Great is my power——but, lo! I'll not abuſe it;
" I'm CÆSAR! paltry creature, go thy way;
" But mind, I can *devour* thee, if I chuſe it."

Sir

Sir CHARLES at theatres oft ſhows his mien,
Skips from His Majeſty behind the ſcene,
To make a famous actreſs bleſt, by ſaying,
How pleas'd the Monarch is —— how oft he clap'd,
How oft the Queen her fan ſo gracious tap'd,
In approbation of her charming playing!

Then will the Knight, with motions all ſo quick,
Ruſh back again, o'erjoy'd, through thin and thick,
And to their Sacred Majeſties repair,
Loaded with curtſies, ſpeeches, thanks, fine things!
Proud as ſome old Dame's nag with Queens and Kings
Of gingerbread, to grace a country fair.

Then will Sir CHARLES race back, with bold career,
With ſomething *new*, the Royal mouths ſhall utter,
Sweet to the Actreſs's aſtoniſh'd ear,
As ſugar-plumbs to brats —— or bread and butter;

Then back to Majeſty Sir CHARLES will fly
With the great actreſs's *ſublime* reply;

As for example—" Dear Sir CHARLES, dear friend,
" Pray thank their Majeſties' extreme good nature,
" Who in their goodneſſes can condeſcend
" To honour thus their poor devoted creature:
" Whoſe patronage gives glory to a name ——
" Whoſe ſmiles *alone* confer immortal fame.——
" I beg, Sir CHARLES, you'll ſay the *humbleſt* things ——
" Commend me to the beſt of *Queens* and *Kings*."

Back with the meſſages Sir CHARLES will run,
And with them charm of Majeſty the Sun,
And bid him, like his Brother in the ſkies,
Dart ſmiling radiance from his mouth and eyes!
Thrice happy Knight! all parties form'd to pleaſe!
Bleſt porter of ſuch meſſages as theſe!

Thus 'midſt the battle's rage, like lightning, ſcours
An Aid de Camp, his General's orders carrying;
Bravely he gallops through the bullet ſhow'rs,
But ſcarce a ſingle minute tarrying;
Then to the General back with anſwer comes,
'Midſt the deep thunder of great guns and drums;

Now forth again with more command he ſallies,
  Then back, then forth again behold him hurry;
To *this* that runs away, to *that* which rallies,
  All buſtle, uproar wild, and hurry ſcurry!

Yet was there *one* who much the day decry'd ——
  Old Lady MARY DUNCAN (ſays report).
" What, no dear, dear *Caſtrato* here!" ſhe ſigh'd;
  " Why then — p-x take the roarings and the Court;
" Then Lord have mercy on my tortur'd ears,
" And ſhield me from the ſhouts of ſuch He Bears.

  " Are ſuch the pretty notes to pleaſe!
" Then may I never more hear ſounds like theſe;
  " In days of yore they might have had their merit,
" Amongſt the rams-horns to have borne a bob,
" That did at Jerico the wondrous job ——
  " Knock'd down the wall with ſo much ſpirit.

" The ſounds may anſwer to play tricks
  " Amongſt a pack of drunken aſſes;
" To break, as if it were, with ſticks,
  " The bones of bottles and poor glaſſes.

" Where

" Where, where is Pacchierotti's *heart-felt ſtrain?*
" Where Rubinelli's *ſoſtenuto* note?
" That tickled oft my ſighing ſoul to *pain*,
" That bade my ſenſes in Elyſium float?
" Avaunt! you vile black-bearded rogues——avaunt!
" 'Tis ſmoother chins, and ſweeter tones, *I want.*"

My Lord of EXETER was alſo there,
Who, marv'ling, cock'd his time-diſcerning ear
To ſtrains that did ſuch honour to a Throne——
There UXBRIDGE taught the audience how to *think*;
With much ſignificant and knowing wink,
And ſpeeches clad in Wiſdom's critic tone;
Who look'd muſicians *through* with half-ſhut eyes;——
Moſt ſolemn, moſt *chromatically* wiſe!

SANDWICH, the glory of each jovial meeting,
This fidler now——now *that*, ſo kindly greeting,
Appear'd, and ſhrewdly pour'd his *habs* and *hums*:
Great in tattoo, my Lord, and croſs-hand roll;
Great in the Dead-march ſtroke ſublime of Saul,
He beats Old Aſsbridge* on the kettle drums.

* A kettle-drummer of great celebrity.

What

What pity to our *military* hoſt,
That ſuch a charming drummer ſhould be loſt!
And feel through life his glories overcaſt
At that dull Board *, where, never could he learn,
Of ſhips, the diff'rence between *ſtem* and *ſtern*,
Hen-coops and boats, the rudder and the maſt.

Say——'midſt the tuneful tribe was EDMUND BURKE?
No!——MUN was cutting out for HASTINGS, work;
Writing to Couſin WILL † and Co., to league 'em
Againſt that rogue, who like a ruffian roſe,
And tweak'd a bulſe of jewels from the noſe
Of Dames in India, chriſten'd *Munny Begum*.

EDMUND! who formerly look'd fierce as Grimbald
On that moſt horrid imp, Sir Thomas Rumbold;
Vow'd, like a ſheep, to flay that Eaſtern thief;
Till *ſtrange good fortune* open'd EDMUND's eyes:
Oh! then he heard of Innocence the cries,
And, like Jew converts, damn'd his old belief.
Yet, let *ſome* praiſe for MUN's converſion paſs
To that great wonder-worker, Saint Dundas.

* The Admiralty. † In India.

EDMUND!

EDMUND! who battled hard for POWELL's life,
And ſwore no man, in virtue, e'er went further:
To prove which oath, this POWELL took a knife,
And made the world believe it, by *ſelf murther*.

Reader, ſuppoſe I give thee a ſmall Ode,
Made when vile TIPPOO SAIB in triumph rode,
And play'd the devil on our Indian Borders,
In perſon, or by vile Satanic orders:

When Mr. Burke, ſo famous for fine ſpeeches,
From *trope* to *trope*, a downright rabbit ſkipping,
Meant, ſchool-boy like, to take down HASTINGS' *breeches*,
And give the noble GOVERNOR a whipping?

If rightly, Reader, I tranſlate thy phiz,
Thou ſmil'ſt conſent——I thank thee——Here it is.

But mark my cleanlineſs ere I begin:
Know, I've not caught the *itch* of party ſin;
To PITT, or FOX, I never did belong;
TRUTH, TRUTH I ſeek—ſo help me GOD OF SONG!

P'rhaps to a *Heathen oath* thou may'ſt *demur:*
Well then—Suſpicion that I mayn't incur,
But, like a *Chriſtian*, ſwear *I do not ſham*——
By all the angels of yon loſty ſky,
Where burning ſeraphims and cherubs cry,
I'm of no party—curſe me if I am!

By all thoſe wonder-monger ſaints and martyrs,
Cut for the love of God in halves and quarters;
By each black ſoul in purgatory frying;
By all thoſe whiter ſouls, though we can't ſee 'em,
Singing their *Ave-Mary* and *Te Deum*
On yon bright cloud—I ſwear I am not lying.

No! free as air the muſe ſhall ſpread her wing,
Of *whom*, and *when*, and *what* ſhe pleaſes, ſing;
Though Privy Councils *, jealous of her note,
Preſcrib'd, of late, a halter for her throat.

Let Folly ſpring—my eagle, falcon, kite,
Hawk—ſatire—what you will—ſhall mark her flight;

* This is a piece of ſecret hiſtory.

Through

Through huts or palaces ('tis juſt the ſame),
With equal rage, purſue the panting game;
And lay (by princes, or by peaſants, bred)
Low at the OWNER's feet, the CUCKOW, dead.

ODE TO EDMUND.

MUCH edified am I by EDMUND BURKE!
Well pleas'd I ſee his mill-like mouth at work,
Grinding away for poor Old England's good:
He gives of elocution ſuch a feaſt!
He tells of ſuch dread doings in the Eaſt!
And ſighs, as t'were, for his own fleſh and blood.

Shroff, *Chout*, *Lack*, *Omra*, *Duſtuck*, *Nabob*, *Bunder*,
Crore, *Choultry*, *Begum*, leave his lips in thunder.

With matchleſs *Pathos*, Mun deſcribes the gag,
Employ'd by that vile ſon of HYDER NAIG,

Nam'd

Nam'd TIPPOO——Gags! that Britiſh mouths deteſt!
Occaſion'd partly by that man ſo ſad,
That HASTINGS!—oh! deſerving all that's bad——
That villain, murd'rer, tyrant, dog, wild beaſt!

Poor EDMUND ſees poor Britain's ſetting ſun;
Poor EDMUND *groans*—and Britain is *undone!*

Reader! thou haſt, I do preſume,
(God knows though) been in a ſnug room,
By coals or wood made comfortably warm,
And often fancied that a ſtorm *without*,
Hath made a diabolic rout——
Sunk ſhips—tore trees up—done a world of harm.

Yes! thou haſt lifted up thy tearful eyes,
Fancying thou heardſt of mariners the cries;
And ſigh'd, "How wretched now muſt thouſands be!
"Oh! how I pity the poor ſouls at ſea!"
When, lo! this dreadful tempeſt, and his roar,
A *zephyr*—in the key-hole of the door!

Now,

Now, may not EDMUND's howlings be a ſigh
  Preſſing through EDMUND's lungs for loaves and fiſhes,
On which he long hath look'd with *longing* eyè,
  To fill poor EDMUND's not o'er-burden'd diſhes?

Give MUN a ſop——forgot will be complaint;
BRITAIN be ſafe, and HASTINGS prove a *Saint*.

NOW for the drawing-room—O Muſe, ſo madding,
Delighted in digreſſion to be gadding.

Hampden and Forteſcue (brave names!) attended——
The *laſt* in Catches wonderfully mended.
The lovely Lady Clarges too was there,
  To all the graces as to muſic born;
Whoſe notes ſo ſweetly melting ſoothes the ear!
Soft as the robin's to the bluſh of morn!

There too the rare *Viol-di-Gamba* Pratt,
Whoſe fingers fair the ſtrings ſo nicely pat,
And bow that brings out ſounds unknown at Babel——
Though not ſo ſweet as thoſe of Mr. Abel.

Dear maid! the daughter of that Prince of Pratts,
Who muſic *cons* as well as law; and ſwears
The girl ſhall *ſcrub* no ſoul's but Handel's airs,
To whom he thinks our great compoſers, cats:

Id eſt, Sacchini, Haydn, Bach, and Gluck,
And twenty more, who never had the luck
To pleaſe the nicer ears of *ſome crown'd* FOLK;
Ears that, like other people's though they grow,
Poor creatures! really want the ſenſe to know
Pſalm tunes ſo mournful from the old Black Joke.

That muſty muſic-hunter too—*Muſ. D.*
Much-travel'd Burney, came to hear and ſee;
HE, in his tour, who found ſuch great protectors——
Kings, Queens, Dukes, Margraves, Margravines, Electors,

Who

Who aſk'd the Doctor many a gracious queſtion,
And treated him with marv'lous hoſpitality;
Gueſſing he had as clever a digeſtion
For meat and drink, as muſic of rare quality——

Not with much glee the Doctor heard the Ode,
But turn'd his diſappointed eyes to God;
And wiſh'd it his own ſetting, with a ſigh;——
For, ere to Saliſbury's houſe the Doctor came——
To get, as Ode-setter, enroll'd his name——
Behold! behold the *wedding was gone by*.

Ah! how unlucky that the prize was loſt!
Parſons, who, daring, daſh'd through thick and thin——
Eclipſe the ſecond!—got like lightning *in*,
When Burney juſt had reach'd the *diſtance poſt*.

Yet, gentle Muſe, let candour *this* allow,
That, though his heart was mortified enow,
The Doctor did his rival's art admire,
And own'd his *maiden* crotchets full of fire——
Crotchets! though ſweet—alas! condemn'd to lie
Like Royal virtues, hid from mortal eye!

Crotchets,

Crotchets that ſongful Mr. Parſons ties
To Tom's big phraſe, to make ſublimer cries;
Thrice happy union to entrance the ſoul!
How like the notes of cats, a vocal pair,
By boys (to catch their wild and mingled air)
Tied tail to tail, and thrown acroſs a pole!

But where was great Sir Watkyn all this time?
Why heard he not the air and lofty rhyme?
The ſleek Welſh Deity, who muſic knows——
The ALEXANDER of the Tot'n'am * troops,
Who, tutor'd by his ſtampings, nods, grunts, whoops,
Do wondrous execution with their bows?

Sir Watkyn, deep in diſmal dudgeon gone,
Far in his Cambrian villa † ſat alone;
To Mrs. Walſingham ‡ he ſcrubb'd his baſe,
Whilſt anger ſwell'd the volume of his face,

* Sir Watkyn is a Member of the Ancient Muſic Concert in Tottenham Street, and much attended to, both for his art and ſcience.

† Wynneſtay.

‡ The quarrel between the Knight and the Lady was a wonderful one—*Tantæne animis cœleſtibus iræ?*

Flaming,

Flaming, like ſuns of London in a fog;
Of Mrs. Walſingham he ſung with ire;
His eyes as red as ferret's eyes, with fire;
His mighty ſoul for vengeance all agog.

Achilles thus, affronted to the beard,
His ſledge-like fiſt o'er Agamemnon rear'd,
And down his throat wou'd fain his words have ramm'd;
Who, after oaths (a pretty decent volly,)
And rating the long Monarch for his folly,
Inform'd the King of Men he might be d-mn'd;
Then to his tent majeſtic ſtrode, to ſtrum,
And ſcrape his anger out on tweedle-dum.

Yet Mrs. Walſingham the ode attended;
From Squire Apollo lineally deſcended ——
A dame who dances, paints, and plays, and ſings;
The Saint Cecilia, —— Queen of wind and ſtrings!
Though ſcarcely bigger than a cat —— a dame
Midſt the *Bas Bleus*, a giant as to *fame*.

When fiddle, hautboy, clarinet, baſſoon,
  On Sunday (deem'd by *us* good Chriſtians, *odd*,)
Unite their clang, and pour their merry tune
  In jiggiſh gratitude to God;
Lo! if a witleſs Member ſhould deſire,
  Inſtead of Handel, ſtrains *perchance* of Haydn,
A fierce Semiramis ſhe flames with fire——
  This Amazonian, crotchet-loving maiden!
She looks at him with ſuch a pair of eyes!——
  Reader, by way of *ſimile*-digreſſion,
Which to my ſubject happily applies——
  Did'ſt ever ſee *Grimalkin* in a paſſion,
Lifting her back, and ears, and tail, and hair;
  Giving her two expreſſive goglers,
  (Not in the ſweet and tender ſtile of oglers)
A fierce, broad, wild, fix'd, furious, threat'ning ſtare?

If ſo—— thou may'ſt ſome faint idea have
  Of this great Lady at her tuneful club——
Who very often hath been heard to rave,
  And with much eloquence the Members ſnub.

Some

Some people by their ſouls will ſwear,
That if Muſicians miſs but half a bar,
Juſt like an Iriſhman ſhe ſtarts to *bother* ——
And, in the violence of quaver madneſs,
Where nought ſhould reign but harmony and gladneſs,
She knocks one tuneful head againſt another;
Then ſcreams in ſuch chromatic tones
Upon Apollo's poor affrighted ſons,
Whoſe trembling tongues, when her's begins to ſound,
Are, in the din vociferating, drown'd!

Thus when the Oxford bell, baptiz'd *Great Tom*,
Shakes all the city with his iron tongue,
The little tinklers might as well be dumb
As aſk attention to their puny ſong,
So much the Lilliputians are o'ercome
By the deep thunder of the *Mighty Tom*.

Handel, as fam'd for manners as a pig,
Enrag'd, upon a time pull'd off his wig,
And flung it plump in poor Cuzzoni's face,
Becauſe the little Syren miſs'd a grace:

Muſicians

Muſicians, therefore, ſhould beware;
Or in the face of ſome unlucky chap,
Although ſhe cannot fling a load of hair,
She probably may dart her cap.

Oft when a youth to ſome ſweet bluſhing maid
Hath ſlily whiſper'd amatory things,
And, more by paſſion than by muſic ſway'd,
Broke on the tuneful dialogue of ſtrings;
Rous'd like a tygreſs from a fav'rite feaſt,
Up hath the valiant Gentlewoman ſprung,
With lightning look, and thund'ring tongue,
Ready with out-ſtretch'd neck to eat the beaſt
That boldly dar'd, —— ſo blaſphemouſly raſh, ——
Mix with the air divine his love-ſick traſh.

Reader, attend her —— ſhe will ſo enrich ye
With muſic knowledges of every kind,
From that poor nothing-monger, old Quilici,
To Handel's lofty and capacious mind:

Run wild diviſions on the various merit
Of *this* and *that* compoſer's ſpirit——
On Gluck's ſublimities be all ſo chatty——
Talk of the *ſerio-comic* of Piccini,
Compare the elegance of ſweet Sacchini,
And iron melodies of old Scarlatti!

But not one word on Britiſh worth, I ween——
Their very mention gives the Dame the ſpleen:
T'were e'en diſgrace to tell their mawkiſh names:
Mere cart-horſes——poor uninventive fools,
Who neither muſic make, nor know its rules——
Whoſe works ſhould only come to light in *flames*.

To depths of muſic doth this Dame pretend,
Nought can her ſcience well tranſcend,——
If you the Lady's own opinion aſk;
And when ſhe talks of muſical enditers,
She ſhows a *vaſt* acquaintance with all writers,
And takes them critically all to taſk.

Dear Gentlewoman! who, ſo great, ſo chaſte,
So *foreign* in her *tweedle-dummiſh* taſte,
Faints at the name of that enchanting fellow,
The melting *Amoroſo*, Paiſiello!
With notes on Tarchi, Sarti, will o'erwhelm ye;
Giordani, ſweeter than the Hybla honey;
Anfoſſi, Cimeroſa, Bach, Bertoni,
Rauzzini, Abel, Pleyel, Guglielmi!
Can tell you, that th' Italian ſchool is airy,
Expreſſive, elegant, light as a fairy;
The German, heavy, deep, ſcholaſtic;
The French, moſt miſerably whining, moaning,
Oft like poor devils in the cholic groaning,
Noiſy and ſcreaming, hideous, Hudibraſtic.

The female viſitors around her gaze,
With wond'ring eyes, and mouths of wide amaze,
To hear her pompouſly demand the key
Of ev'ry piece muſicians play.

Aſtoniſh'd ſee this Petticoat-Apollo,
With ſtamping foot, and beck'ning hands
And head, time-nodding, iſſue high commands,
Beating the Tot'n'am-road Director * hollow.

Yes——they behold amaz'd, this tuneful whale,
And catch each crotchet of her rich diſcourſe,
Utter'd with claſſic elegance and force,
On *Diatonic* and *Chromatic* ſcale:
Then ſtare to ſee the Lady wiſely pore
On ſcientific zig-zag ſcore.

Reader, at this great Lady's Sunday meeting,
Midſt tuning inſtruments, each other greeting,
Screaming as if they had not met for years,
So joyous, and ſo great their clatter!——ſay,
Didſt ever ſee this Lady ſtriking *A*
Upon her harpſichord, with bending ears?
With open mouth, and ſtare profound,
Attention nail'd, and head awry,
Watching each atom of the tuneful cry,
Till *Alamire* uniſon goes round?

* Joah Bate, Eſquire.

Didſt

Didſt ever ſee her hands outſtretch'd like wings,
Towards the Band, though led by CRAMER,
Wide ſwimming for *pianos* on the ſtrings ——
Now ſudden rais'd, like Mr. Chriſtie's hammer,
To bid the *forte* * roar in ſudden thunder,
And fill the gaping multitude with wonder?
Thou never didſt? —— then, friend, without a hum,
I envy thee a happineſs to come!

" He molds his harp," quoth TOM, " to manners mild;"
To Kings, for babe-like manners *ſimple* ſtyl'd,
And grac'd with virtues that would fill a tun;
To *him* the Poet humbly makes a leg,
Who, gooſe like, brooding o'er the fav'rite egg
Of Genius, gives the Phœnix to the ſun.

To *him*, who for ſuch eggs is always watching,
And never more delighted than when hatching;

* Motions eſtabliſhed by the *Cognoſcenti* for ſhowing the light and ſhadow of Muſic.

Which

Which makes the number offer'd to the ſun,
So vaſt!—why, verily as thick as peas,
That people may collect, with equal eaſe,
A *thouſand* noble inſtances, as *one*.

What numbers, Wiſdom to his care hath giv'n!
All hatch'd—ſome living—others gone to Heav'n:
Thus in the pinnick's* neſt the cuckow lays,
Then, eaſy as a Frenchman, takes her flight:——
Due homage to the eggs the pinnick pays,
And brings the little lubbers into light.

The modern poet ſings, quoth Tom again,
Of M——chs, who, with œconomic fury,
Force all the tuneful world to Tot'n'am Lane,
And lock up all the doors of harmleſs Drury†.

* A bird ſo called in ſome counties, that attends the wife bird, and feeds him.

† The Oratorios were to have been performed at Drury Lane, this year, under the conduct of Mr. LINLEY and Dr. ARNOLD.—MADAME MARA was to have exhibited her amazing powers. This would have been a death-ſtroke to the pigmy performance in Tottenham-court Road. How ſhould the pigmy be ſaved? By killing the *Giant*.—and lo! his death-warrant hath been ſigned.—By what power of the conſtitution? None!—Can the *Grand Monarque* do more? *Quicquid delirant Reges, plectuntur Achivi.*

Say, why this curſe on Drury's harmleſs door,
That thus, in anger, M——Y ſhould lock it?
Muſe, are the Tot'n'am-ſtreet ſubſcribers poor?
Will Drury keep ſome pence from Tot'n'am's pocket?
Doth threat'ning bankruptcy extend a gloom
O'er the proud walls of Tot'n'am's regal room?

Perchance 'tis Mara's ſong that gives offence!
Hinc illæ Lacrymæ!——I fear:
The ſong that once could charm the R——l ſenſe,
Delights, alas! no more the Royal ear.
Gods! can a guinea deaden ev'ry note,
And make the nightingale's a raven's throat?

But let me give his M——y a hint,
Freſh from my brain's prolific mint——
Suppoſe we *Amateurs* ſhould, in a fury,
Juſt take it in our John-Bull heads to ſay
(And lo! 'tis very probable we *may*)——
"We *will* have Oratorios at Drury?"

How

How muſt he look?——Blank——wonderfully blank;
And think ſuch ſpeech an inſult on his rank:
What could he do?——oppoſe with ire ſo hot?
I think his M——y had better *not*!*

Pity a King ſhould with his ſubjects ſquabble
About an Oratorio or a play:
It puts him on a footing with the rabble,
And that's *unkingly*, let me ſay.

Suppoſe he comes off conqueror!—alas!
For ſuch a victory he ought to *ſigh*——
But, Lord! ſuppoſe it ſo ſhould come to paſs,
That Majeſty comes off with a black eye?
Whether he loſe or win the day,
The world will chriſten it a *paltry fray*.

* Indeed His M——y hath prudently taken the hint.—DRURY, in ſpite of the Royal frown, hath had her Oratorios performed, to the no ſmall mortification of poor deſerted TOTTENHAM.

Kings

Kings ſhould be never in the *wrong**——
They never *are*, ſome wiſeacres declare.——
Poh! ſuch a ſpeech may do for birth-day ſong;
But makes *us* philoſophic people *ſtare!*

I know a certain owner of a C——n,
Not quite a hundred miles from Windſor town,
Who harbour'd of his neighbour horrid notions——
A widow gentlewoman——who, he ſaid,
Popp'd from her window ev'ry day her head
Impertinent, to watch his Royal motions.

* Yet let us give an inſtance of wrong proceedings.—A certain K— and Q——, inſtead of having concerts at their palace, in the ſtyle of other Princes, ſuch as the King of France, the Emperor, the Empreſs of Ruſſia, &c., have entered into a private ſubſcription for a concert in a pitiful ſtreet.—They pay their ſix guineas a-piece; and, what is more extraordinary, get in their children, as we are told, *gratis!* What is ſtill more extraordinary, they have entered into a bond for *borrowing* two thouſand pounds for putting the houſe into a decent repair; fit for the reception of the K—— of the firſt empire upon earth. Of whom has this money been borrowed?—Marvelling reader! of the poor muſicians' fund!—which money might have been placed out to a much ſuperior advantage. Let me add, that the ſubſcribers order a formal rehearſal previous to every concert; ſo that, in fact, they get a double concert for their money;—undoubtedly to the vaſt ſatisfaction of the fingers of the happy CRAMER, BORGHI, SHIELD, CERVETTO, &c., who, in this inſtance, earn their money not very unlike the patient and laborious animal called a *drayhorſe.*

" What?

" What? what?" quoth M——y, " I'll teach her eyes
" To take my motions by ſurpriſe——
" One cannot breakfaſt, dine, drink tea, nor ſup,
" But, whip! the woman's head at once is out,
" To ſee and hear what we are all about:
" I'll cure her of that trick——and block her up."

Mad as his military GRACE *
For fortifying ev'ry place,
From dockyards to a neceſſary houſe——
The M——ch dreamt of nothing but the wall——
The ſaucy ſpy in petticoats to maul,
And make her eagle pride crawl like a louſe.

Now workmen came, with formidable ſtones,
To block up the poor widow JONES——
Who mark'd this dread blockade, and, with a frown——
And to the cauſe of freedom true——
One of the old hen's chicks ſo blue,
Faſt as the K— built *up*, the dame pull'd *down*.

* Duke of Richmond.

'Twas up—'twas down—'twas up again—'twas down—
Much did the country with the battle ring,
Between the valiant Widow and the K—,
That admiration rais'd in Windſor town:
The mighty batt'ling Broughtons and the Slacks,
Ne'er knew more money betted on their backs.

Sing, Heav'nly muſe, how ended this affray:
Juſt as it happens, faith, nine times in ten,
When dames ſo ſpirited engage with men——
That is——th' herioc Widow won the day:

The K—— could not the Woman maul;
But found himſelf moſt ſhamefully defeated;
Then, very wiſely, he retreated,
And, very prudently, gave up the wall.

Now ſing, O muſe, the warlike ammunition
Us'd by the Dame in her beſieg'd condition,

That on the hoſt of vile invaders flew;
Say, did no God nor Goddeſs cry out ſhame!
And nobly haſten to relieve the Dame
From ſuch a reſolute and hoſtile crew?

Yes——Neptune, like her guardian angel, kind,
Join'd the poor Widow Jones, and ran up ſtairs;
Then fiercely caught up certain earthen wares,
And, pleas'd his fav'rite element to find,
Bid, on their heads, the briny torrents flow,
And waſh'd, like ſhags, the combatants below.

The Goddeſs Cloacina too, ſo hearty,
Ruſh'd to the Widow's houſe, and join'd the party:
But ſay, what ammunition fill'd her hand,
Fame for the Widow to acquire,
To bid the enemy retire,
And give to public ſcorn the daring band?

What that *ſtrong* ammunition was, the Bard
Heard as a ſecret——therefore muſt not tell;
Nor would he for a thouſand pounds reward,
To beaux reveal it, or the ſweeteſt belle.

Yet Nature poſſibly hath made a ſnout,
Bleſt with ſagacity to ſmell it out.

Reader, don't ſtand ſo, ſtaring like a calf——
Thy gaping attitude provokes my laugh——
Thou think'ſt that Monarchs never can act ill:
Get thy head ſhav'd, poor fool! or think ſo ſtill.

Whether thou deem'ſt my ſtory falſe or true,
I value not a ruſh.
Wilt have another?—— "No."—— Nay, prithee do.——
"I won't."---Thou ſhalt, by Heavens! ſo prithee huſh!

But ere I give the tale, my tuneful bride,
My Lady Muſe, ſhall talk of Kings and Pride.

Some Kings on thrones are children on the lap——
Children, that all of us ſee ev'ry day——
Brats that kick, ſquall, and quarrel with their pap,
Tearing, and ſwearing they will have their way:
And what, too, their great reputation rifles,
Kings quarrel, juſt like children, about *trifles*.

Moreover——

Moreover—'tis a terrible affair
For kingly worſhip to be kick'd by fellows
Who probably feed half their time on air,
Mending old kettles or old bellows.

My Lady Pride's a very lofty BEING,
Much pleas'd with people's ſcraping, bowing, kneeing,
Fruitful in egotiſms, and full of brags——
Her Ladyſhip in nought can brook denial;
And, as for inſult, 'tis a killing trial,
And more eſpecially from men of rags.

For Pride, ſuch is her ſtatelineſs, alas!
Rather than feel the kickings of an *aſs*,
Would calmly put up with a leg of *horſe*;
Though pelting her with fifty times the force;
Nay, though her brains came out upon the ground,
Were brains within her head-piece to be found.

A KING and a BRICKMAKER*.

A TALE.

A KING, near Pimlico, with noſe and ſtate,
Did very much a neighbouring brick-kiln hate,
Becauſe the kiln did vomit naſty ſmoke;
Which ſmoke—I can't ſay very nicely bred,——
Did very often take it in its head
To blacken the Great Houſe, and try the K--- to choak.

His ſacred Majeſty would, ſputt'ring, ſay,
Upon a windy day,
" I'll make the raſcal and his brick-kiln hop——
" P-x take the ſmoke—the ſulphur!—zounds!——
" It forces down my throat by pounds——
" My belly is a downright blackſmith's ſhop."

One day,—he was ſo peſter'd by a cloud——
He could not bear it, and thus bawl'd aloud:

* A Mr. Scott.

" Go," roar'd His M-----y unto a page,
Work'd, like a lion, to a dev'liſh rage,
" Go, tell the raſcal who the brick-kiln owns,
" That if he dares to burn another brick,
" Black all my houſe like hell, and make me ſick,
" I'll tear his kiln to rags, and break his bones."

Off Billy Ramus ſat, his errand told:
On which the Brickmaker—a little bold,
Exclaim'd, " *He* break my bones, good Maſter Page,
" *He* ſay my kiln ſhan't burn another brick,
" Becauſe it blacks his houſe and makes him ſick!
" Billy, go, give my love to Maſter's rage,
" And ſay, more bricks I am reſolv'd to burn;
" And if the ſmoke his Worſhip's ſtomach turn,
" Tell him to ſtop his mouth and ſnout——
" Nay more, good Page—His M-----y ſhall find
" I'll always take th' advantage of the wind,
" And, dam'me, try to ſmoke him *out*."

This

This was a ſhameful meſſage to a K---
From a poor ragged rogue that dealt in mud;
Yet, though ſo impudent a thing,
The fellow's rhet'rick could not be withſtood.

Stiff as againſt poor Haſtings, Edmund Burke,
This Brickmaker went tooth and nail to work,
And form'd a true Veſuvius on the eye:
The ſmoke in pitchy volumes roll'd along,
Ruſh'd through the Royal dome with ſulphur ſtrong,
And, thick aſcending, darken'd all the ſky.

To give the ſmoke a naſtier ſtink,
Indignant Reader, what doſt think?
The fellow ſcrap'd the filthieſt ſtuff together,
Old wigs, old hats, old wollen caps, old rugs,
Replete with many a colony of bugs,
Old ſhoes and boots, and all the tribe of leather.

Thus

Thus did the cloud of ſtink and darkneſs ſhade
The building for the Lord's Anointed made,
And blacken'd it like palls that grace a burying:
Thus was this man of mud and ſtraw employ'd,
And at the thought ſo wicked, overjoy'd,
Of ſmoking God's Vicegerent like a herring;

Of ſerving him as we do parts of ſwine,
Thought, with green peaſe, a diſh extremely fine;
But lo! this baneful rogue of brick
Fell, for his Sov'reign, fortunately ſick,
And, ere the wretch could glut his ſpleen and pride,
By turning Monarchs into bacon——died.

THE modern bard (quoth Tom) ſublimely ſings
Of ſharp and prudent œconomic Kings,
Who rams, and ewes, and lambs, and bullocks feed,
And pigs of every ſort of breed: ——

Of Kings who pride themſelves on fruitful ſows;
Who ſell ſkimm milk, and keep a guard ſo ſtout
To drive the geeſe, the thieviſh raſcals, out,
That ev'ry morning us'd to ſuck the Cows *:——

Of Kings who cabbages † and carrots plant
For ſuch as wholeſome vegetables want;——
Who feed, too, poultry for the people's ſake,
Then ſend it through the villages in carts,
To cheer (how wondrous kind!) the hungry hearts
Of ſuch as *only pay* for what they take.

The poet now, quoth Tom's rare lucubration,
Singeth commercial treaties —— commutation ——
Taxes on paint, pomatum, milk of roſes,
Olympian dew, gloves, ſticking plaſter, hats,
Quack Medicines for ſick Chriſtians, and ſound rats,
And all that charm our eyes, or mouths, or noſes.

* Is it poſſible for this ſtory to be true? We would rather give it as *apocryphal*.

† Mr. Wharton ſays in his Ode, "*Who plant the Civic Bay*;" but he aſſuredly meant cabbages and carrots:—the fact proves it.

The

The modern bard, ſays Tom, ſublimely ſings
Of virtuous, gracious, good, uxorious Kings,
Who love their wives ſo conſtant from their heart; ——
Who down at Windſor daily go a ſhopping ——
Their heads ſo lovely into houſes popping,
And doing wonders in the hagling art.

And why, in God's name, ſhould not Queens and Kings
Purchaſe a comb, or corkſcrew, lace for cloaks,
Edging for caps, or tape for apron-ſtrings,
Or pins, or bobbin, cheap as other folks?

Reader! to make thine eyes with wonder ſtare,
I tell thee *farthings* claim the Royal care!
Farthings are helpleſs children of a guinea:
If not well watch'd they travel to their coſt!
For lo! each copper-viſag'd little ninney
Is very apt to ſtray, and to be loſt.
Extravagance I never dar'd defend ——
The greateſt Kings ſhould ſave a candle end:

Since

Since 'tis an axiom ſure, the more folks *ſave*,
The more, indiſputably, they muſt *have*.
Crown'd heads, of *ſaving* ſhould appear examples;
And Britain really boaſts two pretty ſamples!

The modern poet ſings, quoth Tom again,
Of ſweet exciſemen, an obliging train;
Who, like our guardian angels, watch our houſes,
And add another civil obligation
That addeth greatly to our reputation ——
Hug, in our abſences, our loving ſpouſes.

Reader! when tir'd, I'm fond of taking breath: ——
Now, as thou doſt admire the true ſublime,
And, conſequently, my immortal rhyme,
'Tis clear thou never canſt deſire my death. ——

Swans, in their ſongs, moſt muſically die; ——
If that's the caſe then, Reader, ſo might *I*.
Let me, then, join thy wiſhes —— ſtay my rapture,
And nurſe my lungs to ſing a ſecond chapter.

IN CONTINUATION.

" GRANT me an honeſt fame, or grant me none,"
Says Pope, (I don't know where), a little liar;
Who, if he prais'd a man, 'twas in a tone
That made his praiſe like bunches of ſweetbriar,
Which, while a pleaſing fragrance it beſtows,
Pops out a pretty prickle on your noſe.

Were *ſome folks* to exclaim, who fill a throne,
" Grant me an honeſt fame, or grant me none;"
Such Princes were upon the forlorn hope,——
Soon, very ſoon, to reputation dead;
Their idle Laureats, faith, might ſhut up ſhop,
And bid their lofty genius go to bed.

Muſe, this is all well ſaid; but, not t' offend ye,
I beg you will not cultivate digreſſion——
Plead not the poet's *quidlibet audendi*;
For ſurely there are limits to th' expreſſion:
Then ceaſe to wanton thus in epiſode,
And tell the world of Mr. WARTON's Ode.

The modern poet, Laureat THOMAS, ſays,
To Botany's grand iſland tunes his lays,
Fix'd for the ſwains and damſels of St. Giles,
Whoſe knowledge in the *hocus-pocus* art
Bids them from Britain ſomewhat ſudden ſtart,
To teach to ſouthern climes their miniſterial wiles:

Improve the wiſdom of the commonweal,
And teach the ſimple natives how to ſteal:
The picklock ſciences, ſo dark, explain;
And to ingenious murder turn each brain.

Quoth TOM again—the modern poet ſings
Of ſweet, good-natur'd, inoffenſive Kings;

Who

Who, by a miracle, eſcap'd with life——
Eſcap'd a damſel's moſt tremendous knife;
A knife that had been taught, by toil and art,
To pierce the bowels of a pye or tart.

Thus, having giv'n a full diſplay
Of what our Laureat ſays, or meant to ſay;
I'll beg of THOMAS to inſtruct my ears,
Why, in his verſes, he ſhould call
The knights who grac'd the high-arch'd Hall,
A ſet of bears *?

Why the bold ſteel-clad knights of elder days
Are not entitled to a little praiſe,
Who for God's cauſe did palace, houſe, and *hut ſell*;
As well as Monarchs of the preſent date,
Whoſe dear religion, of which poets prate,
Might lodge, without much ſqueezing, in a nutſhell?

"What King hath ſmall religion?" thou replieſt——
"If G..... the Th... thou meaneſt—bard, thou lieſt."

* *Vid.* The word *Savage*, in the Laureat's Ode for the new year.

Hold,

Hold, THOMAS—not ſo furious—I know things
That add not to the piety of . . . . .
I've ſeen a K. at chapel I declare,
Yawn, gape, laugh, in the middle of a pray'r ——

When inward his ſad optics ought to roll,
To view the dark condition of his ſoul;
Catch up an opera-glaſs, with curious eye,
Forgetting God, ſome ſtranger's phiz to ſpy,
As though deſirous to obſerve, if heav'n
Had Chriſtian features to the viſage giv'n;
Then turn (for kind communication, keen)
And tell ſome new-found wonders to the Queen.

Thus have theſe eyes beheld a cock ſo ſtately,
(Indeed theſe lyric eyes beheld one lately)
  Lab'ring upon a dunghill with each knuckle:
When after many a peck, and ſcratch, and ſcrub,
This hunter did unkennel a poor grub,
  On which the fellow did ſo ſtrut and chuckle!

He

He peck'd and ſquinted——peck'd and kenn'd agen,
Hallooing luſtily to *Madam Hen*;
To whom, with airs of triumph, he look'd round,
And told what noble treaſure he had found.

"Ah! Peter, Peter," Laureat THOMAS cries,
"Thou haſt no fear of Kings before thy eyes;
"Great——little——all with thee are equal jokes,
"And mighty Monarchs merely common folks.
"Ah wicked, wicked, wicked Peter, know——"
Know what? "That monarchs are not merely *ſhow*;
"*Souls* they poſſeſs, and on a glorious ſcale:"
To this I anſwer, THOMAS, with a *tale*.

A Duke of Burgundy (I know not *which*)
Thus on a certain time, addreſs'd a poet:——
"I'm much afraid of that fame ſcribbling itch——
"You've wit——but pray be cautious how you ſhow it;
"Say nothing in your rhymes about a King——
"If praiſe, 'tis lies——if blame, a dangerous thing."

That is, the Duke believed the King, uncivil,
Might kick the ſaucy poet to the devil.

T. W.

Peter, there's odds 'twixt ſtaring and ſtark mad——

P. P.

Who dares deny it?——So there is, egad!

T. W.

Thou think'ſt *no Prince* of common ſenſe poſſeſt——

P. P.

Thomas, thou art miſtaken, I proteſt——
On Staniſlaus the muſe could pour her ſtrain,
Who, dying, ſunk a Sun upon Lorraine:
Toolike the parted Sun, with glory crown'd——
He fill'd with bluſhes deep th' horiſon round.
Fred'rick the Great, who died the other day,
Had for himſelf, indeed, a deal to ſay:
We muſt not touch upon that King's *belief*——
Becauſe I fear he ſeldom ſaid his pray'rs——
Nor dare we ſay the Hero was no thief,
ecauſe he plunder'd ev'ry body's wares.

I'm

I'm told the Emperor is vaſtly wiſe ——
And hope that Madam Fame hath told no lies:
Yet, in his diſputations with the Dutch,
The Monarch's oratory was not much:
Full many a trope from bayonet and drum
He threaten'd—but, behold! 'twas all a hum.

Wiſe are our gracious Q——'s *ſuperb* relations,
The pride and envy of the German nations ——
People of faſhion, worſhip, wealth, and ſtate ——
Lo! what demand for them, in heav'n, of late!

Lo! with his knapſack, ev'n juſt now departed,
As fine a ſoldier, faith, as ever ſtarted ——
Whom death did almoſt *dread* to lay his *claws on* ——
Old Captain what's his name?—Saxehilberghauſen *:
For whom (with zeal, for *folks of worſhip*, burning)
We once again are black'ned up by mourning;
To ſhow by glove, cloth, ribband, crape, and fan,
A peck of trouble for th' old gentleman.

* Great Uncle to our moſt gracious Q. He died in the Emperor's ſervice.

Ah me! what dozens, dozens, dozens,
Our Q—— hath got of Uncles, Aunts, and Couſins!
Egad, if thus thoſe folks continue dying,
Each Briton, doom'd to diſmal black,
Muſt alway bear a hearſe-like back,
And, like Heraclitus, be always *crying*.

Great is the northern Empreſs I confeſs!
Much, in her humour, like our good Queen Beſs;
Who keeps her fair court dames from getting drunk *:
And all ſo temperate herſelf, folks ſay,
She ſcarcely drinks a dozen drams a day;
And, in *love matters*, is a Queen of *ſpunk*.

Yet like I not ſuch woman for a wife——
Such heroines, in a matrimonial ſtrife,
Might hammer from one's *tender* head *hard* notes:
I own my delicacy is ſo great,
I cannot in diſpute, with rapture, meet
Women who look like men in petticoats.

* At an Aſſembly at Peterſburgh, ſome years ſince, which was honoured with the preſence of the Empreſs, one of the rules was, that no lady ſhould come *drunk* into the Room.

Oft

Oft in a learn'd diſpute upon a cap,
By way of *anſwer* one might have a *ſlap* ——
P'rhaps on a ſimple petticoat or gown ——
Nay! poſſibly on Madam's being *kiſs'd!*
And really I would rather be knock'd down
By weight of argument, than weight of fiſt.

I like not dames whoſe converſation runs
On battles, ſieges, mortars, and great guns ——
The *milder* Beauties win *my* ſoften'd ſoul,
Who look for faſhions with deſiring eyes:
Pleas'd when on *têtes* the converſations roll,
Cork rumps, and merry thoughts, and lovers' ſighs.

Love! when I marry, give me not an ox——
I hate a woman like a ſentry-box;
Nor can I deem that dame a charming creature
Whoſe hard face holds an *oath* in ev'ry feature.

In woman—angel ſweetneſs let me ſee——
No galloping horſe-godmothers for *me*.

I own I cannot brook ſuch manly *belles*
As Mademoiſelle d'Eons, and Hannah Snells:
Yet men there are, (how ſtrange are Love's decrees!)
Whoſe palates e'en Jack-Gentlewomen pleaſe.

How diff'rent, Cynthia, from thy form ſo fair,
That triumphs in a love-inſpiring air;
Superior beaming ev'n where thouſands ſhine ——
Thy form!——where all the tender graces play,
And, bluſhing, ſeem in ev'ry ſmile to ſay,
" Behold we boaſt an origin divine!"

See too the Queen of France ——a gem I ween!
With rev'rence let me hail that charming Queen,
Bliſs to her King, and luſtre to her race;
Though Venus gave of beauty half her ſtore,
And all the graces bid a world adore——
Her ſmalleſt beauties are the charms of *face.*

T. W.

Heav'ns! why *abroad* for virtues muſt you roam?

P. P.

Becauſe I cannot find them, Tom, *at home.*

I beg your pardon——yes——the Prince of Wales
(Whoſe actions ſmile contempt on Scandal's tales)
Ranks in the muſe's favour high ——
I wiſh *ſome folks*, that I could name with eaſe,
Bleſt with *his* head—*his* heart—*his* pow'rs to pleaſe——
Then Pity's ſoul would ceaſe from many a ſigh!

The crouching courtiers, that ſurround a throne,
And learn to ſpeak and grin from *one* alone,
Who watch, like dancing dogs, their maſter's nod——
Are ready now, if horſewhipp'd from their places,
At Carlton Houſe to ſhew their ſupple faces,
And call the Prince they vilify, a God.

T. W.

Think'ſt thou not Cæſar doth the arts poſſeſs?

P. P.

Arts in abundance!—Yes, Tom—yes, Tom—yes!

T. W.

T. W.

Think'ſt thou not Cæſar would each joy forego,
To make his children happy?

P. P.

No, Tom—no.

T. W.

What! not *one* bag, to bleſs a child, beſtow?——

P. P.

Heav'n help thy folly!——no, Tom——no, Tom——no!
The ſordid ſouls that Avarice enſlaves,
Would gladly graſp their guineas in their *graves*:
Like that old Greek——a miſerable cur,
Who made himſelf his own executor.

A cat is with her kittens much delighted;
She licks ſo lovingly their mouths and chins:
At ev'ry danger, lord! how puſs is frighted——
She curls her back, and ſwells her tail, and grins,
Rolls her wild eyes, and claws the backs of curs
Who ſmell too curious to her children's furs.

This

This happens whilſt her cats are *young* indeed;
But when *grown up*, alas! how chang'd their luck!
No more ſhe plays at bo-peep with her breed,
Lies down, and, mewing, bids them come and ſuck:

No more ſhe ſports and pats them, friſks and purs;
Plays with their twinkling tails, and licks their furs;
But when they beg her bleſſing and embraces,
Spits, like a dirty vixen, in their faces.

Nay, after making the poor lambkins fly,
She watches the dear babes with ſquinting eye;
And if ſhe ſpies them with a bit of meat,
Springs on their property, and ſteals their treat. ——

No more a tender love ſhe ſeems to feel; ——
The dev'l for HER may eat 'em at a meal ——
With all HER ſoul; —— the jade, ſo wondrous ſaving,
Cries, "Off! you now are at your own beard-ſhaving."

So —— to ſome K - - - s this evil doth belong; ——
Th' intelligence is good, I make no doubt;
Who really love their offspring when they're young,
But loſe that fond affection when they're ſtout;
Far off they ſend them —— nor a ſixpence give: ——
I wonder, THOMAS, where ſuch M - - - - - hs live! ——

Should ſuch a M - - - - - h, THOMAS, croſs thy way,
And for thy flatt'ry offer butts of ſack;
Say plainly that he would diſgrace thy lay;
And turning on him thy poetic back,
Bid, like a porcupine, thine anger briſtle;
Nor damn thy precious ſoul to wet thy whiſtle.

CONCLUSION.

THINK not, friend TOM, I envy thee thy rhyme,
By numbers, I aſſure thee, deem'd ſublime;
Or that thy Laureat's place my ſpleen provokes:
The King (good man!) and I ſhould never quarrel,
E'en though his royal wiſdom gave the laurel
To Mr. TOM-A-STILES, or JOHN-A-NOKES.

Old faſhion'd, as if tutor'd in the ark,
I never ſigh'd for glory's high degrees:
This very inſtant ſhould our *Grand Monarque*
Say, "PETER, be my Laureat, if you pleaſe;

"No, pleaſe your Majeſty," ſhould be my anſwer,
With ſweeteſt diffidence and modeſt grace:
"The office ſuits a more ingenious man, Sir;
"In God's name, therefore, let *him* have the place:
"Unlike the poets, 'tis my vaſt affliction
"To be a miſerable hand at *fiction*.

"But, Sir, I'll find ſome lyric undertaker,
"Acroſtic, rebus, or conundrum-maker,
"Who oft hath rode on Pegaſus ſo fiery,
"And won the ſweepſtakes in the LADY'S DIARY;
"Such, SIRE, in poetry ſhall hitch your name,
"And do ſufficient juſtice to your fame."

THE END.

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A

POETICAL EPISTLE, &c.

O BOSWELL, Bozzy, Bruce, * whate'er thy name,
Thou mighty ſhark for anecdote and fame;
Thou jackall, leading lion Johnſon forth
To eat M'Pherſon † 'midſt his native North;
To frighten grave profeſſors with his roar,
And ſhake the Hebrides from ſhore to ſhore——

* Vide Note, page 16.

† The tranſlator (but in Dr. Johnſon's opinion the author) of the Poems attributed to OSSIAN.

All hail!—At length, ambitious Thane, thy rage
To give one ſpark to Fame's beſpangled page
Is amply gratified—a thouſand eyes
Survey thy books with rapture and ſurpriſe!
Loud, of thy Tour, a thouſand tongues have ſpoken,
And wonder'd that thy bones were never broken!

Triumphant, thou thro' Time's vaſt gulph ſhall ſail,
The pilot of our literary whale;
Cloſe to the claſſic Rambler ſhalt thou cling,
Cloſe as a ſupple courtier to a king;
Fate ſhall not ſhake thee off with all its pow'r,
Stuck like a bat, to ſome old ivy'd tow'r.
Nay, though thy Johnſon ne'er had bleſs'd thy eyes,
Paoli's deeds had rais'd thee to the ſkies!

Yes!

Yes! his broad wing had rais'd thee (no bad hack)
A tom-tit twitt'ring on an eagle's back.

THOU, curious ſcrapmonger, ſhalt live in ſong
When death hath ſtill'd the rattle of thy tongue;
E'en future babes to liſp thy name ſhall learn,
And Bozzy join with Wood, and Tommy Hearn,
Who drove the ſpiders from much proſe and rhime
And ſnatch'd old ſtories from the jaws of Time.
Sweet is thy page, * I ween, that doth recite
How thou and Johnſon, arm in arm, one night,
March'd through fair Edinburgh's pactolian ſhow'rs,
Which Cloacina bountifully pours;
Thoſe gracious ſhow'rs that fraught with fragrance flow,
And gild, like gingerbread, the world below.

* Vide page 14.

How ſweetly grumbled too was Sam's remark,
" I ſmell you, Maſter Bozzy, in the dark!"
Alas! hiſtorians are confounded dull,
A dim Bœotia reigns in every ſkull;
Mere beaſts of burden, broken-winded, ſlow,
Heavy as cart-horſes, along they go;
Whilſt thou, a Will-o'-wiſp, art here, art there,
Wild darting coruſcations ev'ry where.

What taſteleſs mouth can gape, what eye can cloſe,
What head can nod o'er thy enlivening proſe?
To others' works, the works of thy inditing
Are downright di'monds to the eyes of whiting.
Think not I flatter thee, my flippant friend;
For well I know that flatt'ry would offend:

Yet

Yet honeſt praiſe, I'm ſure, thou would'ſt not ſhun,
Born with a ſtomach to digeſt a tun!
Who can refuſe a ſmile that reads thy page,
Where ſurly Sam, inflam'd with Tory rage,
Naſſau beſcoundrels, and with anger big,
Swears Whigs are rogues, and ev'ry rogue a Whig?
Who will not, too, thy pen's *minutiæ* bleſs,
That gives poſterity the Rambler's* dreſs?
Methinks I view his full, plain ſuit of brown,
The large grey buſhy wig that grac'd his crown,
Black worſted ſtockings, little ſilver buckles,
And ſhirt that had no ruffles for his knuckles.
I mark the brown great-coat of cloth he wore,
That two huge Patagonian pockets bore,

Which

* Vide page 9.

Which Patagonians (wond'rous to unfold!)
Would fairly both his Dictionaries hold.
I ſee the Rambler * on a large bay mare,
Juſt like a Centaur ev'ry danger dare,
On a full gallop daſh the yielding wind,
The colt and Bozzy ſcamp'ring cloſe behind.
Of Lady Lochbuy † with what glee we read,
Who offer'd Sam, for breakfaſt, cold ſheep's head;
Who, preſs'd and worried by this dame ſo civil,
Wiſh'd the ſheep's head and woman's at the devil.
I ſee you ſailing both in Buchan's ‡ pot—
Now ſtorming an old woman § and her cot;
Who terrified at each tremendous ſhape,
Deem'd you two Demons ready for a rape:

I ſee

* P. 376. † P. 429. ‡ P. 104. § P. 143.

I ſee all marv'ling at M'Leod's together
On Sam's remarks * on whey and tanning leather:
At Corrichatachin's,† the Lord knows how,
I ſee thee, Bozzy, drunk as David's ſow,
And begging, with rais'd eyes and lengthen'd chin,
Heav'n not to damn thee for the deadly ſin:
I ſee too, the ſtern moraliſt regale,
And pen a Latin ode to Mrs. Thrale. ‡
I ſee, without a night-cap on his head,
Rare ſight! bald Sam in the Pretender's ‖ bed:
I hear (what's wonderful!) unfought by ſtudying,
His claſſic diſſertation upon pudding: §
Of Provoſt Jopp, ¶ I mark the marv'ling face,
Who gave the Rambler's freedom with a grace:

I ſee

* P. 299. † P. 317. ‡ P. 177. ‖ P. 216. § P. 440. ¶ P. 39.

I ſee too, trav'ling from the Isle of Egg,*
The humble ſervant † of a horſe's leg;
And Snip, the taylor, from the Isle of Muck, ‡
Who ſtitch'd in Sky with tolerable luck:
I ſee the horn that drunkards muſt adore;
The horn, the mighty horn of Rorie More; §
And bloody ſhields that guarded hearts in quarrels,
Now guard from rats the milk and butter barrels.
Methinks the Caledonian dame I ſee
Familiar ſitting on the Rambler's knee,
Charming, with kiſſes ſweet, the chuckling ſage:
Melting with ſweeteſt ſmiles the froſt of age;
Like Sol, who darts at times a cheerful ray
O'er the wan viſage of a winter's day.

" Do

* P. 275. † A Blackſmith. ‡ P. 275. § P. 254.

" Do it again, my dear," (I hear Sam cry)
" See who firſt tires, my charmer, you or I."
I ſee thee ſtuffing, with a hand uncouth,
An old dry'd whiting in thy Johnſon's mouth;
And lo! I ſee, with all his might and main,
Thy Johnſon ſpit the whiting out again.
Rare anecdotes! 'tis anecdotes like theſe
That bring thee glory, and the million pleaſe!
On theſe ſhall future times delighted ſtare,
Thou charming haberdaſher of ſmall ware!
Stewart and Robertſon, from thee, ſhall learn
The ſimple charms of Hiſt'ry to diſcern:
To thee, fair Hiſt'ry's palm, ſhall Livy yield,
And Tacitus, to Bozzy, leave the field!

Joe Miller's ſelf, whoſe page ſuch fun provokes,
Shall quit his ſhroud, to grin at Bozzy's jokes!
How are we all with rapture touch'd, to ſee
Where, when, and at what hour, you ſwallow'd tea!
How, once, to grace this Aſiatic treat,
Came haddocks, which the Rambler could not eat.

Pleas'd, on thy book thy Sov'reign's eye-balls roll,
Who loves a goſſip's ſtory from his ſoul!
Bleſt with the mem'ry of the Perſian king,*
He ev'ry body knows, and ev'ry thing;
Who's dead, who's married, what poor girl beguil'd
Hath loſt a paramour, and found a child;
Which gard'ner hath moſt cabbages and peas,
And which old woman hath moſt hives of bees;

Which

* Cyrus.

Which farmer boaſts the moſt prolific ſows,
Cocks, hens, geeſe, turkies, goats, ſheep, bulls and cows;
Which barber beſt the ladies' locks can curl;
Which houſe in Windſor ſells the fineſt purl;
Which chimney-ſweep beſt beats, in gold array,
His bruſh, and ſhovel, on the firſt of May;
Whoſe dancing dogs, in rigadoons excel;
And whoſe the puppet-ſhew, that bears the bell:
Which clever ſmith, the prettieſt man-trap* makes,
To ſave from thieves the royal ducks and drakes,
The Guinea hens and peacocks, with their eggs,
And catch his loving ſubjects by the legs.

* His M——y hath planted a number of thoſe truſty guardians around his park at Windſor, for the benefit of the public.

O! ſince the Prince of goſſips reads thy book,
To what high honours may not Bozzy look?
The ſun-ſhine of his ſmile may ſoon be thine—
Perchaunce, in converſe thou may'ſt hear him ſhine:
Perchaunce, to ſtamp thy merit through the nation,
He begs of Johnſon's life, thy dedication;
Aſks queſtions* of thee, O thou lucky elf,
And kindly anſwers ev'ry one himſelf.
Bleſt with the claſſic learning† of a college,
Our K—g is not a miſer in his knowledge:

Nought

* Juſt after Dr. Johnſon had been honoured with an interview with a certain great perſonage, in the Queen's library at Buckingham Houſe, he was interrogated by a friend concerning his reception, and his opinion of the r-y-l intellect.—"His M——y ſeems to be poſſeſſed of much good nature and much curioſity (replied the Doctor): as for his *wit*, it is far from contemptible. His M——y indeed was *mult furious* in his *queſtions*; but, thank God, he anſwered them all *himſelf*."

† This is a very extraordinary circumſtance, as the late P——s D——r *retained* three parts of the money ordered for the education of her children. The effect of this abſurd conduct was ſo conſpicuous in her daughter M——A, that the letters received from her during her reſidence in Denmark, were abſolutely unintelligible.

Nought in the ſtorehouſe of his brains turns muſty:
No razor-wit, for want of uſe, grows ruſty:
Whate'er his head ſuggeſts, whate'er he knows,
Free as election beer from tubs, it flows!
Yet, ah! ſuperior far!—it boaſts the merit
Of never fuddling people with the ſpirit!
Say, Bozzy, when to bleſs our anxious ſight,
When ſhall thy volume* burſt the gates of light?
O, cloth'd in calf, ambitious brat be born—
Our kitchens, parlours, libraries, adorn!
My fancy's keen anticipating eye,
A thouſand charming anecdotes can ſpy:

I read

* The Life of Dr. Johnſon.

I read, I read of G---ge the learn'd* diſplay
On Lowth's and Warburton's immortal fray:
Of G---ge, whoſe brain, if right the mark I hit,
Forms one huge Cyclopædia of wit:
That holds the wiſdom of a thouſand ages,
And frightens all his workmen and his pages!
O Bozzy, ſtill, thy tell-tale plan purſue:
The world is wond'rous fond of ſomething new;
And, let but Scandal's breath embalm the page,
It lives a welcome gueſt from age to age.
Not only ſay who breathes an arrant knave,
But who hath ſneak'd a raſcal to his grave:

Make

* His M——y's commentary on the quarrel, in which the Biſhop and the Doctor pelted one the other with dirt ſo gracefully, will be a treaſure to the lovers of literature! Mr. B. hath as good as promiſed it to the public, and, we hope, means to keep his word.

Make o'er his turf (in Virtue's cauſe) a rout,
And, like a d-mn'd good Chriſtian, pull him out.
Without a fear on families harangue,
Say who ſhall loſe their ears, and who ſhall hang;
Publiſh the demireps, and punks—nay more,
Declare what virtuous wife, will be a wh-re.
Thy brilliant brain, conjecture can ſupply,
To charm through ev'ry leaf the eager eye.
The blue ſtocking* ſociety deſcribe,
And give thy comment on each joke, and jibe:
Tell what the women are, their wit, their quality,
And dip them in thy ſtreams of immortality!

Let

* A club chiefly compoſed of *moſt* learned ladies, to which Mr. B. was admitted.

Let Lord M'Donald threat thy breech to kick,*
And o'er thy ſhrinking ſhoulders ſhake his ſtick:
Treat with contempt the menace of this Lord,
'Tis Hiſt'ry's province, Bozzy, to record.
Though Wilkes abuſe thy brain, that airy mill,
And ſwear poor Johnſon murder'd by thy quill;
What's that to thee? Why let the victim bleed—
Thy end is anſwer'd, if the Nation read.
The fiddling Knight,† and tuneful Miſtreſs Thrale,
Who frequent hobb'd or nobb'd with Sam, in ale,

Snatch

* A letter of ſevere remonſtrance was ſent to Mr. B. who, in conſequence, omitted in the ſecond Edition of his Journal, what is ſo generally pleaſing to the public, viz. the ſcandalous paſſages relative to this nobleman.

† Sir John Hawkins, who (as well as Mrs. Thrale, now Madam Piozzi) threatens us with the life of the late lexicographer.

Snatch up the pen (as thirſt of fame inſpires!)
To write his jokes and ſtories by their fires;
Then why not thou, each joke and tale enrol,
Who like a watchful cat, before a hole,
Full twenty years (inflam'd with letter'd pride)
Did'ſt mouſing ſit before Sam's mouth ſo wide,
To catch as many ſcraps as thou wert able—
A very Laz'rus at the rich man's table?
What tho' againſt thee porters* bounce the door,
And bid thee hunt for ſecrets there no more;

* This is literally true—Nobody is at home.—Our great people want the Taſte to reliſh Mr. Boſwell's vehicles to immortality. Though in London, poor Bozzy is in a deſart.

With pen and ink ſo ready at thy coat,
Exciſeman-like, each ſyllable to note,
That giv'n to printers devils, (a precious load!)
On wings of print comes flying all abroad?
Watch then the venal valets—ſmack the maids,
And try with gold to make them rogues and jades:
Yet ſhould their honeſty thy bribes reſent;
Fly to thy fertile genius, and invent:
Like old Voltaire, who plac'd his greateſt glory,
In cooking up an entertaining ſtory;
Who laugh'd at Truth, whene'er her ſimple tongue
Would ſnatch amuſement from a tale or ſong.
O! whilſt amid the anecdotic mine,
Thou labour'ſt hard to bid thy hero ſhine,

Run

Run to Bolt Court,* exert thy Curl-like † ſoul,
And fiſh for golden leaves from hole to hole:
Find when he ate and drank, and cough'd and ſneez'd—
Let all his motions in thy book be ſqueez'd:
On tales, however ſtrange, impoſe thy claw;
Yes, let thy amber lick up ev'ry ſtraw:
Sam's nods, and winks, and laughs, will form a treat;
For all that breathes of Johnſon muſt be great!
Bleſt be thy labours, moſt advent'rous Bozzi,
Bold rival of Sir John, and Dame Piozzi;
Heav'ns! with what laurels ſhall thy head be crown'd!
A grove, a foreſt, ſhall thy ears ſurround!

Yes,

* In Fleet-ſtreet, where the Doctor lived and died.

† Curl, the bookſeller, frequently bribed people to hunt the temples of Cloacina for Pope's and Swift's Letters.

Yes! whilſt the Rambler ſhall a comet blaze,
And gild a world of darkneſs with its rays,
Thee too, that world, with wonderment, ſhall hail,
A lively, bouncing cracker at his tail!

POSTSCRIPT.

POSTSCRIPT.

AS Mr. BOSWELL's Journal hath afforded ſuch univerſal pleaſure by the relation of minute incidents, and the great Moraliſt's opinion of men and things, during his northern tour; it will be adding greatly to the anecdotical treaſury, as well as making Mr. B. happy, to communicate part of a Dialogue that took place between Dr. Johnſon, and the Author of this Congratulatory Epiſtle, a few months before the Doctor paid the great debt of nature. The Doctor was very cheerful that day; had on a black coat and waiſtcoat, a black pluſh pair of breeches, and black worſted ſtockings; a handſome grey wig, a ſhirt, a muſlin neckcloth, a black pair of buttons in his ſhirt ſleeves, a pair of ſhoes, ornamented with the very identical little buckles that accompanied the philoſopher to the Hebrides; his nails were very neatly pared, and his beard freſh ſhaved with a razor fabricated by the ingenious Mr. Savigny.

P. P. "Pray, Doctor, what is your opinion of Mr. Boſwell's literary powers?"

Johnſon. "Sir, my opinion is, that whenever Bozzy expires, he will create no *vacuum* in the region of literature—he ſeems ſtrongly affected by the *cacoethes ſcribendi*; wiſhes to be thought a *rara avis*, and in truth ſo he is—your knowledge in ornithology,

Sir, will eaſily diſcover, to what ſpecies of bird I allude." Here the Doctor ſhook his head and laughed.

P. P. "What think you, Sir, of his account of Corſica?—Of his character of Paoli?"

Johnſon. "Sir, he hath made a mountain of a wart. But Paoli has virtues. The account is a farrago of diſguſting egotiſm and pompous inanity."

P. P. I have heard it whiſpered, Doctor, that ſhould you die before him, Mr. B. means to write your life."

Johnſon. "Sir, he cannot mean me ſo irreparable an injury.—Which of us ſhall die firſt, is only known to the Great Diſpoſer of events; but were I ſure that James Boſwell would write *my* life, I do not know whether I would not anticipate the meaſure, by taking *his*." (Here he made three or four ſtrides acroſs the room, and returned to his chair with violent emotion.)

P. P. "I am afraid that he means to do you the favour."

Johnſon. "He dares not—he would make a ſcare-crow of me. I give him liberty to fire his blunderbuſs in *his own* face, but not murder *me*. Sir, I heed not *his* αυτος εφα—BOSWELL write my life! why the fellow poſſeſſes not abilities for writing the life of an *ephemeron*."

FINIS.

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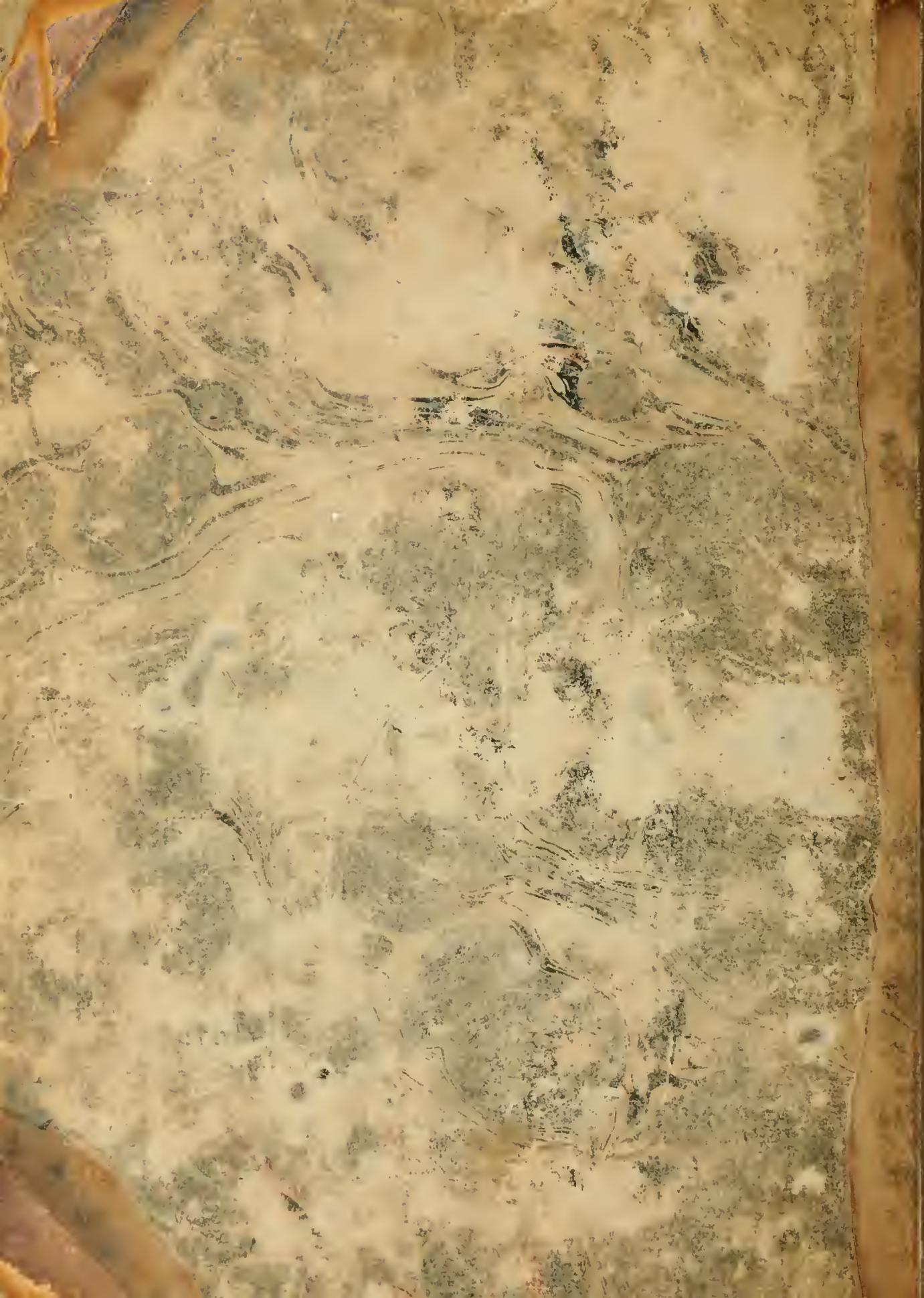
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